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# PHOTOPLAY

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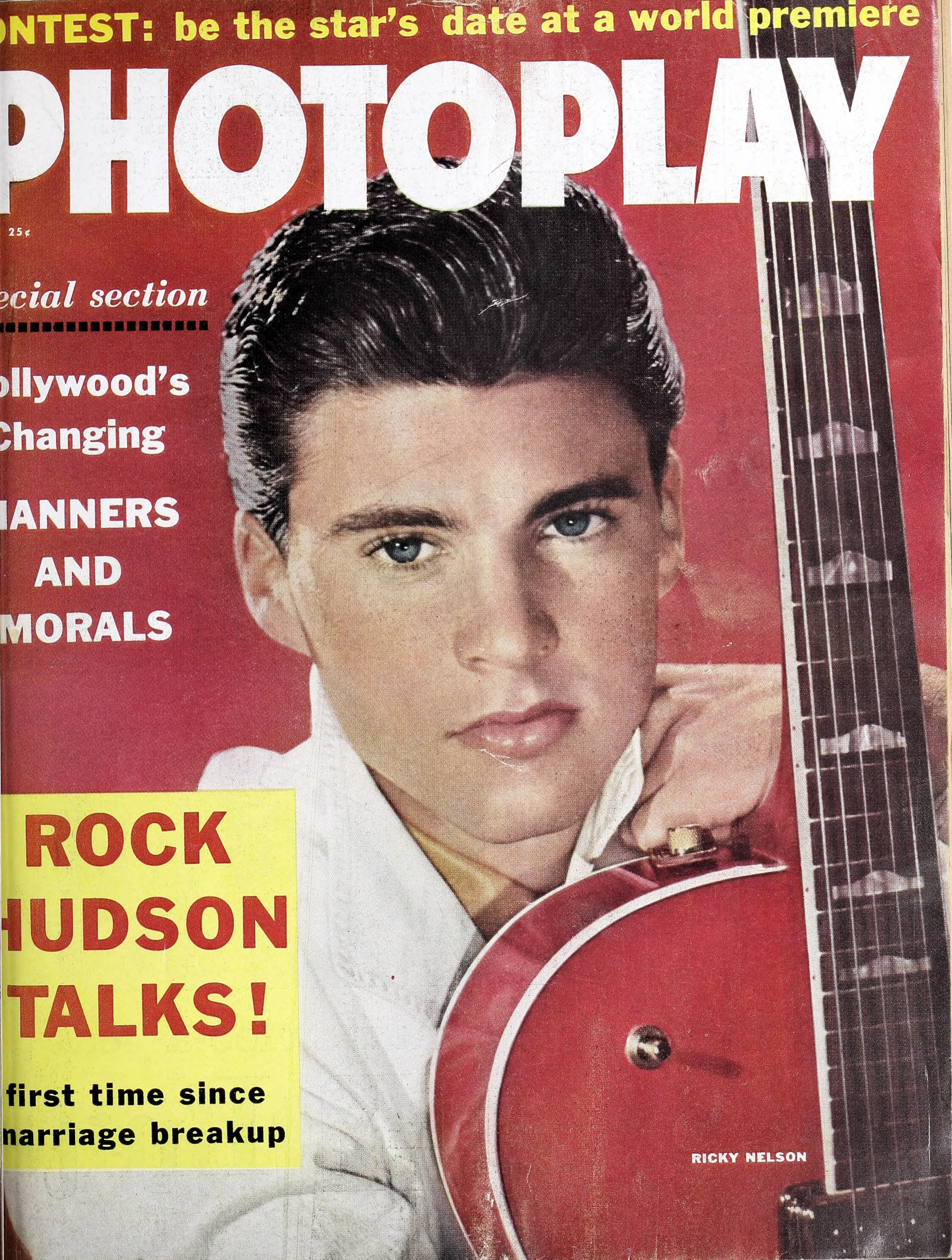
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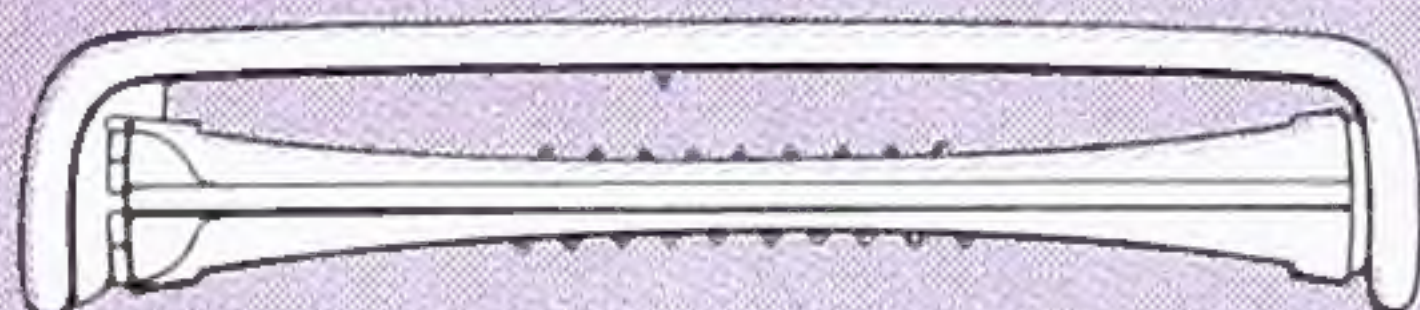
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MAY, 1958

VOL. 53, NO. 5

# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Rick Nelson by John Engstead. Rick appears on ABC-TV's weekly program, "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

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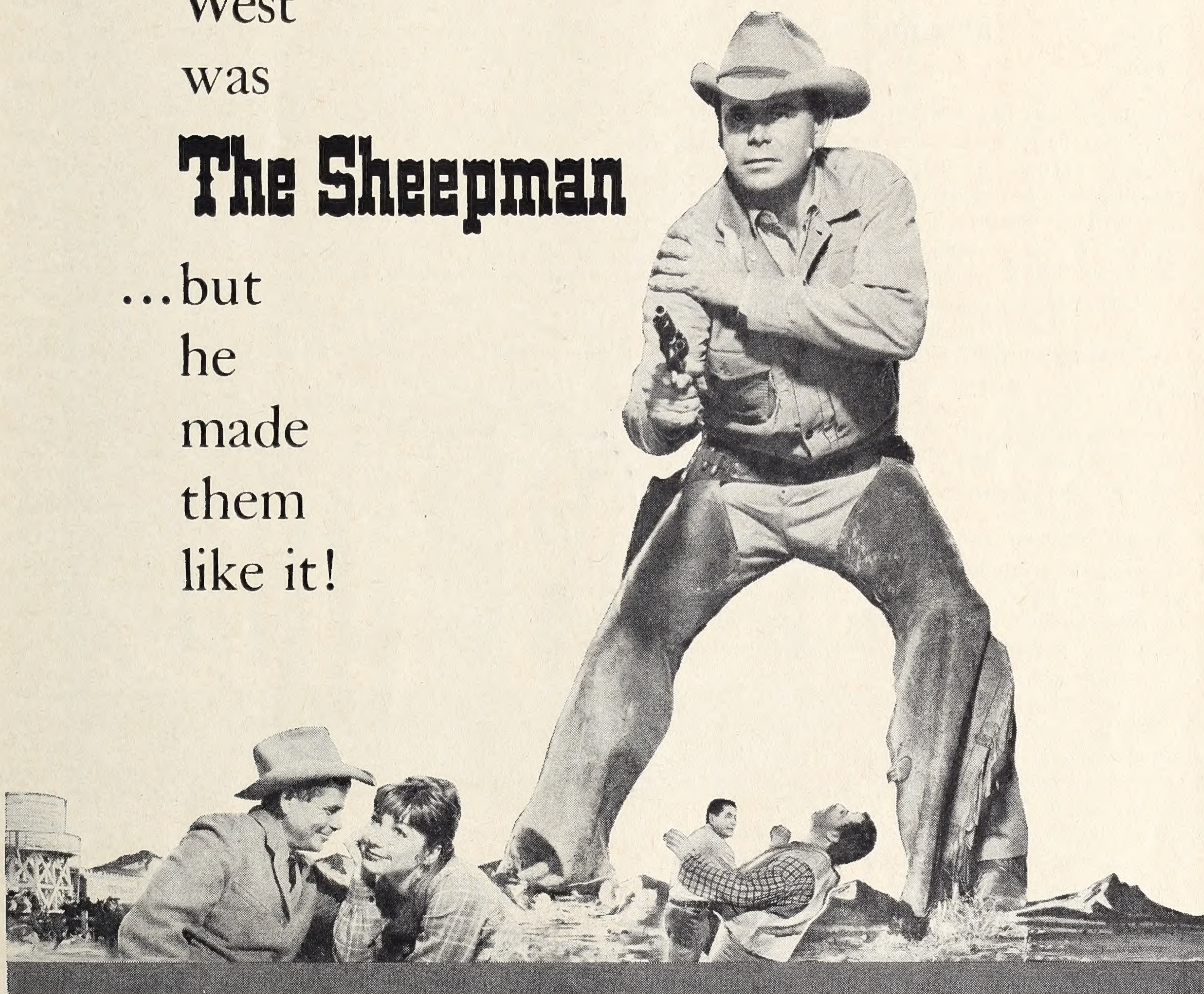


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most  
hated  
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in the  
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...but  
he  
made  
them  
like it!

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# Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS

**Clift Dweller:** Monty Clift and the young Swiss actor, Maximilian Schell, were in Paris together, staying in the same hotel, appearing in the same picture ("The Young Lions"), but they met for the first time in the elevator of the New York offices of 20th Century-Fox, when they both came to a private screening of the film! Sounds incredible, doesn't it? But it happens to be true, for the logical reason that Monty and Maximilian played no scenes together, and when Monty wasn't filming, he kept very much to himself and didn't fraternize with the rest of the cast. It was my good luck to be in Paris when Maximilian was shooting a scene in front of Sacre Coeur with Marlon Brando, and so I met this attractive young brother of Maria Schell (the "Marilyn Monroe" of "Brothers Karamazov"). He spoke very little English then, but when I saw him in New York six months later, he was fluent enough to make his Broadway debut in the leading role opposite Celeste Holm. Keep your eye on this talented actor. He's Swiss, without the ham!

As for Monty, he is as delighted with "The Young Lions" as he was disappointed over the results of "Raintree County." After that disappointing experience, he never wants to get involved again in a picture, unless he is completely sold on it from every angle—which is why he turned down two of the hottest scripts of the year. He didn't like the writer on one, and the director on the other—professionally, not personally. More than anything else, he'd like to find the same lucky combination that Tony Perkins did—a good role in a good play, to bring him back to the theatre. In the meantime, Monty is leading his usual "lone wolf" existence in his unpretentious New York apartment (a walk-up in the East Sixties), seeing only a few close friends like the Kevin McCarthys, Roddy McDowell and Libby Holman, but his nerves, so badly shattered in that motor accident a few years ago, are calmer now than they've been in a long time. He even consented to help publicize "The Young Lions" with some press interviews, providing that any questions pertinent to his psychological problems or personal life were taboo. Monty and his co-star, Marlon Brando, have two things in common—they are both fine actors, and they both roar like "young lions" when they feel their privacy is invaded. "We get paid for acting, *not* to live in a goldfish bowl," is their shared motto.

**Monroe Doctrine:** Let's face it. Marilyn Monroe is an old-fashioned wife. While every other celebrity in town flocked to the Belasco Theatre to welcome Sir Laurence Olivier back to

Broadway in "The Entertainer" (some of them even paying \$100 a ticket for the privilege). Marilyn was conspicuous by her absence. Why didn't she, of all people, turn up to join in the cheers for her distinguished co-star and director of "Prince and the Showgirl"? And failing this, why didn't she send him an opening night wire to express her good wishes? I called Marilyn to ask her the answers to these two \$64,000 questions that puzzled all Broadway, and this was her answer: "I didn't go to Larry's opening because Arthur doesn't like opening nights. (He made a rare exception when his sister, Joan Copeland, appeared in "Conversation Piece," and for his own plays, of course.) And I didn't send a wire because Arthur never sends them. And since he's my husband, I do as he does."

It's fairly obvious that after two years, the honeymoon still isn't over for Marilyn and the tall, self-effacing famous playwright she married in a blare of front-page publicity on a hot summer day in July, 1956. During the past year, Marilyn has virtually retired to her role of "hausfrau," while Jayne Mansfield, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren have usurped the spotlight, but instead of missing this publicity, she seems to be enjoying her sudden anonymity. Unlike most actresses, who can't stand competition of any kind, there isn't a jealous bone in Marilyn's well-stacked body. When Maria Schell won the role of *Grushenka* in "The Brothers Karamazov"—the Dostoyevsky novel that no film company had dreamed of doing until Marilyn casually mentioned that she would like to appear in this Russian classic (and the people who laughed the loudest had never even read the book!), Marilyn and Arthur slipped into the Radio City Music Hall to see her, and although a great many Monroe fans felt Marilyn would have given *Grushenka* more sex appeal, Marilyn thought Maria was wonderful. "I saw her in the French film 'Gervaise,' too, and she was terrific," Marilyn told me.

Of course, it's hardly a secret that the "production" Marilyn is anticipating most, is an heir or heiress in the Miller nursery. But until this blessed event happens, she has agreed to report to 20th-Fox this summer for a remake of "The Blue Angel," in which she will reprise the song that is still identified with Marlene Dietrich—"Falling In Love Again."

**Fonda's Social Swim:** Everyone who has ever known Hank Fonda in the old days, is flabbergasted at the change in him since his marriage to Afdera Franchetti. This fourth trek to the altar with an Italian baroness, many years his junior, has transformed Hank from a violently anti-social, retiring and moody guy, into one of the gayest blades of the season. His three ex-wives—Margaret Sullivan, the late Frances Brokaw, and Susan Blanchard—were younger than Hank, too, and even more attractive than Afdera, but for them to get him to a party was like leading him to the guillotine!

**Purely Personal:** Another "Exclusively Yours" scoop was confirmed when pretty Nancy Berg took Geoffrey Horne out of bachelor circulation. Remember when I forewarned a lot of other hopeful dolls that this would happen? Nancy and Geoffrey, whose romance blossomed at the Actors' Studio, didn't have any of the trimmings that should go with a first wedding, but when they arrived in Rome (where Geoffrey is now filming "The Tempest"), they found a huge wedding cake and a magnum of champagne in their hotel suite. Lee and Paula Strasberg had arranged this festive surprise welcome for them by cable! That's all the "Exclusively Yours" for now.



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COLOR BY  
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Screenplay by PAUL OSBORN  
Produced at 20th Century-Fox  
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STARRING

ROSSANO BRAZZI · MITZI GAYNOR · JOHN KERR

featuring  
RAY WALSTON  
JUANITA HALL



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Gynecologist reports on new,  
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Zonitors are greaseless and stainless—cost little for 12 dainty, snow white vaginal suppositories, individually packed to carry conveniently in a purse.

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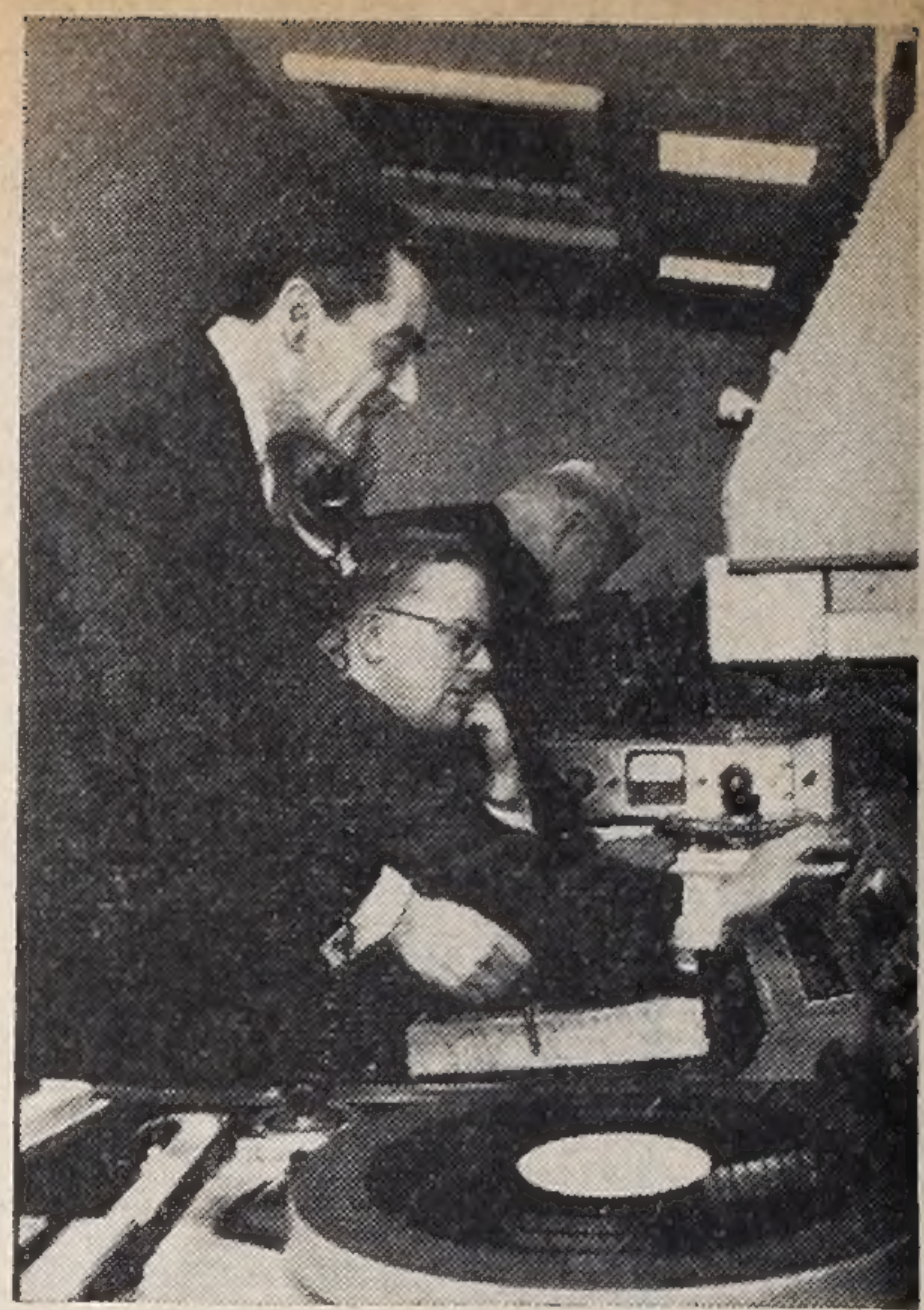
Offer good only in the U.S.

Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" appears in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual Broadcasting System's "Bandstand. U.S.A.," only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you

# ON THE

# RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS



Letters, letters, letters! Since "On the Record" started spinning, you've gotten the message, and I'm flipping over your notes and questions. So, what say we start right off this month with a few of them.

Q: Why is Rock 'n' Roll so rough around the edges?

A: Because that's the way it's supposed to be! Its main appeal is emotional. Polish it up too much and it loses its charm.

Q: Is Rock 'n' Roll popular in other countries?

A: Yep—but it has its problems. R & R was banned in Iran last year on the grounds that it was against the concepts of the Moslem religion. Besides, Iranian doctors insisted teenage R & R dancers were injuring their hips in "extreme gyrations." (No kidding!)

While on the subject, we just learned one of the countries behind the Iron Curtain—Poland—has finally given up the battle against "decadent American music" and has admitted jazz is OK. It not only allows jazz to be played over the radio and magazines about it to be published, but the first Polish edition of "Jazz" even tells its eager readers how to pronounce the names of American musicians. Count Basie comes out "Kant Bejzy," Thelonious Monk is "Telanius Mank," J. J. Johnson is "Dzej Dzej Dzonsn" and Sarah Vaughan is "Sara Woun." ("On the Record" hopes all this is being closely noted by our Secretary of State, Mr. Facztr Dulleczi!)

Also on the lighter side of global news—England's Princess Margaret is real gone on pop music and jazz. One enterprising gent (who's planning an album series called "Jazz of All Nations") sent this wire to Her Royal Highness: "Because your interest in music is internationally recognized, we would consider it an honor

if you would narrate the British segment. Royalties, which would accrue to you from sale of the album in 10,000 stores, will go to your favorite charity."

They're still awaiting word from Buckingham Palace. Our suggestion is: Don't hold your breath.

Q: What are the current and coming trends in popular music?

A: Trends in popular music are always changing, which can make predicting a red-faced business. Give an example? Many of "yesterday's" golden-record stars were gals, but if you run your eye down any current listing of the nation's Top Ten Juke Box Hits, you'll note the fellows have come back into their own but not a single "girl-type" singer made it.

Not so in the old days. If you glance at the list of the ten greatest all-time pop discs as compiled by Art Ford and his board of judges, you'll see the music men's choices include three gals who are still tops:

Ella Fitzgerald—"A-Tisket, A-Tasket" (Decca)

Tommy Dorsey with Frank Sinatra—"I'll Never Smile Again" (Victor)

Rosemary Clooney—"Tenderly" (Columbia)

Artie Shaw—"Begin the Beguine" (Bluebird)

Glenn Miller—"In the Mood" (Victor)

Patti Page—"Tennessee Waltz" (Mercury)

Bing Crosby—"White Christmas" (Decca)

Gene Austin—"My Blue Heaven" (Victor)

Nat "King" Cole—"Nature Boy" (Capitol)

Benny Goodman—"Sing, Sing, Sing" (Victor)

(Continued on page 8)





*I dreamed I made an <sup>\*</sup>impression<sup>\*</sup>  
in my maidenform<sup>\*</sup> bra!*

Lights, camera, action — I'm the center of attraction in my new Twice-Over\*\* Long-Line bra! Here's terrific Twice-Over styling with airy elastic cut criss-cross under the arms — and double-stitched circles on the broadcloth

cups. Now it's yours in a long version that makes you seem *sizes* slimmer! *Hurry!* Try Twice-Over Long-Line by Maidenform! A, B, C and D cups. Full and  $\frac{3}{4}$  lengths, from 5.95

**And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!**



*Look for this colorful package everywhere!*

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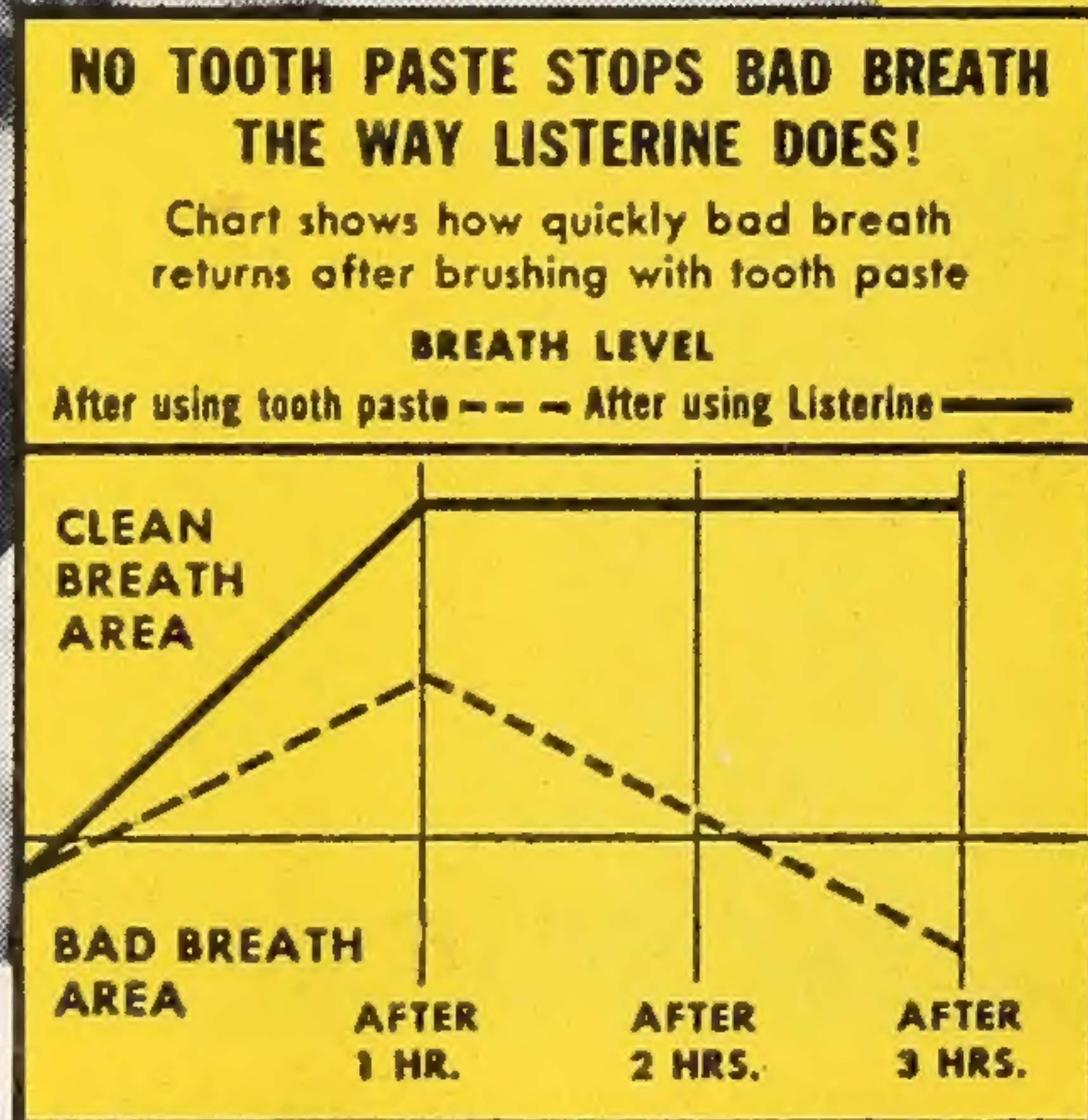
7



# You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

**Listerine Stops Bad Breath**

**4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!**



Here is why you can *not* brush away bad breath! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Simply gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night, every time you brush your teeth.



## Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

## ON THE RECORD

*continued*

The trend, too, is away from ballads, or has been, until recently. Now they're coming back—a little—but the climb is treacherous and slow. A record company executive recently told me, "Do you think I like recording the stuff I'm doing? But unless it's a Sinatra, a Como, a Patti Page—how can you take a chance today with a merely *good* ballad? There are only about six singers in the business whose following is so strong and loyal they're not afraid to cut a ballad. Theirs sell, but nobody else's."

Generally, this is true. But "On the Record" doesn't think it's as hopelessly dismal as pictured by this long-time record man, for, some of the newcomers like Johnny Mathis got their first big break through a ballad—and now they're busier than ever belting them out!

**Q:** Is it true that Sammy Davis Jr. is going to make a movie?

**A:** You have the scoop. Ever since Samuel Goldwyn said he was going to make "Porgy and Bess," Davis has been after the role of *Sportin' Life* in this great Gershwin opera. All through his recent nightclub stint at the Moulin Rouge, he literally auditioned for the role. Finally, Goldwyn heard about it, came for a look-see and voom!—Sammy was in.

### On the right SOUND TRACK with:

**Gigi** (M-G-M, E3641 ST) Romance and Parisian oolala with Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan, Eva Gabor, Maurice Chevalier set to music by Lerner and Loewe, who made "My Fair Lady" what it is today.

**Sing Boy Sing** (Capitol, T-929) Tommy Sands debuts in the screen adaptation of the TV show that made him famous. The title song is only one of the hits on this set of discs.

**Bonjour Tristesse** (RCA Victor, LOC 1040) Film music nicely reflects the languorous passion of rich folk David Niven, Jean Seberg and Deborah Kerr living it up on the Riviera.

**Wild is the Wind** (Columbia, CL 1090) Johnny Mathis' hit song from the film you already know. Rest of score backing up high voltage emotions of Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn and Tony Franciosa is well worth latching onto, too.

**South Pacific** (Victor, LOC 1032) Mitzi Gaynor, Rossano Brazzi, John Kerr breathe new life into memorable numbers. "My Girl Back Home," written for original stage production, was cut for lack of time and turns up as a real comer in this album.



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A superb new creme formula! Gets *past* the hair's natural oil barrier to give you a softer, yet longer-lasting wave! It's bliss!



# READERS INC.

## Flip for Rock

We Rock Hudson fans in New York watched the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards over Steve Allen's TV show and loved every minute. We flipped when Rock Hudson autographed the TV screen. Oh, how we wished we could have cut it out for our autograph books!

BETTY ALBERT  
New York, N. Y.

*Photoplay is happy to make your wish come true, Betty and fans. We've done the "cutting out" of Rock's autograph for you! (below right)—Ed.*

## Bobbie's King of Hearts

"Shrinking violets" may take comfort in learning that they are Rock Hudson's type, but I personally think it takes a gal with more starch. Though Rock may be all you say he is, to me he's a good deal more than "the quiet man" you described.

This is the Rock I can't resist. And, with apologies to W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, the following sounds fine sung in the Key of E. Now, everyone in unison . . .

He sets the very pattern  
for a modern L.A. president,  
He's almost always on the go  
and hardly ever reticent.  
But the glamour of a movie name,  
the clamor for his talents  
Have in no way, shape or form  
upset his fundamental balance.  
He's dashing, and he's daring,  
and he's thrillingly athletic,  
And, yet, he's highly sensitive,  
inherently aesthetic.  
His acting skills are widely hailed,  
he is a man of many parts,  
And Photoplay, because of this,  
has justly named him "King of Hearts."

BOBBIE ROSE  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## We Goofed

Senator Humphrey from Wisconsin indeed (as was stated in your March issue, in the story on Liz Taylor)! Seeing that I'm from Minnesota I kind of resent your putting our Senator in our neighboring state. But now that I've let you know, I'll forgive. I truly enjoy your magazine.

CLARETTA MORREL  
Austin, Minn.

*We thank you and Mr. Earl Wilson thanks you. And apologies to Senator Humphrey and Minnesota.—Ed.*

## Silents are Golden

I've always wanted to see the silent movie, "The Big Parade." It must have been one of the greatest of all time because it ran for ninety-six weeks in New York when it first came out. I understand this was one of the few times John Gilbert played a non-glamour boy part and that he won great critical acclaim for his portrayal. About all I've ever seen of it is where Rene Adoree is chasing a truck carrying John Gilbert away to war. Has M-G-M ever released this film to TV or is it too passé? Wish they would, as it's a sort of milestone.

OLIVER L. OLSON  
Sloan, Iowa

*Television is very much interested in the silents. Right now producer Paul Killiam's "Movie Museum" is giving fans nationwide a chance to see excerpts from some of the most interesting of the soundless comedies and dramas. In the works now is a new show of Mr. Killiam's called "Hour of Silents" which will show some of the best of the old pictures, including "The Big Parade," in their entirety.—Ed.*

## Did She Die?

I saw "A Farewell to Arms" recently and thought it was wonderful. My father told me that in the first version, years ago, he didn't think Catherine died in the end. Is this true? And if so, why did they let her die in this one?

J. STEWART  
Lakewood, Calif.

*Unfortunately, Catherine died all the way down the line. She first passed away in the original novel by Ernest Hemingway. Next, in the 1932 film version with Helen Hayes, and lastly in the current production with Jennifer Jones.—Ed.*

## Open Letter to Joan Crawford

It was in 1933 that I first wrote you and asked for a photo. You sent it and since then you have continued being kind and answering all my letters.

In 1934 you sent your home address and from then on, I have received a reply every time I have written you.

You have taken time from your busy schedule to write encouraging letters when I have been sick and low. You expressed joy when we bought our home, and when our child was born. You have inquired about him and my family even when I didn't mention them in my letters.

I am very thankful for all the kindness you have shown me and want everyone to know it. I wish only the best for you and your family in the coming years and may you always be as happy as you have made me.

Bless you always,

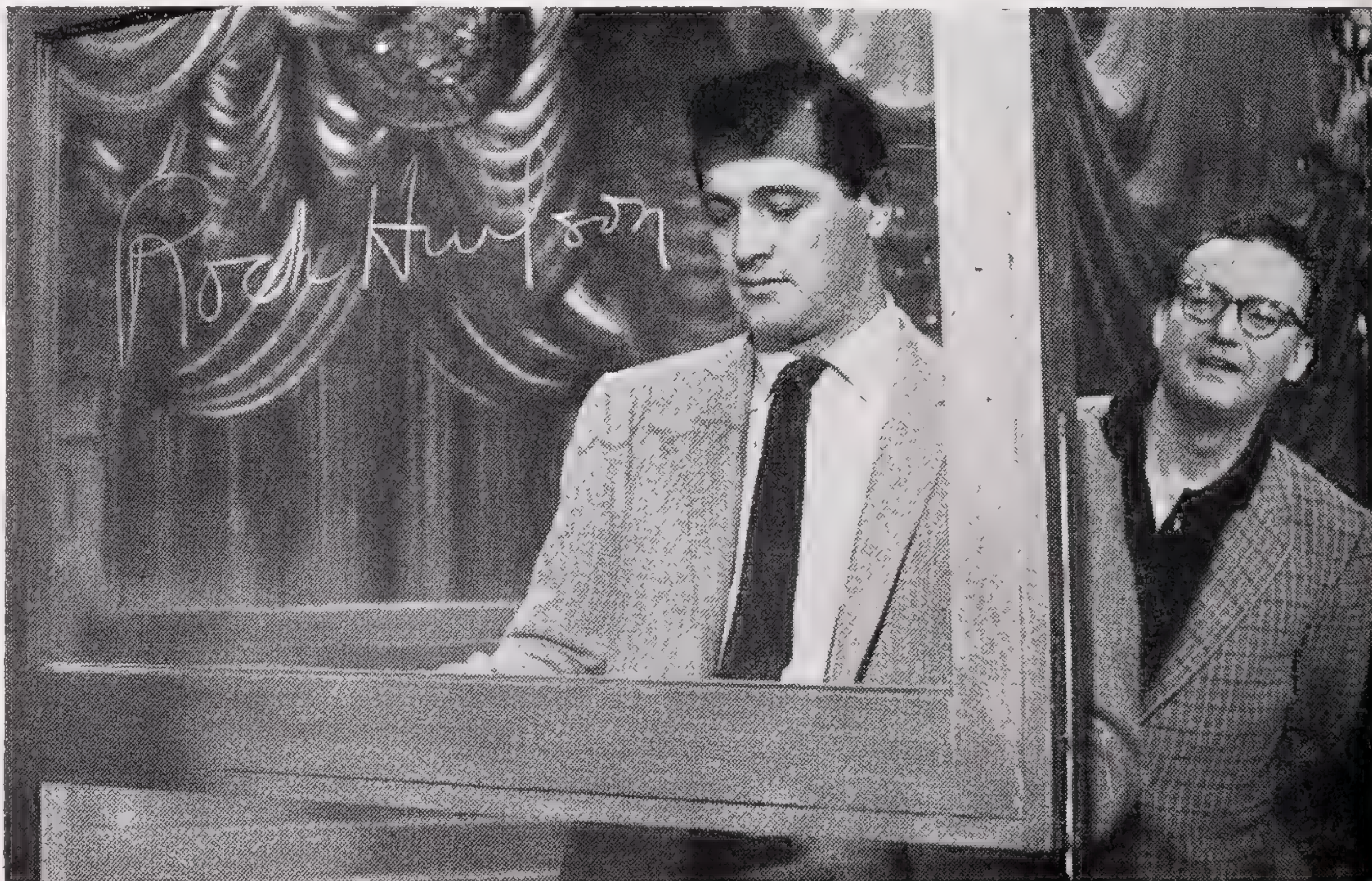
VIOLET M. HIGGINS  
South Plainfield, N. J.

## Give Jayne a Chance

I don't write letters often, but now that I am, I'm going to speak my piece. I have never seen a less satisfactory performance than the one given by Jayne Mansfield in "Kiss Them for Me." In fact, the whole movie was unsatisfactory. Even Marilyn Monroe, whom I dislike, could have done a better job. Maybe Jayne can act. I don't know, as I have never seen her in anything but roles I consider repulsive, such as the role of the feather-brained floozy in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" which, it seems to me, she is still playing with minor variations. Why don't they give her a chance by letting her have a truly decent and dramatic role?

JO ANN PIEKARSKI  
Kellogg, Idaho

*continued*



*"All you fans have to do to get Rock's autograph is cut out your home TV screens," said emcee Steve Allen during Gold Medal telecast. Here we've cut it out for you!*



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*Continued*

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I'm looking for a tall, slim fellow about twenty-five years old. He doesn't have to be dressed up all the time. As a matter of fact, he can be casually dressed. His eyesight doesn't have to be perfect—I don't mind glasses. But he must have brown eyes and brown hair and stand at least six feet tall. He doesn't have to be a "pretty boy." Indeed, he has to be a little shy and boyish. He has to be the type a girl would like to take care of when he's sick. The type your mother would like you to date and she and you would trust. Of course, I'd like him to like "pop" music and enjoying singing. I would take a great interest in his career, because I know it's very important to him.

I'm looking for the most fabulous fellow yet, the one and only—TONY PERKINS!

SANDY SMITH  
New York, N. Y.

### Sothern Unlimited

Why doesn't Ann Sothern make movies anymore? Until about a year ago, I thought she would be suited only for TV shows like "Private Secretary." However, lately, I have seen many of her old movies on TV and frequently she was cast in a serious role. After seeing these and some of her recent TV "guest shots" I'm sure she shouldn't be limited to just television comedies. She is still one of our best actresses.

KAREN BROWN  
Philadelphia, Pa.



*Perennially-young Ann Sothern, television star, movie star and business woman, is busy these days with TV (and a possible new series). But how 'bout movies?*

### A New GWTW?

Rock Hudson is the only person I can think of who could portray *Rhett Butler* in a remake of "Gone With the Wind."

M. CHRISTOPHER  
Niagara Falls, Canada

In a recent edition of "Readers Inc.," I saw a letter suggesting the remaking of "Gone With the Wind." Why don't they just keep re-running the original? No one, certainly, will ever tire of it. Please, please don't let them remake it!!!

DANNY ROY  
Oxford, Mo.

A recent reader suggested to Photoplay that "Gone With the Wind" should be remade, naming several performers to fill certain roles. Honestly, I think it would be a waste of money.

However, why couldn't someone suggest to Michael Todd that he do "GWTW" as a musical? People will get a throaty cackle when *Scarlett* stands on the shore and sings . . .

"*Rhett* sails in the sunset . . ."

LOUIE  
Pt. Pleasant, N. J.

### Thanks From Tommy

I enjoyed your British edition of Photoplay tremendously and certainly do appreciate the consideration Photoplay has given me in the past.

It was flattering to know that I have been given the honor of appearing in your overseas as well as the American edition.

Once again, let me express my thanks.

TOMMY SANDS  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### "It's All Right With Me"

I have been a Marlon Brando fan for some time and it makes no difference to me whether he has one egg or two for breakfast or if his wife is Welsh, Irish or Indian, just as long as he keeps on making movies, it's all right with me. . . .

NANCY MURPHY  
Hartford, Conn.



### Introducing Dirk Bogarde

I just saw an English picture call "Doctor at Large" and I loved Dirk Bogarde in it. He's very handsome and such a wonderful actor. Won't you mention him in Photoplay soon?

JOYCE LANDIS  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Dirk Bogarde was all bundled up in a flannel bathrobe taking medicine for attack of jaundice, recently, when he was told he'd just been named "Britain's Biggest Box Office Draw." "Wow!" he said, coughing on his jaundice medicine.*

*Born in London, his mother an actress and his grandfather an actor, there was much choice for him but to go into the theater, too. A happy decision because he loves it.*

*Still in school and fiddling around decisively with art courses, Dirk was traveling on a bus one day when he glanced out the window and noticed London's "Theater." Seized by a whim, he pulled out a cord, got out, went in and ended the deal with a job as glue-boy. (We all have begin somewhere, remember.) In no time at all he had been promoted to "actor" at the "Q" Theater and was making the princely sum of five dollars a week.*

*Sometime later he was in the London stage production of "Power Without Glory." The critics loved him and shortly thereafter he was signed for the movies. Dirk, who is really quiet-spoken and good-natured, was cast in a long series of tough-guy parts and it looked as if he was doomed to that forever when someone suggested putting him in a picture called "Doctor in the House." It was a good-natured poke at the medical world (surgeons operating on wrong patients, wild parties in the medical students dorm, etc.). As one of the brightest of the not-too-bright undergraduates, Dirk triumphed and went on to appear in the sequels, "Doctor at Sea" and "Doctor at Large." He traveled to Canada to play the adventurous hero in the recently released "Campbell's Kingdom" and he's following this up with the role of Sidney Carton in the remake of Charles Dickens' story of love and intrigue during the French Revolution, "Tale of Two Cities." "Lawrence of Arabia" is his next.—Ed.*

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favor a star, address them at their studios.—Ed.



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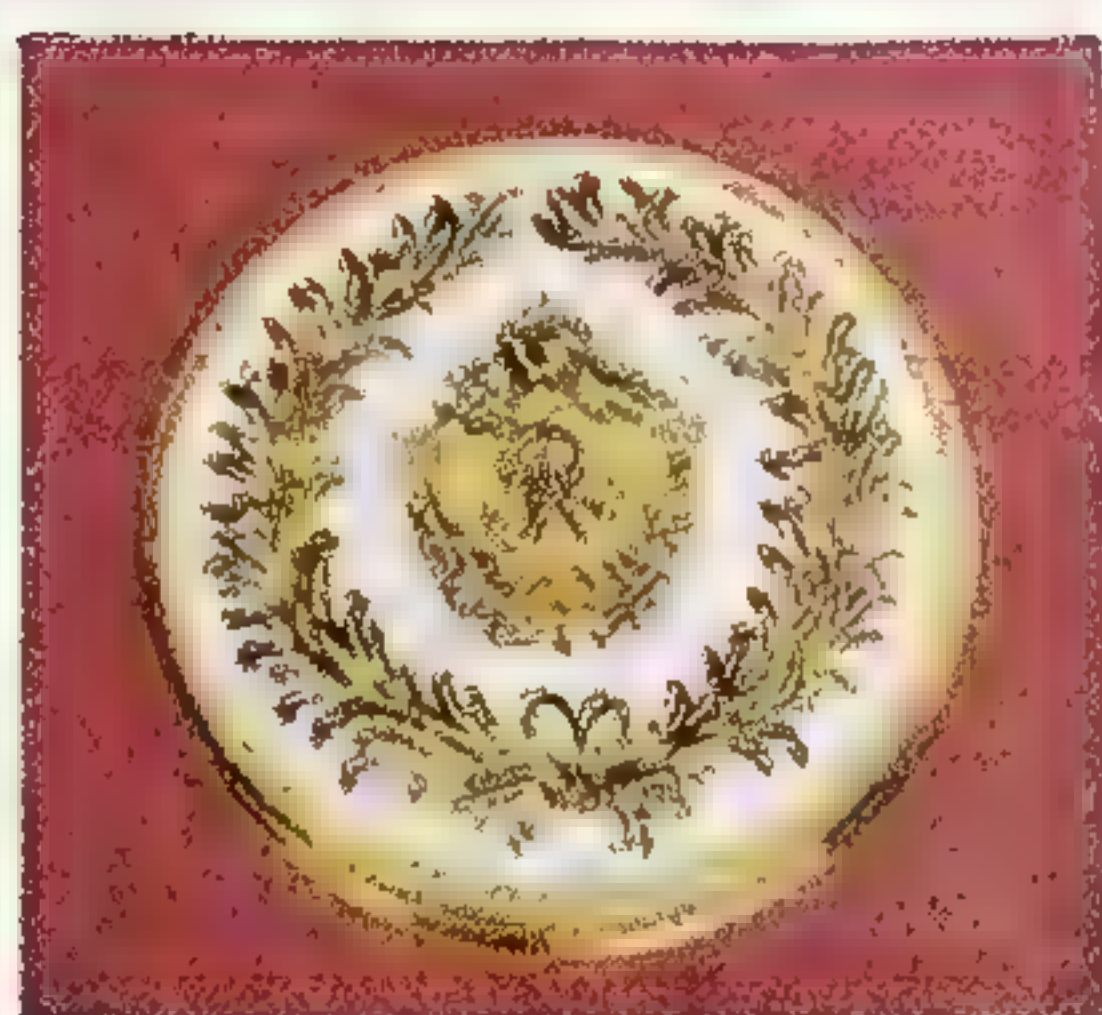


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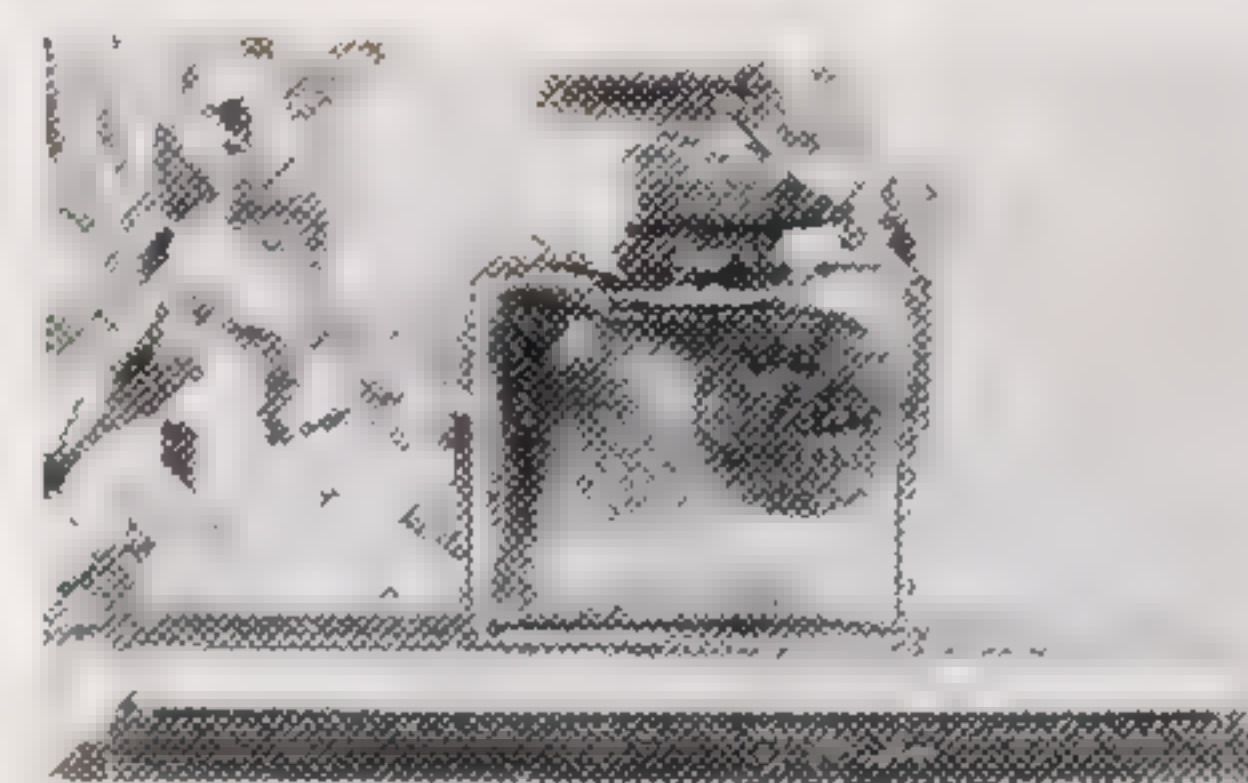
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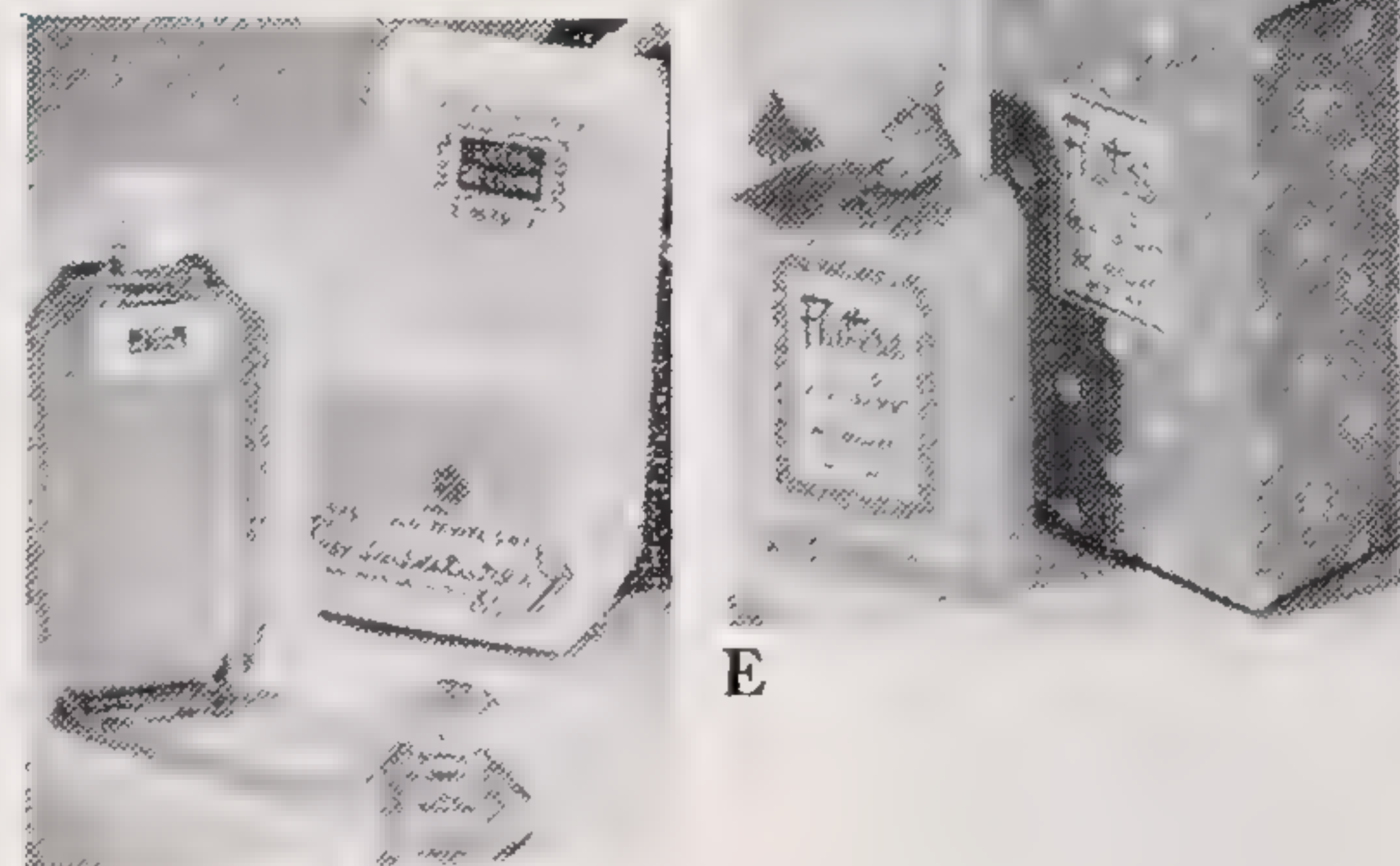
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B. Something scent-imental from John H. Breck, Inc.: "Love Lace" cologne mist, delicate floral bouquet in aerosol form. Pink 3.5-oz. bottle, \$3.00\*

C. Lenthéric's "Red Lilac" perfume blooms this spring in glittering new crystal bottle with lilac and gold base, clear acetate cover. 1/2 oz., \$7.00\*

D. Millot's fragrance classic, "Crepe de Chine," in gift-wrapped duo: doll-size flacon of perfume and matching 1-oz. bottle of eau de cologne. \$2.00\*

E. The subtle notes of "Flatterie" perfume are now available in creamy liquid skin sachet, clinging fragrance form created by Houbigant. \$2.50\*  
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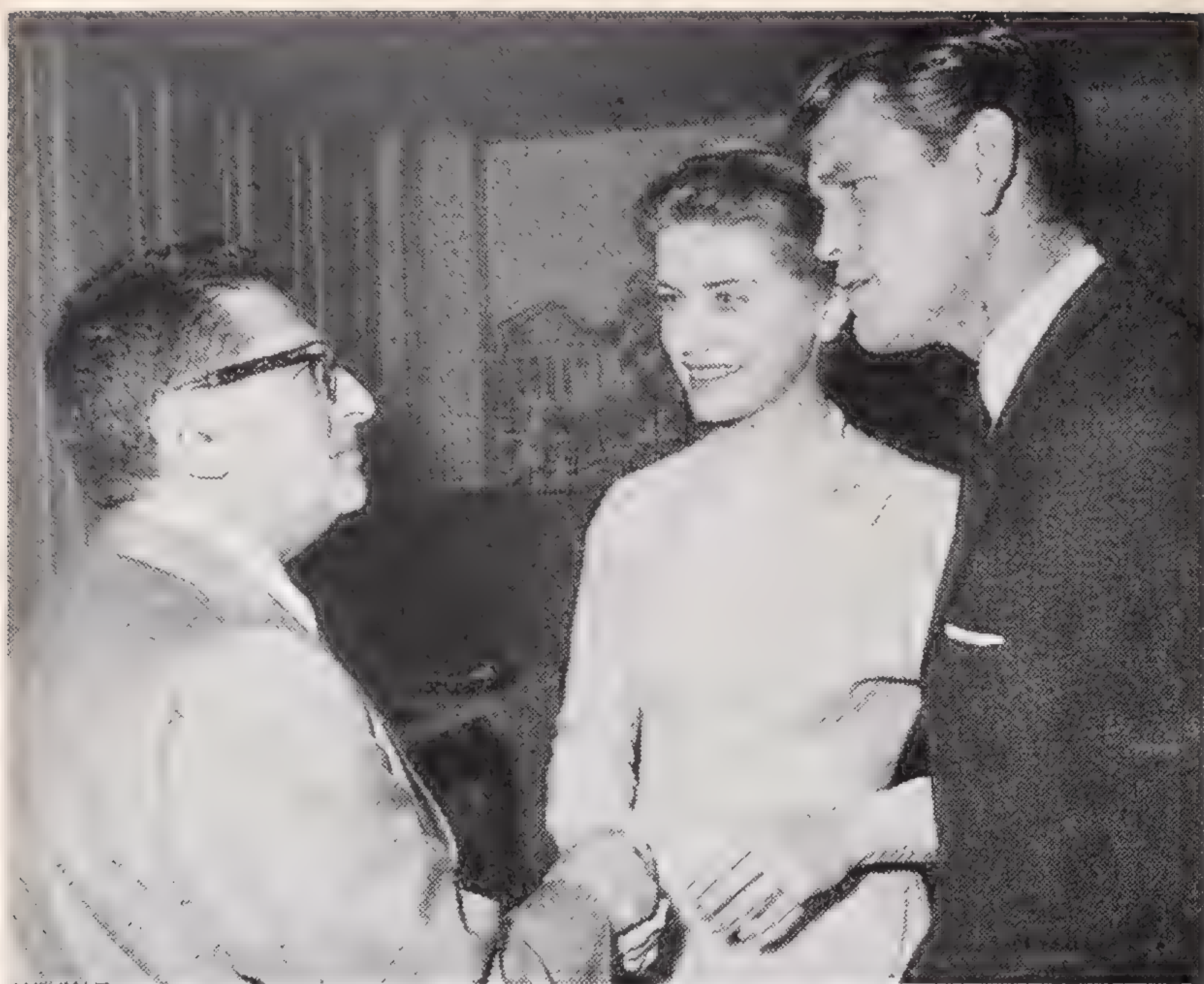
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Guaranteed faster and longer-lasting than any other pincurl permanent.





# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'm convinced that Maria Schell was more concerned about Marilyn Monroe than Grushenka in "The Brothers Karamazov." . . . Want to know the faults of Pat Boone? Praise him to Elvis Presley fans . . . Brigitte Bardot became popular without interviews, without doing p.a.'s on TV, without cocktail parties in her honor; in fact without ever coming to this country, she arrived big! . . . I'll always remember Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger in the taxi scene in "On the Waterfront," although Marlon didn't like it . . . I'm pleased that Ava Gardner is going to return to Hollywood to make a movie. I'll get the deck of cards, the recording of "Lush Life" and wait for Ava to phone . . . Paul Newman doesn't approve of boy-next-door actors. He believes it takes away from the glamour of the actor . . . Eddie Fisher wonders why friends always give you a "Going Away" party but never a "Welcome Home" one . . . I'd like to see a movie hero play a football player who has a few front teeth missing . . . Said Sal Mineo: "I never see the Empire State Building without thinking it is a scene about New York."

Deborah Kerr, who won our Photoplay vote, also won the affection of the celebrity-guests at the Photoplay party at the Beverly Hills Hotel . . . Rock Hudson wandered out of the hotel as if he were looking for Jennifer Jones, but he was actually looking for Henry Willson, who had the keys to his car . . . I thought Dolores Hart was the most charming of the newcomers. And I liked her escort, Earl Holliman, because he's not a selfish fellow . . . Julie London told me that she can sing one song while the radio is playing

*I thought Dolores Hart was the most charming newcomer at the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards dinner. And I liked her escort, Earl Holliman, too*

a different tune, and still stay on key . . . I like Award parties. You meet such interesting people and items . . . Said Errol Flynn: "Never trust a woman. She may be true to you."

I doubt if Jayne Mansfield ever will be as good an actress as she is a press agent . . . Bob Wagner has everything he possesses (shirts, ties, ashtrays, robes, etc.) initialed, except Natalie Wood . . . When in high school, Barbara Nichols was a cheerleader and managed to get more attention than the football team . . . Whenever I see a Garbo movie, I always feel that the script isn't as good as Garbo, even when the script is great . . . Somehow Diane Varsi and Susan Harrison remind me of each other . . . Joanne Woodward told me: "I want to do something—a movie or a play—that'll come up to the expectations I have for myself." . . . Joan Collins has a new bedroom. It's in pink, and with plenty of mirrors.

Elvis Presley overcombs his hair . . . Clark Gable will tell you that his last movie at M-G-M was titled (and not by him), "Betrayed." . . . Big Hunk of Truth From Laurence Olivier: "In the old days we had actresses trying to become stars. Today we have stars trying to become actresses." Need I mention names? . . . Charles Laughton is an actor who turns in a better performance than most, even when Laughton is merely walking into Schwab's to buy shaving cream . . . I wonder what Frank Sinatra actually means when he ends his TV shows with "Sleep Warm." . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor to Eva Gabor: "If you lie about me, I'll tell the truth about you."

I'm glad Ingrid Bergman didn't pick up Roberto Rossellini's option . . . Katharine Hepburn's bone structure, the sound of her voice, and her warm loyalty fascinate me . . . Eva Marie Saint and Hope Lange remind me of each other. They both project the same quality in their performances . . . Mamie Van Doren plans to redecorate her house so that each room represents a different period in history . . . I'll always remember the stagehand in "Citizen Kane" who became an opera critic by placing two fingers on his nose, pressing the nostrils together . . . Alfred Hitchcock, who says he dislikes actors, makes it a point to be an actor in every movie he directs . . . Martha Hyer told me: "When I was a youngster, I loved those backstage musical pictures best because they showed me the life I planned to live when I grew up." . . . Watch Lee Remick. When you see her in a movie you will . . . Big Hunk Of Truth from Charles Boyer: "I never said 'Come with me to the Casbah.'" Mimics Please Note . . . Tony Perkins adores the word adore . . . Jean Seberg doesn't like the games where you beat someone else. "I like to beat me," said Jean . . . I'd say Grace Kelly is the kind of person who relishes being called a snob . . . Cary Grant sleeps in either or both parts of his pajamas, depending on the weather or his inclination . . . Said Kim Novak: "Any color, so long as it is lavender, is best for me." That's Hollywood For You.

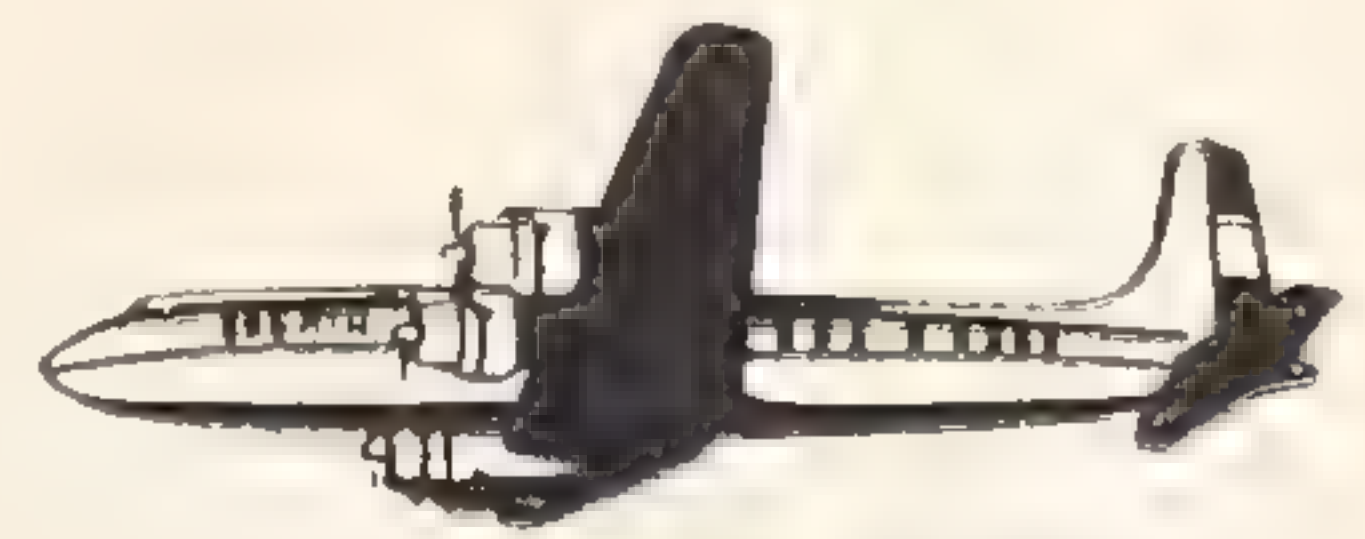
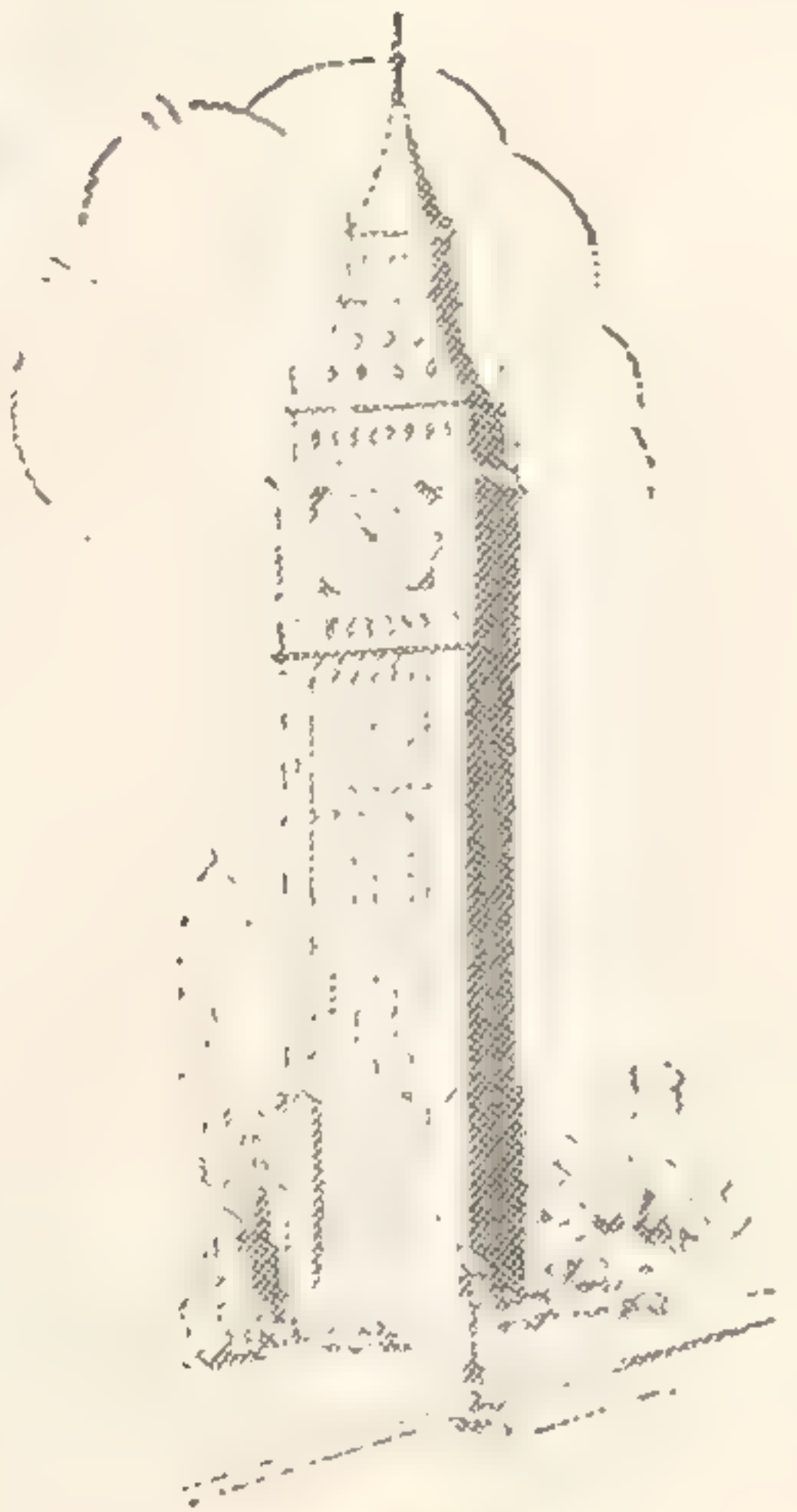


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# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

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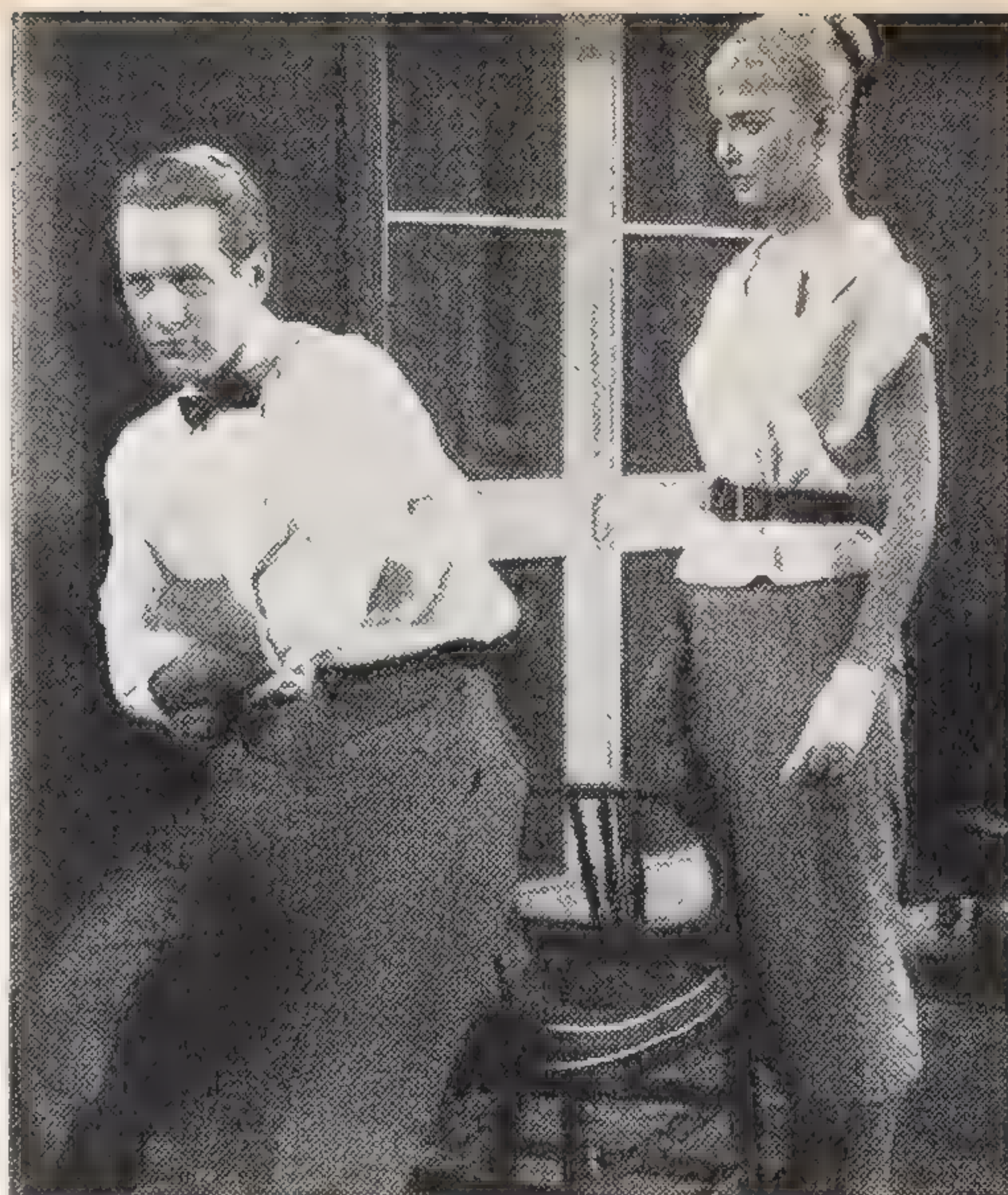
BUENA VISTA,  
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Warm affection for the world of the theater animates a simply presented film that spotlights youthful Susan Strasberg. As an inexperienced girl intent on becoming a fine actress, Susan tries to land a part in a play being produced by Henry Fonda. She doesn't get it, but her attempt results in her emotional involvement with Fonda. As the young playwright, who takes a personal interest in Susan, Christopher Plummer (a new face) does an agreeably earnest job. Joan Greenwood is amusing as an imperious star; Herbert Marshall, sympathetic as a veteran actor.

ADULT



Love and hero worship are mingled in Susan's heart when she is with Fonda



The clash of personality between Paul and Joanne has a tender significance

## The Long, Hot Summer

20TH;

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ An able cast headed by Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman and Orson Welles offers a pleasant grab bag of entertainment, both funny and dramatic. The plot is as lazy and haphazard as life in the small Southern town that is the setting; accent falls instead on character vignettes. Top man in the town, Orson is a roaring, cheerful old rascal who tries to dominate his household completely. Daughter Joanne talks back at him; son Anthony Franciosa is utterly cowed and finds consolation only in the arms of his pretty young wife (Lee Remick). The arrival of Paul, aggressive stranger with a doubtful background, affects the whole family. Orson takes to the newcomer, even gives him Tony's job as store manager. Between Joanne and Paul there's quick antagonism that any moviegoer will recognize as the dawn of true love. Angela Lansbury is effective as Orson's long-time mistress; Richard Anderson shows pathos as a weakling.

ADULT

## The Brothers Karamazov

M-G-M,  
METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ With a taut script that captures the dramatic essence of Dostoyevsky's complex novel, this powerful drama finds Yul Brynner and Maria Schell only narrowly dominating a generally brilliant cast. In a small town of Czarist Russia, Lee J. Cobb is a grasping, bawdily irreverent lecher who has earned no love from his four sons: Brynner, army officer and gambler, usually broke; Richard Basehart, journalist and

cynic; William Shatner, gentle youth who is to become a monk; Albert Salmi, illegitimate son who is Cobb's despised servant. A way out of Brynner's financial problems would be marriage to Claire Bloom, a beauty with a rich dowry. But her love is brushed aside when he meets Maria, the voluptuous, money-hungry innkeeper also coveted by his father. Involved as the story is, it is told clearly and with steadily increasing impact.

ADULT

## Desire Under the Elms

PARAMOUNT,  
VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ Another grim classic hits the screen with another high-powered cast: Anthony Perkins, Sophia Loren, Burl Ives. In Eugene O'Neill's story of life, sex and the land in old New England, Burl is the lusty tyrant who has worn out two wives and overwhelmed the sons of both marriages. But Tony, the child of the second wife, looks forward to claiming the farm as his own. His dream is threatened when the doughty old man brings home a third wife, young, with designs of her own. This is Sophia, a sensuous and sensible immigrant girl. Between the two young people there is a natural attraction, pointed inevitably toward tragedy. The acting has solid integrity; the material is strong. But the talk often sounds dated, and the treatment has a taint of the stage. For all the handsome exterior shots, the atmosphere of a real farm is missing.

ADULT

## Merry Andrew

M-G-M; CINEMA-  
SCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Not so boisterously comic as some Danny Kaye hits, this whimsical yarn set in England aims at producing chuckles. Danny has a lovable role as a shy teacher in a boys' school. Under the direction of his formidable father (Noel Purcell), who is also his boss, his life trundles along quietly, and it's assumed he'll marry the very proper Patricia Cutts. But a holiday, to follow his hobby of archaeology, tosses Danny into the midst of a gay little traveling circus owned by the genial Baccaloni. The star aerialist is lovely Pier Angeli—and Danny's life now livens up. Several exuberant song numbers fit smoothly into the proceedings.

FAMILY

Continued



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After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slim self again *without* constant hunger pangs...*without* cruel diets...*even without* giving up all your favorite foods! Yes! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or you don't pay a cent!

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### You eat what the family eats —when they eat!

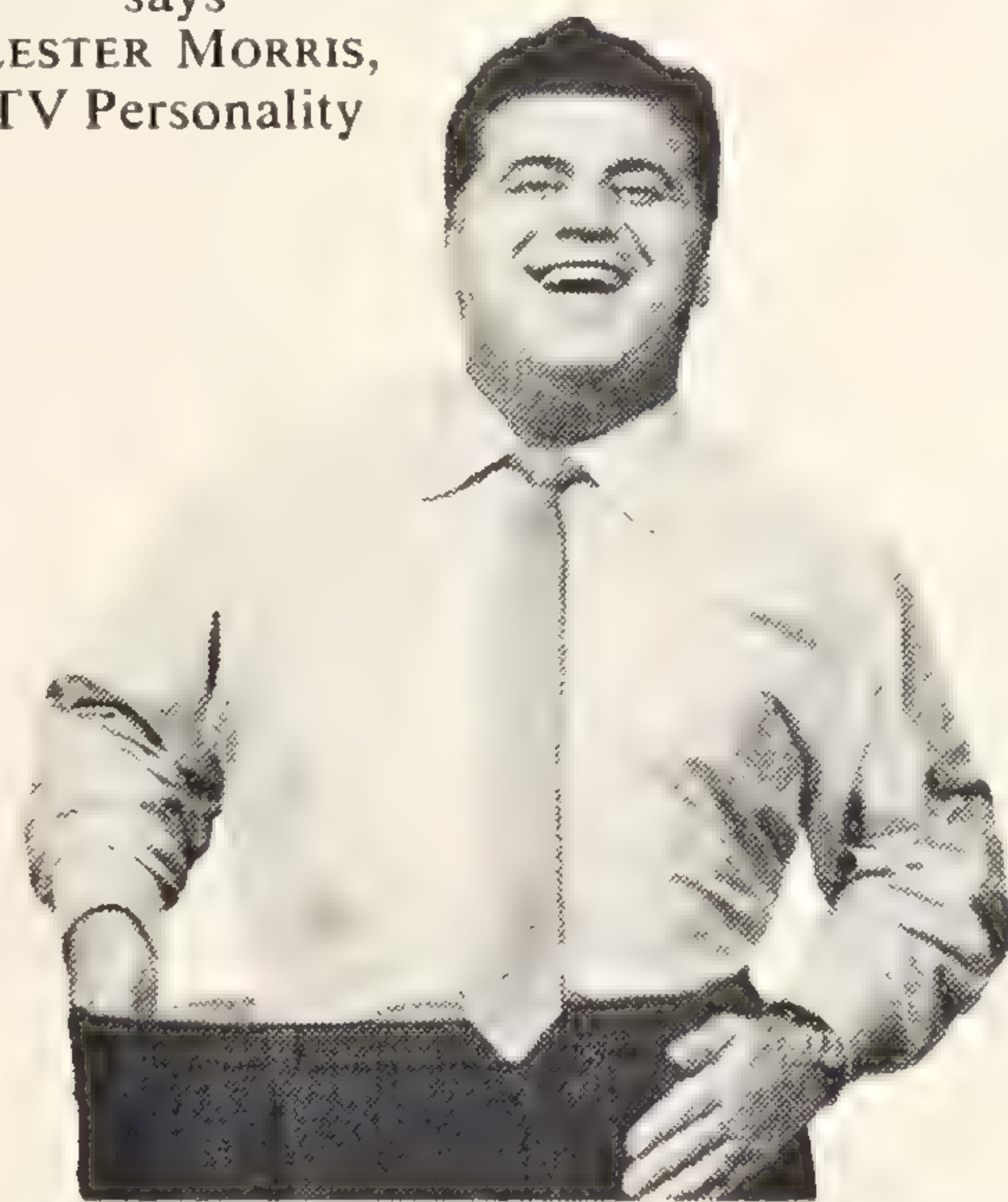
No dieting—no starving—no unappetizing foods, when you take REGIMEN TABLETS. You eat normally with the rest of the family—but you simply don't want to eat as much. Your weight comes down from the very first day! Pounds and inches disappear!



"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days\*  
TAKING REGIMEN TABLETS  
WITHOUT ANY DIETING

*... and never felt better in my life!"*

says  
LESTER MORRIS,  
TV Personality



"I tried ordinary reducing methods for years—diets, laxatives, candies, pills, exercises, steam baths—nothing worked. Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. I lost 9 lbs. in 3 days, 12 lbs. the first week, and 28 lbs. in 28 days! Without dieting! Without will power! I ate the same foods as always; I just couldn't eat as much! Yet I felt full all the time—and the fat just melted away!"

A notarized doctor's report,  
filed with this publication, con-  
firms Mr. Morris' weight loss.



### BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Don't be confused by imitation products that contain only ONE of the three drugs found in REGIMEN TABLETS. Reducing experts say you need ALL THREE drugs to really lose weight without dieting. REGIMEN TABLETS is the first and only reducing product of its kind in the world that contains all three safe, completely effective wonder drugs to perform every known function for No-Diet reducing. Get REGIMEN TABLETS—and only REGIMEN TABLETS—and be sure of reducing quickly and safely—without dieting.

## Regimen-Tablets



10-day supply,  
only \$3

20-day supply,  
only \$5  
(You save  
\$1.00)

Available At All Drug  
Stores. If your druggist is sold  
out, he can supply you in 24 hours.

REGIMEN TABLETS, another fine product of the Drug Research Corporation, sole distributors of Super Sustamin 2-12 for the relief of Arthritis-Rheumatism pains.





## To think I waited so long!

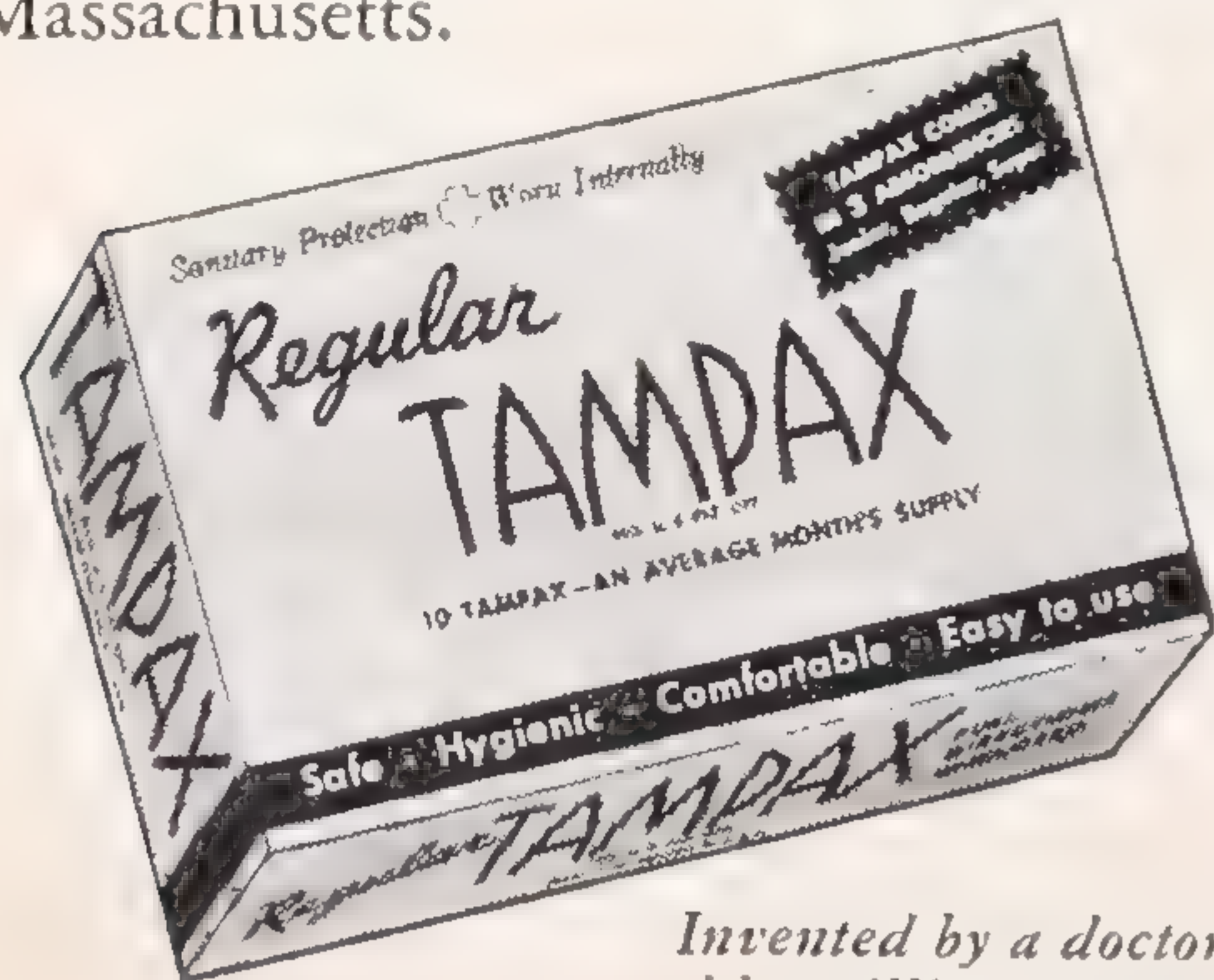
What in the world was holding me back, I'll never know! But I was *forever* putting off my decision to change to Tampax—never quite ready to try it, yet secretly envying anyone who *did*!

It was one of the *very* girls I envied who helped me decide! *She* told me all about Tampax®, how wonderful it is, how *simple* and *easy* it is to use. (Tampax takes only seconds to insert and change.) She told me, too, how Tampax *frees* you from odor worries, from disposal problems, from carrying problems, too.

But what really *convinced* me to try it was her pointing out that Tampax was invented by a *doctor*—for the benefit of *all* women, married or single, active or not.

And now, I'm a Tampax-user, a Tampax-*enthusiast*—recommending Tampax benefits to any woman I know who has yet to try it!

Let me help you make up *your* mind. Let me assure you—changing to Tampax will mean new *comfort*, new *freedom*, new *poise*! Why wait? Do it now. You can buy Tampax wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—  
now used by millions of women

## MOVIES *continued*

### *The Young Lions*

20TH,  
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Following soldiers Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin through World War II, this ambitious movie includes a wealth of dramatic material. But it tries to cover so much that it cannot give each of its stories the depth called for. A debonair young German who has never given much thought to politics, Marlon is caught up in the Nazi war machine, in the wreck of the Afrika Korps, in the steady degeneration on the home front. Women in his life are a spirited French girl (Liliane Montevecchi) and a German trollop (May Britt). Meantime, two American GI's are moving toward the ending's deadly rendezvous with Marlon. Dean, former night-club singer, hopes mostly to avoid combat, to the contempt of fiancée Barbara Rush. As his service buddy, Monty becomes the victim of barracks bullies, because of his religion. A gentle romance links Monty and Hope Lange. Brando's work is outstanding; Martin is at ease; Clift just achieves moments of forcefulness.

ADULT

### *Summer Love*

U-I

✓✓✓ Here's the most suitable assignment so far for John Saxon, now cast in a nice, easygoing comedy of teenagers on a summer fling. As leader of a youthful dance band, Johnny gets the combo a camp job that leads to fun and trouble. John Wilder is the real girl-chaser in the group. Pal Rod McKuen strikes up a friendship with sweet-singing Molly Bee. And Johnny has his own problems, trying to stay loyal to Judy Meredith while being pursued by seductive Jill St. John, femme fatale of the lake resort. As his kid sister, Shelley Fabares is a charmer; so, in his own brusque way, is kid brother George Winslow.

FAMILY

### *Going Steady*

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Molly Bee now steps into a lead role, but shares the spotlight with a thoroughly engaging, endearingly average young newcomer, Alan Reed, Jr. Pay no attention to the title; this is about an impulsive teenage marriage. In real life, the consequences could be tragic. But this is a movie, and it's a comedy. Molly and Alan keep their marriage secret until the hovering stork creates mad complications. Then they admit their status, and Alan moves in to share Molly's room in the home of her parents: understanding Irene Hervey and bumbling, outraged Bill Goodwin. Some lines may sound risqué, but the intention is innocent, and a little good sense finally sneaks through the slapstick.

FAMILY

### *Saddle the Wind*

M-G-M:  
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Disillusioned Julie London assures Robert Taylor, in this serious western, that he isn't the first reformed gunfighter

she has met. Well, he isn't the first moviegoers have met, either. But Bob has an extra problem: a gun-happy kid brother, portrayed enthusiastically in j. d. style by John Cassavetes. Bob wants only to settle quietly on their ranch in the valley run firmly but justly by Donald Crisp. John's choice of a bride—Julie, former saloon singer—doesn't strike Bob as the height of wisdom. And she doesn't realize what she's getting into until her intended really cuts loose, first killing a notorious gunman, then going after a group of farm people who have settled on range land. For its substance, the film is a little slow and talky, but there's plenty of gunplay and fine scenery.

FAMILY

### *Day of the Bad Man*

U-I,  
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ A less ambitious but more business-like frontier thriller finds judge Fred MacMurray in a tough spot. He has sentenced a murderer to hang, but the condemned man's brothers (including Robert Middleton and Skip Homeier, at their meanest) are determined to get him off by bribery or violence. It should be up to the sheriff (John Ericson) to see that justice is done. But this young law man isn't up to the job. Moreover, he has been quietly courting Fred's betrothed (Joan Weldon). Tension builds nicely as we wait to see whether the villains' threats will succeed and whether Ericson can redeem himself.

FAMILY

### *The Female Animal*

U-I,  
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Hollywood takes another look at itself, but this time concentrates on the private-life instead of the career angle. As a fading, selfish star, Hedy Lamarr has not won the affection of Jane Powell, her adopted daughter. Feeling neglected, Jane has turned to a frivolous life, with too much drinking. As a handsome extra, George Nader catches Hedy's eye, and she tries to take over his life. He might be willing—except that he falls in love with Jane, without realizing who she is. The brightest lines in this rather listless study of moviedom fall to Jan Sterling, as a cynical contemporary of Hedy's.

ADULT

### *The Big Beat*

U-I

✓✓ With a list of musical names ranging from Fats Domino to Harry James, this casual tune-film obviously covers a variety of popular rhythms. They're brought in through the story of a record firm run rather stuffily by Bill Goodwin. When Bill gives son William Reynolds a whirl at the record business, the boy's progressive ideas run up against the facts of song-plugging life. One romance teams Reynolds and Andra Martin; another, Jeffrey Stone and Gogi Grant. But the plot practically gets tossed away, as wacky Hans Conried steps in to unscramble it.

FAMILY



## BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 18.

✓✓✓✓ **BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Powerful, tension-filled. Escaped from a Jap prison camp, Bill Holden returns with Jack Hawkins to oppose Alec Guinness' strange project. (F) February

✓✓✓ **CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW**—Warners: Anne Baxter enjoys a richly emotional role in a shrewdly made mystery. As a diamond heiress, she's tormented by Richard Todd, stranger who pretends to be her brother. (F) April

✓✓ **COUNT FIVE AND DIE**—20th, CinemaScope: Jeffrey Hunter and Nigel Patrick head the cast of an intricate, often absorbing spy thriller, in World War II London. (A) April

✓✓✓✓ **COWBOY** — Columbia, Technicolor: Splendidly realistic picture of a cowboy's life in the old days, with Jack Lemmon as the tenderfoot on a drive headed by Glenn Ford. (F) April

✓✓✓ **DAMN CITIZEN!**—U-I: Brisk, fact-based melodrama sets Keith Andes to work smashing rackets in Louisiana. Threats are aimed at wife Maggie Hayes and children. (A) April

✓✓✓✓ **FAREWELL TO ARMS**, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson are the lovers in an honest, intimate, impressive version of Hemingway's classic about World War I in Italy. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ **I ACCUSE!**—M-G-M: Strong film account of the Dreyfus case, done almost in news-reporting style. Jose Ferrer is the French officer wrongly sentenced for treason. (F) April

✓✓✓ **LADY TAKES A FLYER, THE**—U-I: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Affable romantic comedy finds Lana Turner and Jeff Chandler looking decorative as married partners in a flying ferry service. He's too footloose for her. (F) April

✓✓ **MARK OF THE HAWK**—U-I, Superscope: Real African backgrounds add interest to a topical action film that could be more explicit. Native leader Sidney Poitier, wed to Eartha Kitt, wavers between Christianity and violence. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ **TEACHER'S PET**—Paramount, VistaVision: Doris Day and Clark Gable are an engaging love-comedy team in a movie that backs up its foolery with good sense. Newspaper vet Gable has contempt for book-l'arnin'—but a case on Doris, spirited journalism teacher. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ **WILD IS THE WIND**—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision: Vigorous acting puts warm flesh on a tired story. As neglected second wife of rancher Anthony Quinn, Anna Magnani is driven into Anthony Franciosa's arms. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**—U.A.: Sharp guessing game run by polished pros. Tried for a rich widow's murder, Ty Power is defended by flamboyant Charles Laughton. As Ty's wife, Marlene Dietrich springs surprises. Elsa Lanchester adds comedy. (A) March

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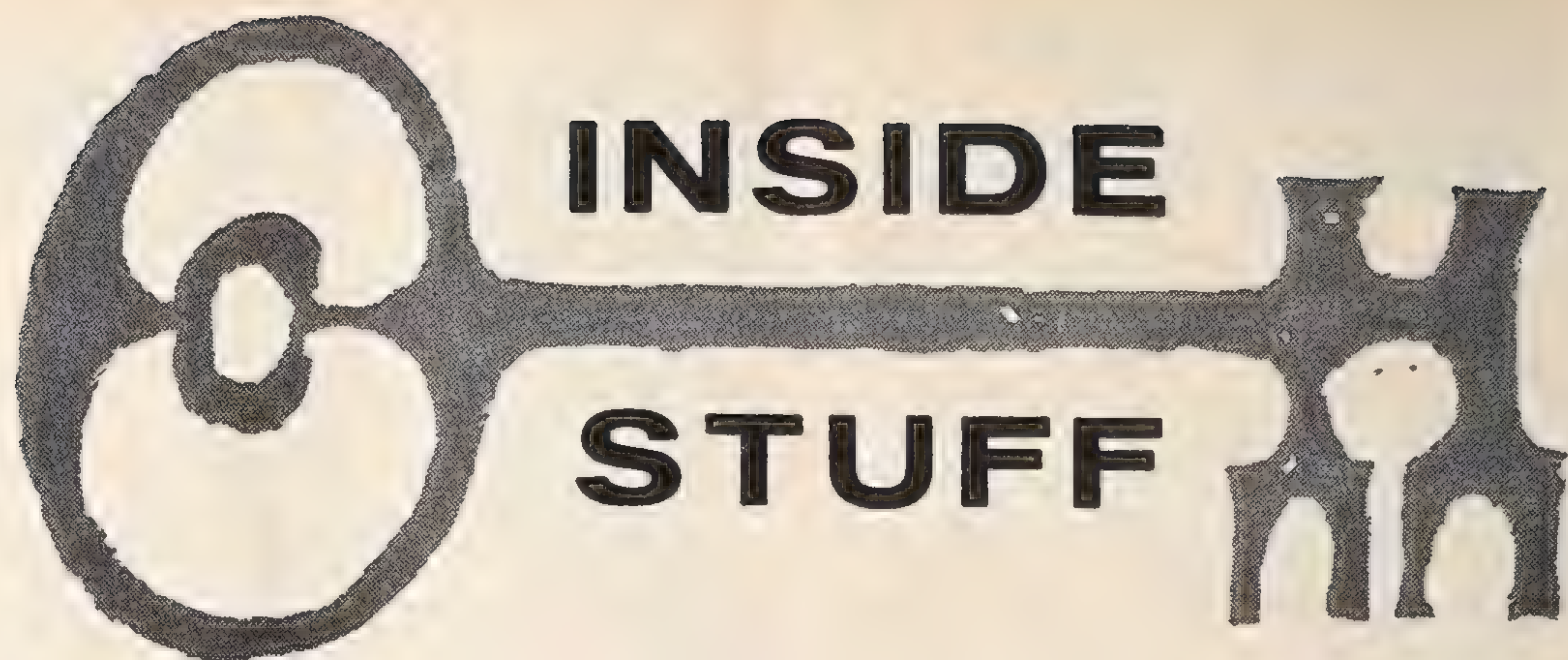
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Sara Hamilton's



Inside the Inside: From a source *close, close, close* to the **Rock** and **Phyllis Hudson** divorce settlement, I'm told "things" aren't going to be easily settled between them—financially nor personally. Phyllis, I'm told, feels put upon and isn't about to make any simple concessions, which is a pity. No more likable, agreeable nor amiable star exists than Rock Hudson . . . And confidentially, that "petite amour" between **Lauren Bacall** and fellow rat-packer **Sinatra**, failed to jell. It could have been those New York interviews Lauren gave, stating her desire to re-marry, or it could have been just Frank's reluctance to wed again after the crushing blow dealt him by ex-wife **Ava Gardner**. Frankie never got over that rap to his vanity . . . **Mickey Rooney**, who's riding the crest of renewed popularity, has been written up from all angles. But one tremendous factor in Mickey's new success is always omitted. And that's "little Mickey's" new-found faith in God. He found it in a small church near his Valley home, which he attends regularly. And God bless him.

Overseas Bits: The decision of **Ingrid Bergman's** daughter, **Jenny Lee**, to one day become an actress, with **Papa Lindstrom's** approval, is bringing Ingrid back to Hollywood when nothing else succeeded. With Jenny's transfer from the University of Colorado to Mills College in California, Ingrid will be within distance of the teenage daughter she loves . . . **Louis Jourdan** fans will be delighted with his performance in The Rank Organization's British production "Dangerous Exile." But when they hear that duet Louis sings with **Leslie**

**Caron** in "Gigi"—please-where-can-I-join-a-Louis-Jourdan-fan-club? . . . **Russ Tamblyn** returned from shooting "Tom Thumb" in London to find the inevitable "Greetings" from Uncle Sam awaiting. And Russ, who had to see it to believe it, hurried out to that new Valley home of ex-wife **Venetia Stevenson** . . . Straight from the Belgian Congo and by way of tribal drums, I heard **Audrey Hepburn** and **Peter Finch**, the J. Arthur Rank star, are giving the performances of their lives in "The Nun's Story." A returning visitor assured me even the Ubangis—or was it the Pygmies?—are enchanted with the goings on . . . Just like the hero that **Mario Lanza** played in "Seven Hills of Rome," **John Saxon** was off to visit cousins in Rome, his "Reluctant Debutante" film completed in England. And vino flowed when Johnny visited his dad's kin. Incidentally, John's best girl, **Vicki Thal**, also visiting in Europe, was to meet John's folks in Italy—some said as John's bride.

I Give a Party: I had a ball at my own party honoring our Photoplay editor, **Evelyn Pain**, and my daughter and son-in-law, **Col. and Mrs. Larry Oppenheimer** of Kansas City, Mo. Another Hollywood reporter, who lavishly chronicled the event in her daily column, admits she had fun, too, and wrote, "**Marlon Brando's** father, **Marlon Sr.**, is so attractive and made a hit with everyone at **Sara Hamilton's** cocktail party." She was right. The tall, handsome, dignified father of our outstanding star impressed such charming people as the **Reggie Gardiners**, **Dick Powell** and **June Allyson**, **Van Johnson**, **Gene Kelly**, **Martha Hyer**, **Jack Lemmon**, **Felicia Farr**, **Dolores Hart**, **Ann**

## TWO-BY-TWOS



*Sweet singin' of Johnny Mathis prompts big grins of Yvonne Lime and date*



*Frankie swipes dance from Louis Prima's Keely Smith, and makes her giggle*



*Rita Hayworth and hubby-boss Jim Hill are at home on "Separate Tables" set*



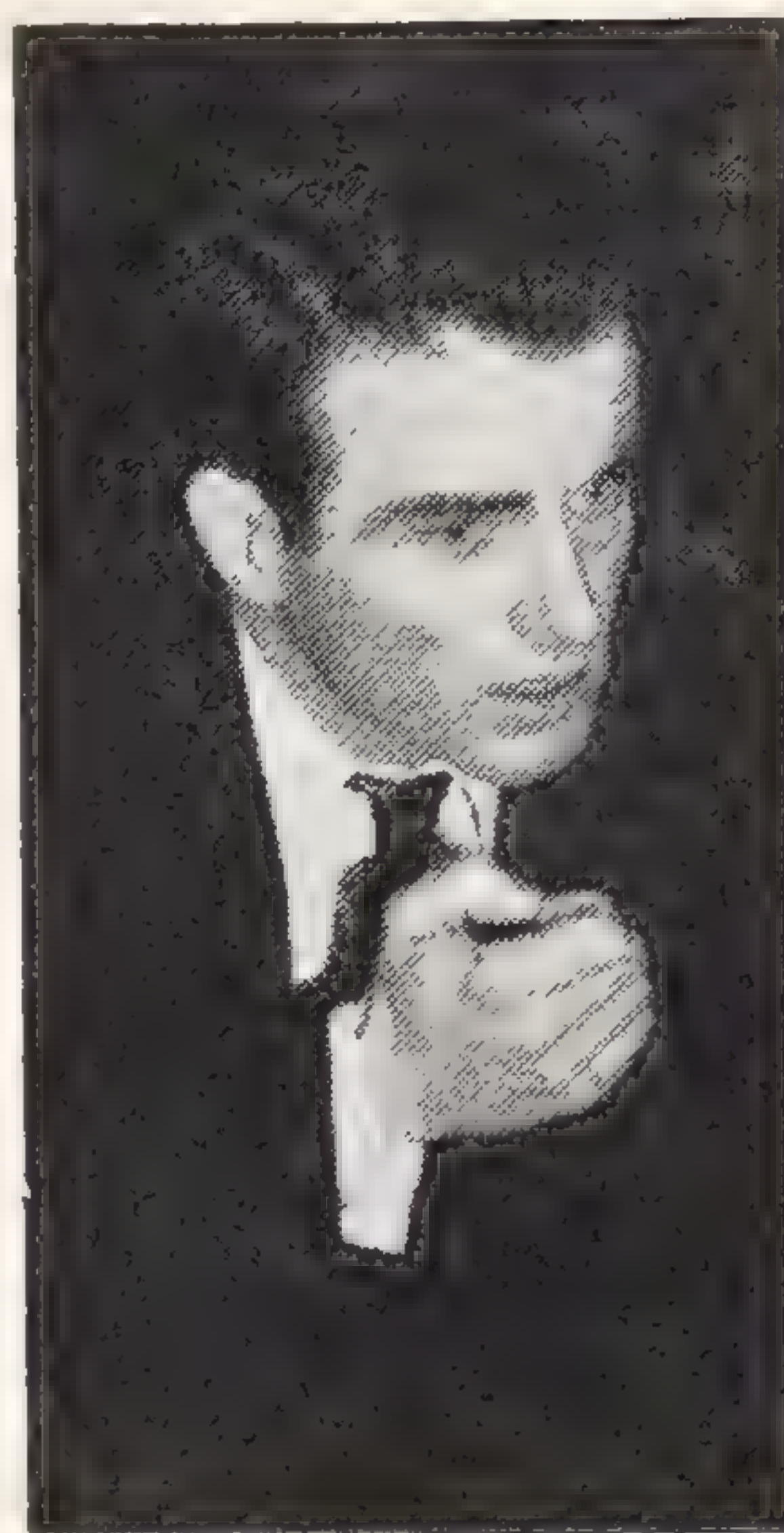
**Sothorn, Nick Adams, Margaret O'Brien** and so many others . . . Dolores Hart, who came with handsome **Ty Hungersford**, gave me to understand her dates with **Earl Holliman** were not one bit serious and never were. By the way she said it, could she have been annoyed at Earl? . . . That other beauty, Martha Hyer, came unescorted but left with Gene Kelly. So watch this one . . . And from the tender way Jack Lemmon regarded his best girl, Felicia Farr, I'd say it's wedding bells for these two—and soon . . . And Nick Adams' date, sweet and petite Margaret O'Brien, was admired by everyone. What a doll! Why don't we all get behind Maggie for bigger and better roles in Hollywood—real soon.

**New Girl in Town:** "Everything in my life is either low-caloried or deductible," **May Britt** confided the day she took me for a plunge down Wilshire Boulevard in her rented car ("deductible"). And May (pronounced "My"), now the bride and new deduction of actor-socialite **Eddie Gregson**, is really in demand since 20th's "The Young Lions." Among those wooing her talents is **Charles Boyer**, who hoped to sign this vamp with slant eyes and Dutch bob for his Broadway play, "Marriage Go Round." She's five-feet-seven, a Swede, an enigma and the 1958 look in sirens. Sack dress and all. With a slap in the face from **Marlon Brando** in "Lions" she began her Hollywood career. Preview cards for the film read simply: "Britt—WOW!" May, a photo lab assistant in Stockholm, was discovered by **Carlos Ponti**, **Sophia Loren's** husband, who starred her in his Italian film, "Yolanda, Daughter of the Black Pirate." Learning Italian fast, she made eight pictures in a row before 20th Century-Fox brought her to Hollywood for "Lions." She was scared to death of "The Big Brando," as she calls him—his genius, his talent, his name. And when it came time for their first scene together, she became utterly incoherent. But he was kind, the Big Brando, he was patient, he was gentle.

"Play only to me," he suggested. "Forget everyone else." The results you've seen. And 20th has more plans for their girl May, who, like her fellow country woman, **Greta Garbo**, is shy, somewhat of a "loner," and the most modern vamp that's hit the screen in a blue moon. That's "Britt—WOW!"

**Marriages, Babies, a Reconciliation and a Breakup:** Photoplay's **Norman Siegel** confessed he was a bit worried about **Debbie** and **Eddie Fisher's** new baby boy. "The day before the baby was born, Debbie was at the Academy Awards screening of 'The Three Faces of Eve.' I was afraid it was going to have a split personality!" . . . A reconciliation that made the town smile was that of **Bette Davis** and **Gary Merrill**. It hasn't been an easy year for Bette, what with a serious fall, bruised further by her separation from Gary . . . The shock of the month was mine when I ran into **Bing Crosby**, of all people, headed for the wee bed department of a local furniture store. Even through his own embarrassment, Bing failed to lose that happy smile at the prospect of the new baby scheduled this summer for him and **Kathy**. And never has one town pulled so unitedly for a little girl for Bing's four boys to spoil (*Continued*)

## CAL YORK JOTTINGS



*Monty in gayer days*

Hollywood feels sad: For **Monty Clift**, who seems so physically altered since his tragic accident. Why not write Monte the letters of praise and understanding he deserves. And I'll join you in the letter parade . . . The sudden death of former screen star **Helen Twelvetrees** revived memories of those wonderful early days

when **Bob Hope** was still a Paramount Hopeful and Chevalier was Frenchily gay . . . After eight seasons of TV and thirty-seven in show business, Hollywood's beloved **Gracie Allen** will soon be enjoying her new full time career: that of a housewife, mother and grandmother.



*May "the loner" surprised us all with marriage to Ed*

**Young People—Nice People:** **Tommy Sands** has moved into an apartment of his own, leaving his mother, who looks after his business affairs, to share their old apartment—alone—which, Mrs. Sands agrees, is fitting for a lad of Tommy's professional stature. But here and there about town Tommy was glimpsed lunching with his visiting father, **Ben Sands** of Chicago; the father Tommy has seen little of since his parents' divorce several years ago . . . Movietown's comparing the brothers **Boone** these days, which proves younger brother, **Nick Todd**, is moving apace with brother **Pat**. The decision seems to be that while Pat has a better trained voice and sings with more warm restraint, Nick has more verve. His records, "Teenage Cutie" and "At the Hop," seem to bear this out. Fortunately, Nick at least made a dent in the music world before he obeys Uncle Sam's invitation to the draft. But maybe, like **Elvis**, Nick will be able to make recordings while in the Army . . . Seldom has a casting note met with such instant approval as **Sal Mineo's** job of portraying the jazz drummer in "The Gene Krupa Story." But personally, I wonder. This **Krupa** has led a couple of lives, you know, while Sal is still eighteen. Am I wrong about this? . . . **Jim Mitchum** has his dad's permission to leave school the day he graduates from high school, to embark on an acting career. **Bob** is *that* proud of his boy. In direct contrast, **John Wayne** still insists son **Pat** graduate from Loyola University, with acting jobs during summer vacation, before he becomes a full-time pro.



# INSIDE STUFF

continued



*MacKenzie fans rejoiced at Gisele's marriage to Bob*

said one cause was probably Judy's financial and emotional problems. Insiders agreed, but still couldn't help feeling compassion for Judy, who, despite phenomenal success, has also gone through so much turmoil in the past years . . . Wouldn't you know it? You would, that is, if you read March Photoplay, in which **Gisele MacKenzie**, thought to be a lonely spinster, admitted, "I'm always in love"—and, incidentally, talked about a certain **Robert Shuttleworth**, former Canadian navy lieutenant who urged her to try a singing career, and has been her guiding light ever since. Sure enough, Gisele found out that Bob was The One, and off they flew to Las Vegas to be married. It all happened so suddenly that Gisele's bridal bouquet was hastily concocted from posies plucked from hotel baskets, but Gisele knew that forty-four-year-old Bob—wise, mature, so understanding about her career—filled the bill perfectly as the man she described to us as her Mister Right.

News from the Sets: There comes to all of us that one right moment in time and mine came to me with **Elvis Presley** a few days before his departure for the army. I've taken Elvis to task for his uninhibited didoes in the past but this day, this moment in time I saw a new and rather wonderful lad. It happened on the Paramount lot when shooting on one sound stage had been halted while grips and electricians moved things to another set. But as I strolled onto the old empty stage, there stood Elvis alone before the studio orchestra singing softly and beautifully the lovely ballads "Danny Boy" and "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

I listened entranced and when he'd finished I asked why in the world he hadn't sung songs like this before. "I did, ma'm," he smiled. "I started out singing songs like these and couldn't make a dime."

It occurred to me on the way home that maybe Elvis should have a theme song as a gift from his frantic, feverish fans. Perhaps that old standard, "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied." Eh?

Another precious moment I wouldn't have missed for worlds happened on "The Perfect Furlough" set when **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis**—stars of the film—stood up to be married for a scene, while little daughter **Kelly** looked on approvingly. Each star said the lines perfectly, but when the scene was over, Tony reached out for Janet's hand and on her third finger slipped a beautiful new gold wedding band set with six diamonds. "This is the ring I couldn't afford when we were married seven years ago," he said, kissing her tenderly. And you know every one of us on that set had one thing in common: Lump-in-the-throat-trouble. . . . Did I tell you I love Hollywood?

The Hand and the Heart of Hollywood: **Frances Farmer**, who eight years ago was one of Hollywood's top stars, has come back to a town warm with understanding. Between Frances' stormy exit and the quiet serenity of her return, is the story of a woman whose stardom exacted too great a burden. With the suddenness of success that can and does overbalance many a star who secretly fights it out alone, and with the breakup of her marriage to **Leif Erickson**, Frances plunged off the deep end into emotional oblivion.

Committing herself to a mental institution in her home state of Washington, the former star floundered in the usual chaos of overcrowded conditions with too few doctors. Finally Frances made a decision to help herself and find the way back through faith. And she made it. With God's loving help.

It never occurred to Frances to rush back to Hollywood with a "Look, I'm well again." Instead, she accepted self-supporting jobs as a hotel clerk in San Francisco and later as a photo lab assistant in San José. And it was here Hollywood found her and gave her jobs that began with **Lloyd Nolan's** "Velvet Rope." Today, Frances, lovelier, calmer, and more than ever beautiful, is grateful but her acknowledged thanks publicly go to God and the miracle of faith.



*Perennial bachelor Dick Egan surprised no one when he announced that he and Pat Hardy will be wed by summertime. But the whole town was so happy for this nice couple, who had gone together two and a half years and took their time in taking the big step. Dick chose Romanoff's to slip an exquisite five-and-a-half carat diamond on Pat's finger. He'll co-star in 20th's "The Hunters," while the little woman will give up her career. "Dick's is much more important," says she.*





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4653—You can be bare but covered in this sabre-slim sheath with criss-crossed neckline—a real figure sensation! Printed pattern in Junior miss sizes 9-17. Size 13 takes 2 7/8 yards 39-inch fabric

## CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**BIG BEAT, THE**—U-I. Directed by Will Cowan: John Randall, William Reynolds; Nikki Collins, Andra Martin; Cindy Adams, Gogi Grant; Danny Phillips, Jeffrey Stone; May Gordon, Rose Marie; Vladimir Skolsky, Hans Conried; Joseph Randell, Bill Goodwin; Howard Miller, Himself.

**BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, THE**—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: Dmitri Karamazov, Yul Brynner; Grushenka, Maria Schell; Katya, Claire Bloom; Fyodor Karamazov, Lee J. Cobb; Ivan Karamazov, Richard Basehart; Smerdyakov, Albert Salmi; Alexey Karamazov, William Shatner; Mme. Anna Hohlakov, Judith Evelyn; Grigory, Edgar Stehli; Ippolit Kirillov, Harry Townes; Illusha Snegiryov, Mike Osgard; Capt. Snegiryov, David Opatoshu.

**DAY OF THE BAD MAN**—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: Jim Scott, Fred MacMurray; Myra Owens, Joan Weldon; Barney Wiley, John Ericson; Charles Hays, Robert Middleton; Cora Johnson, Marie Windsor; Sam Wyckoff, Edgar Buchanan; Howard Hayes, Skip Homeier; Owens, Eduard Franz.

**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**—Paramount. Directed by Delbert Mann: Ann Cabot, Sophia Loren; Eben Cabot, Anthony Perkins; Ephraim Cabot, Burl Ives; Simeon Cabot, Frank Overton; Peter Cabot, Pernell Roberts; Lucinda, Rebecca Welles; Florence, Jean Willes; Eben's Mother, Anne Seymour.

**FEMALE ANIMAL, THE**—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: Vanessa, Hedy Lamarr; Penny, Jane Powell; Lily, Jan Sterling; Chris, George Nader; Irma, Mabel Albertson; Dr. Ramsey, Richard Cutting; Piggy, "Touch" Connors.

**GATES OF PARIS**—Lopert. Directed by Rene Clair: Juju, Pierre Brasseur; The Artist, Georges Brassens; Pierre Barbier, Henri Vidal; Maria, Dany Carrel; Alphonse, Raymond Bussieres; Paulo, Amedee; Paulo's Pal, Alain Bouvette.

**GOING STEADY**—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: Julie Ann, Molly Bee; Calvin Potter, Alan Reed, Jr.; Gordon Turner, Bill Goodwin; Grace Turner, Irene Hervey; Woody Simmons, Ken Miller; Olive Nelson, Susan Easter; Aunt Lola, Linda Watkins; Mr. Potter, Byron Foulger; Mr. Ahern, Hugh Sanders; Mrs. Potter, Florence Ravenel.

**LONG, HOT SUMMER, THE**—20th. Directed by Martin Ritt: Ben Quick, Paul Newman; Clara Varner, Joanne Woodward; Jody, Anthony Franciosa; Varner, Orson Welles; Eula Varner, Lee Remick; Minnie, Angela Lansbury; Alan Stewart, Richard Anderson; Agnes Stewart, Sarah Marshall; Mrs. Stewart, Mabel Albertson; Ratliff, J. Pat O'Malley; Lucius, William Walker; Peabody, George Dunn.

**MERRY ANDREW**—M-G-M. Directed by Michael Kidd: Andrew Larabee, Danny Kaye; Selena, Pier Angeli; Antonio Gallini, Baccaloni; Dudley Larabee, Robert Coote; Matthew Larabee, Noel Purcell; Letitia Fairchild, Patricia Cutts; Gregory Larabee, Rex Evans; Mr. Fairchild, Walter Kingsford.

**ONE THAT GOT AWAY, THE**—Rank. Directed by Roy Baker: Franz von Werra, Hardy Kruger; Army Interrogator, Colin Gordon; R.A.F. Interrogator, Michael Goodliffe; R.A.F. Intelligence Officer, Terence Alexander.

**SADDLE THE WIND**—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Parrish: Steve Sinclair, Robert Taylor; Joan Blake, Julie London; Tony Sinclair, John Cassavetes; Mr. Deneen, Donald Crisp; Larry Venables, Charles McGraw; Clay Ellison, Royal Dano; Dallas Hansen, Richard Erdman; Hamp Scribner, Douglas Spencer; Brick Larson, Ray Teal.

**STAGE STRUCK**—Buena Vista. Directed by Sidney Lumet: Lewis Easton, Henry Fonda; Eva Lovace, Susan Strasberg; Rita Vernon, Joan Greenwood; Joe Sheridan, Christopher Plummer; Robert Hedges, Herbert Marshall; Elizabeth, Sally Gracie; Gwen Hall, Patricia Englund.

**STAKEOUT ON DOPE STREET**—Warners. Directed by Irvin Kershner: Mitch, Herman Rudin; Lennie, Phillip Mansour; Capt. Allen, Frank Harding; Chuck, Bill Shaw; Stan, A. J. Fenady; Lieut. Donahue, Slate Harlow; Mr. Fennel, Herschel Bernardi; Nick's Girl, Carol Nelson.

**SUMMER LOVE**—U-I. Directed by Charles Haas: Jimmy Daley, John Saxon; Joan Wright, Judy Meredith; Mike Howard, John Wilder; "Ox" Bentley, Rod McKuen; Erica Landis, Jill St. John; Tommy Daley, George Winslow; Alice, Molly Bee; Mrs. Daley, Fay Wray.

**YOUNG LIONS**—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: Christian, Marlon Brando; Noah, Montgomery Clift; Michael Whiteacre, Dean Martin; Hope Plowman, Hope Lange; Margaret Freemantle, Barbara Rush; Gretchen Hardenberg, May Britt; Hardenberg, Maximilian Schell; Simone, Dora Doll; Sgt. Rickett, Lee Van Cleef; Francoise, Liliane Montevocchi; Brant, Parley Baer; Lt. Green, Arthur Franz; Private Burnecker, Hal Baylor; Private Cowley, Richard Gardner; Capt. Colclough, Herbert Rudley; Corp. Kraus, John Alderson; Private Faber, Sam Gilman; Private Donnelly, L. Q. Jones; Private Brailsford, Julian Burton.

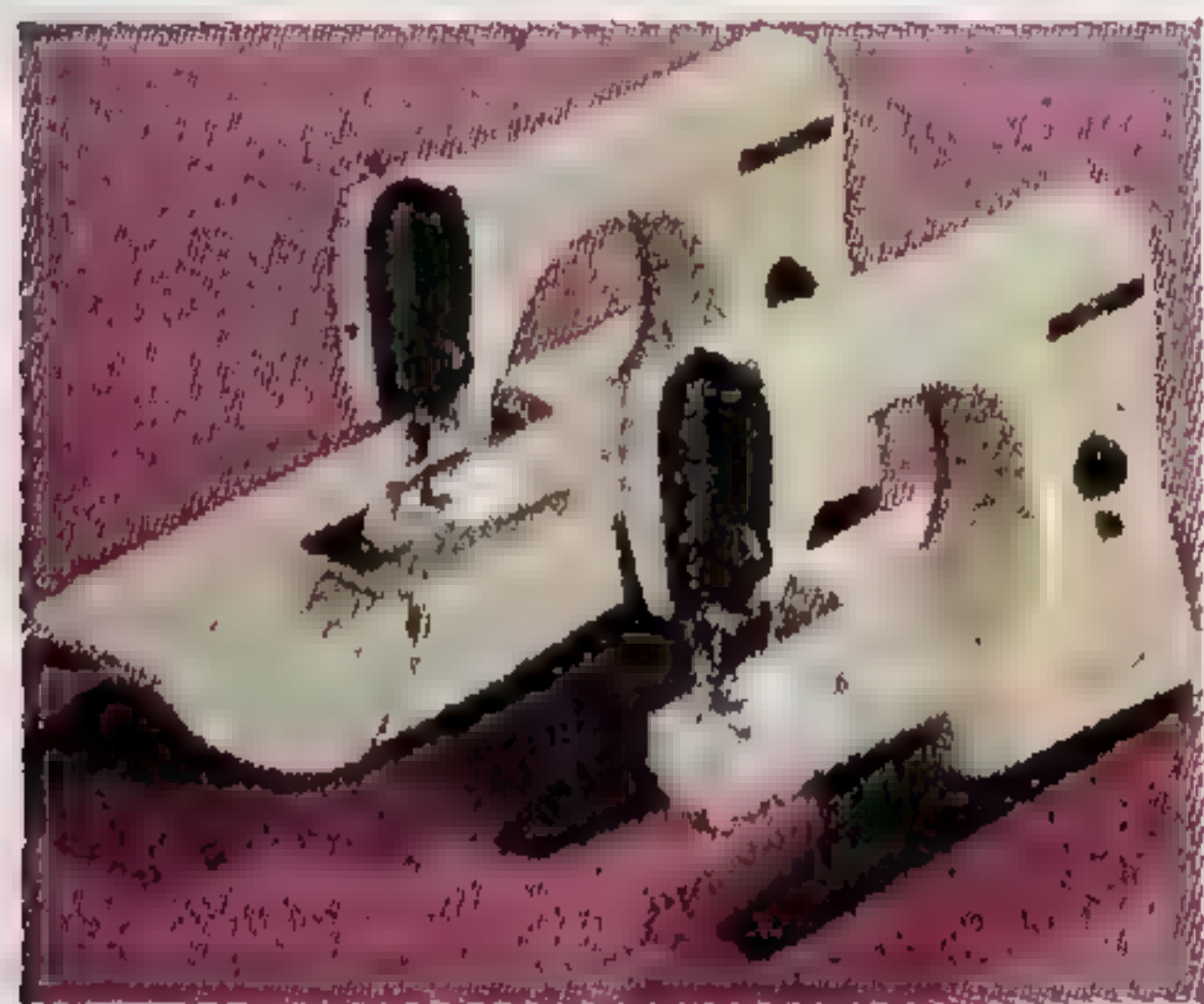
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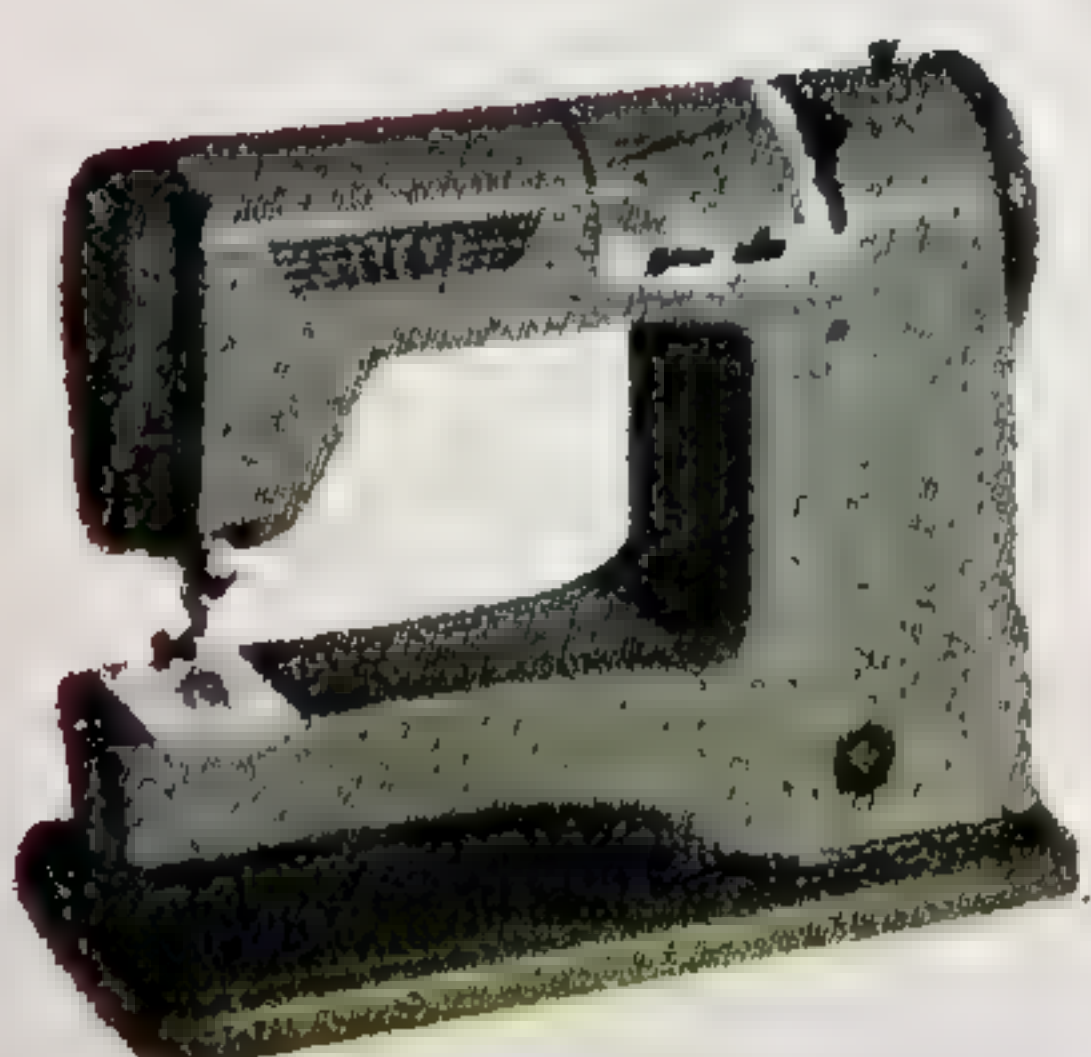
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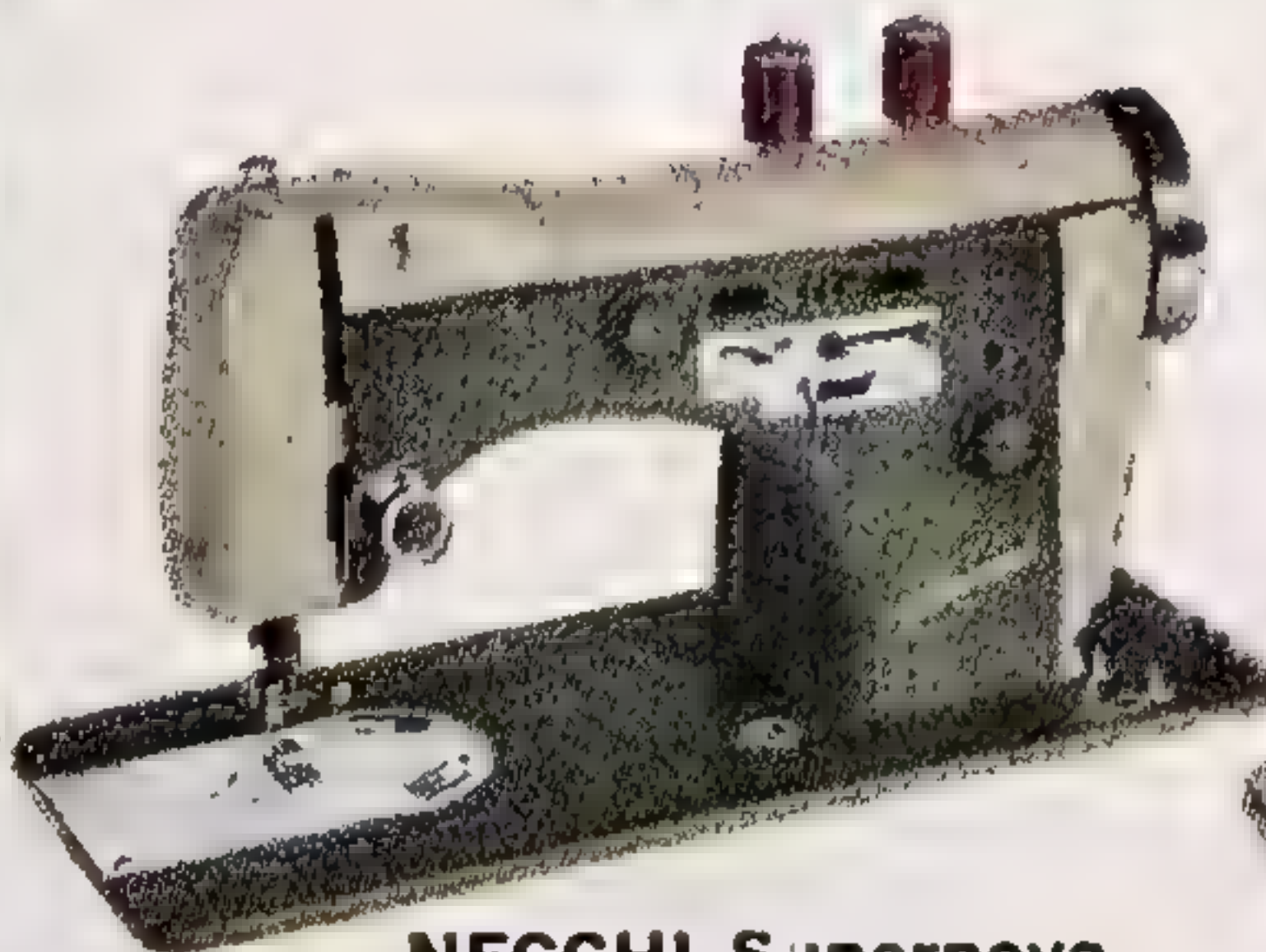
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from  
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**The end papers do the  
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Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl!

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Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

**Guesswork taken out.** Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in

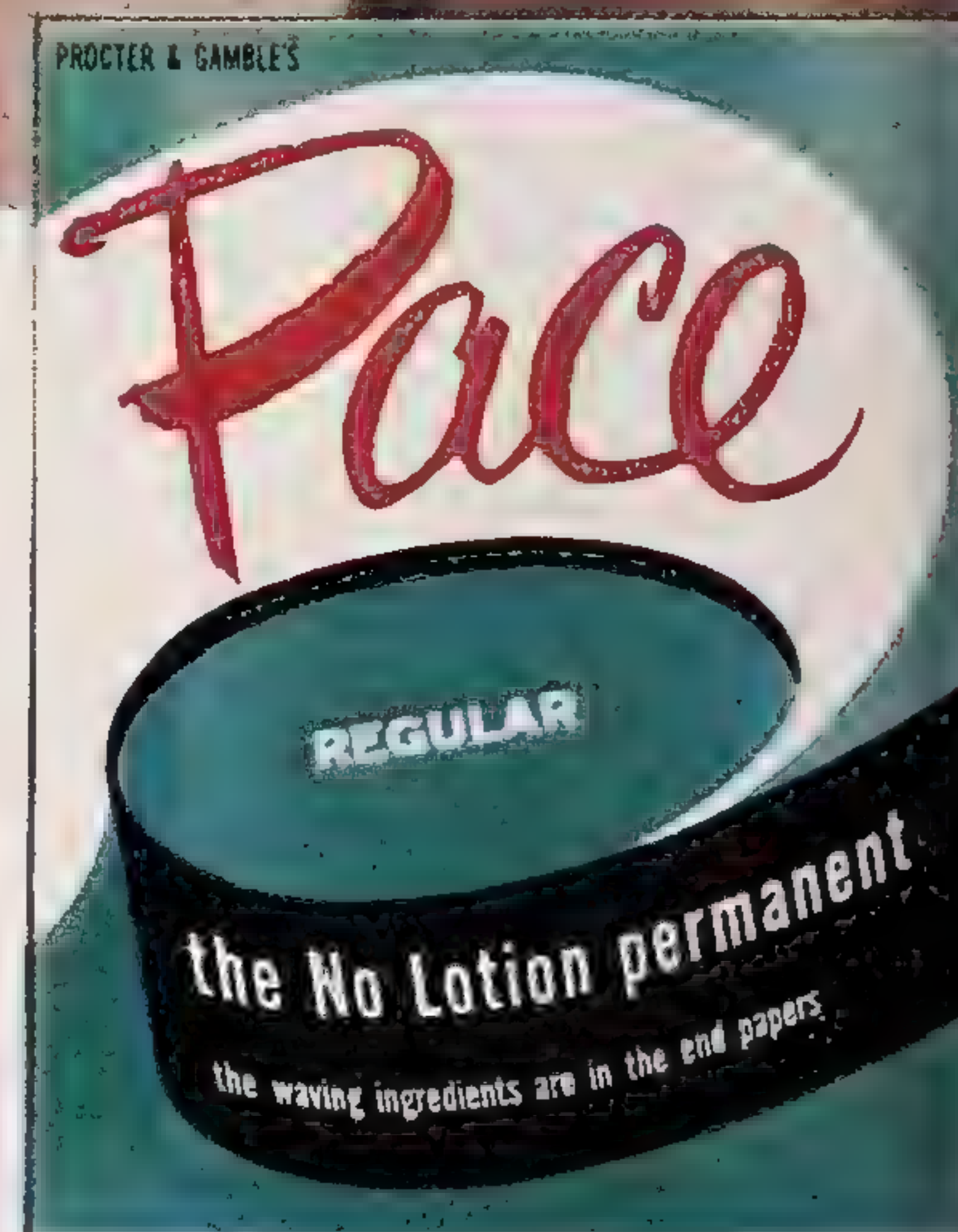
another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

**No messy, strong-smelling lotion.** Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)

Squeeze on clear water with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.



Costs no more than lotion permanents—\$2 plus  
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# Pace

Procter & Gamble's  
no lotion permanent



LOSE

# win a trip to a WORLD PREMIERE

Have you ever envied the girl who steps out of a limousine, and sweeps past glittering lights and cheering crowds into a big theater on the arm of the handsome star at a dazzling world premiere? Now that lucky girl can be *you*! Photoplay, in cooperation with Universal-International Pictures, has arranged to make this once-in-a-lifetime thrill come true at the world premiere of "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," U-I's eagerly awaited film version of the best-selling novel written by Erich Maria Remarque. And it's so easy! All you have to do is to write on the coupon below, in twenty-five words or less, why you think John Gavin, the sensational unknown who won the star role in the film over all competition, will become a big star. What has he got that will put him on top? You'll find plenty of hints to help you on the following pages in the pictures of John from his first screen test and all the facts about him. The lucky winner who sends in the best answer will get a three-day trip to the world premiere with all expenses paid, wherever it will be held—three days of glorious excitement, meeting famous people, being in the center of all the wonderful premiere activities, and best of all, going to the premiere as John's date! *Important:* Read all the contest rules on page 72 very carefully before sending in your entry.

HE COULD BE YOUR DATE

I THINK JOHN GAVIN WILL BE A STAR BECAUSE (25 WORDS)

---

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---

---

NAME 

---

ADDRESS 

---

I'd like to be a charter member of the John Gavin Fan Club ☐



# what has he got to make him a STAR?

Though a native of Los Angeles, John Gavin never thought of becoming an actor until the day when, lunching with a girl friend in a Beverly Hills restaurant, an agent tapped him on the shoulder and offered him a screen test! John couldn't accept—at the time, he was a Naval Air Intelligence Officer. After discharge, he mentioned the test offer to an old family friend, producer Bryan Foy. "Good idea!" said Foy, and called agent Henry Willson, who took John to U-I. Studio heads were so impressed they signed him to a seven-year contract. Parts in three films convinced production head Edward Muhl that John had the acting talent for the top role opposite Swiss

star Lilo Pulver in "A Time to Love and a Time to Die." John is six-feet-four, has brown eyes and black hair, weighs 190 well-muscled pounds. A fine athlete, he loves touch football. Slacks and sport shirts are his favorite garb. He's a Stanford grad, has traveled widely, says his goal is to be a top actor "or get out of the business." John realizes that, with comparatively little acting experience behind him, the burden of the star role he has been given is a big one. That's why he'll appreciate every one of the entries in this contest letting him know what his chances are. Please help him—and help yourself to a chance at a wonderful trip you'll never forget!

**HOW DO YOU LIKE HIS LOOKS?**

**DOES HE HAVE SEX APPEAL?**

**WHY WOULD YOU GO TO SEE HIM?**

**DOES HE HAVE STAR MAGNETISM?**

**WHAT ARE HIS BEST POINTS?**







by DAVID ALBRIGHT

# CAN A TEENAGER BE READY FOR MARRIAGE?

*When he was eighteen, James Darren eloped.*

*This is his frank story of problems that followed*

**W**e were crazy in love," Jimmy Darren said. "We didn't want to wait any longer. So we drove from Philadelphia over the state line into Maryland and were married. We were only eighteen years old, both of us. We didn't tell anyone, least of all our parents. They wouldn't have given us their approval. They would have said, 'You're too young! This is ridiculous! Wait until you grow up a little and get some sense and a good job.' You know how parents are. But we didn't want to wait. We wanted each other." Jimmy is lean and dark, with crisp black hair, and the even, white teeth that come of a balanced diet plus plenty of rich milk. Merriment lurks in his brown eyes. But at this moment he is deadly serious.

"I had a job working in my uncle's wholesale jewelry business. I earned thirty-five dollars a week as an apprentice salesman, and of course that wasn't enough to support a wife. I suppose we could have lived with our families, but we were definitely against that. I wanted to be somebody important before we settled down into marriage, and we both wanted to do it the right way. So we were faced with a difficult choice. We finally agreed that a secret marriage was the only answer.

That way we really belonged to each other, yet we still had time to work out our future."

Jimmy Darren—he was Jimmy Ercolani then—had always known what he wanted. The first thing was this (*Continued on page 73*)





James  
Darren



# when the saint goes marching in



**L**ittle Eva," they used to call her. Hah! Never did they guess that in the heart of the unhappy heroine of M-G-M's "Raintree County" lurked the spirit of a true bopster.

Co-workers always get wise real soon to the fact that Miss Eva Marie Saint is no Bernhardt-type drag, but a frolicsome child of nature, who just has to hear a little good calypso or rock 'n' roll to get a gleam in her eye and cut out with her own mad variations on a theme. Our photographer caught picture proof of this in these photos of Eva and her rhythm section: English actor Nigel Patrick (on tin plate and spoon) and Australian Ron Taylor (on water bucket).

"I got it early," says Eva with the air of discussing a case of congenital measles. "My reputation for being a saintly-type Saint, I mean. When I was a small girl my mother (who called her 'Bubbles') would make me little wings for all the school plays." But Eva Marie finally got out of the wings and out of college, even, and left her home in Delmar, N. Y., for New York City and a TV career. It was while patrolling the NBC offices for a job that she met Jeffrey Hayden, her husband. Only then, of course, he wasn't and she was very aloof when he'd pass her in the hallway and nod. She was also aloof when he finally said "hello." Likewise with "Would you like to have a cup of coffee?" The next week she surprised the daylights out of him by saying "yes" to an offer of lunch. And so they were married. Then, while Jeffrey was working to become one of TV's top directors, Eva was spotted for the part of Marlon Brando's sweetheart in "On the Waterfront." She got an Oscar for it two days before her little boy, Darrell, now three, was born. "He may win one himself, someday," friends said. Maybe, but right now his passions are Mama's dancing and the Easter bunny!



*Mother Eva takes a bow to her clapping audience of one, son Darrell, whose visits to her set are a big thrill for both*









# WHAT'S A BUNNY?

The whys and whats of the Easter Bunny  
as told by Jane Powell to her personal honey

**Q.** What is a bunny  
and why are his ears?  
Does he believe all that he hears?

**A.** A bunny, my dear, is something queer.  
He uses his pointy ears to hear,  
for instance, dew drops fall and grass grow tall.  
And he believes it all.



**Q.** What is a bunny  
and why is his tail?  
Is it always rounded and frail?

**A.** A bunny, my sweet, is very neat.  
He uses his tail to wave to a snail.  
And it's made to fit when he sits on it.

**Q.** What is a bunny  
and why is his nose?  
Does he button it on when the wind blows?

**A.** A bunny, my pet, is the most nosey yet.  
He follows his nose wherever he goes  
For twigs which he weaves into baskets he leaves.



**Q.** What is a bunny  
and why are his feet?  
Why does he hoppity when we meet?

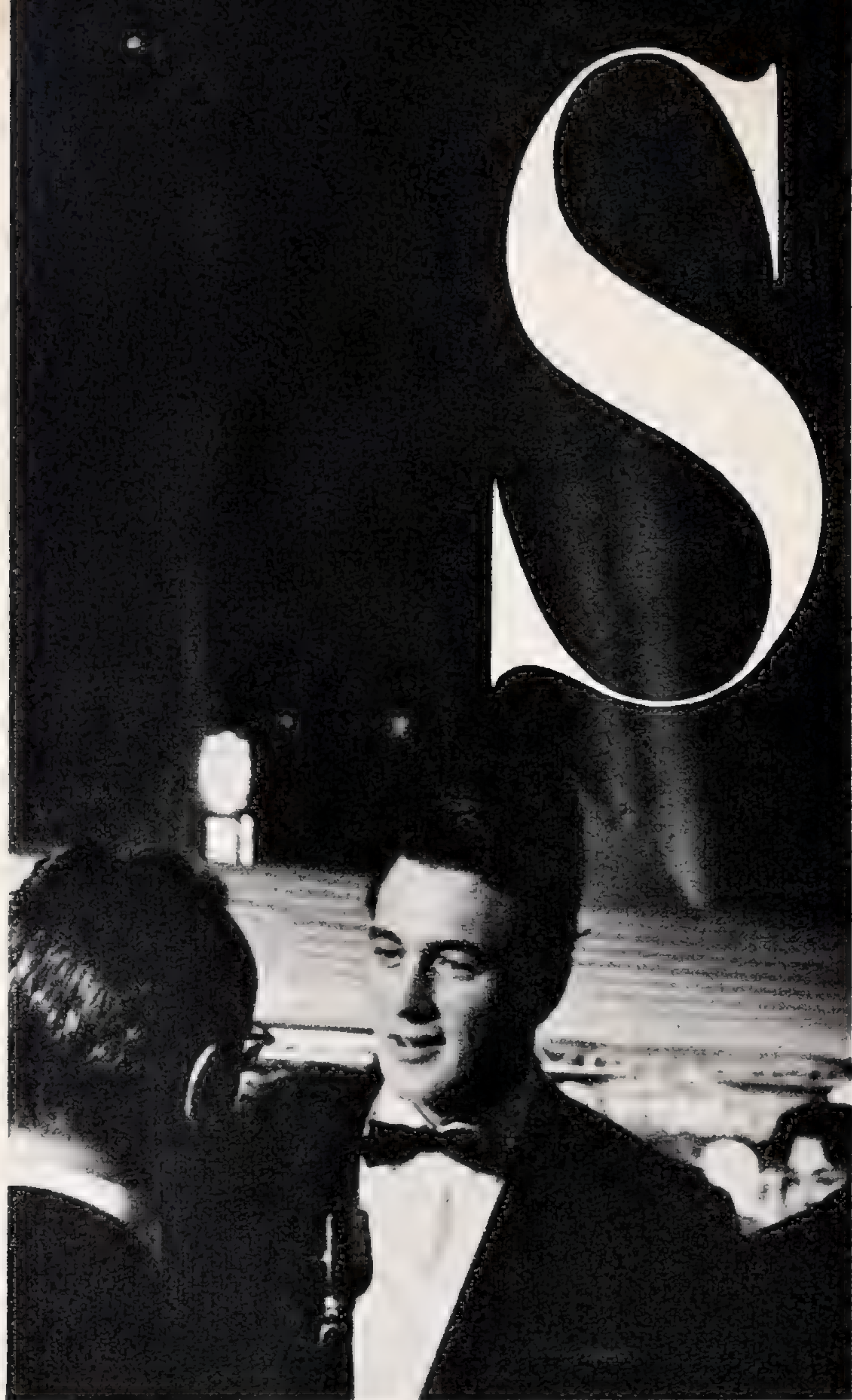
**A.** A bunny, dear heart, is exceedingly smart.  
He hops on his legs to collect Easter eggs  
from the chickens he knows who wear feathered clothes.  
Bunny brings them to you  
'cause that's what bunnies do.





by DON ALLEN

# Search for happiness



I arrived about seven in the evening, a starlit spring evening with just a touch of winter's coolness still in the air, and Addie-Mae, Rock's cook-housekeeper, let me in.

"Mr. Hudson hasn't come home from the studio yet," she said with a wide smile. "You just sit down here and be comfortable. I expect he'll be along directly." Then, on her way out of the room she paused. "It's real nice to see you again, Mr. Allen," she said. "It's been a long time."

It had been a long time. Picture-making had taken Rock Hudson out of the country for many months, taken him to some of the most interesting spots on the globe, thrown the boy from Winnetka, Ill., in with fascinating and worldly people. And during the time, his marriage to lovely and charming Phyllis Gates had flickered and gone out—ending in quiet divorce proceedings. So much had happened since we last met, so much that could change the heart of a man . . . well, I wanted to see for myself.

Addie-Mae came back with a bowl of ice, opened a panel in the wall that revealed a hidden bar and said, "You just help yourself." And so I poured a couple of drinks. Then we heard a key in the door and Rock came in. "Hi," he called out. And we shook hands. "It's good to see you," he said. "You look fine."

He looked fine, too. He was wearing a tan cotton jacket, sport shirt, corduroy slacks, and black loafers. There was the shadow of a beard along his lean jaws, and apparently he had been driving with the top down for his thick black hair was tousled.

"Whew!" he said, his breath coming out in a long sigh. "This has been a long day."

Rock had been carrying some things under one arm, and now he dumped them down on the huge square coffee table. There was a partly-filled carton of (Continued on page 88)

Rock's  
first interview  
since the  
breakup!











NOW  
IT CAN BE  
TOLD

# DIANE VARSI'S SECRET TRAGEDY

**Y**ou want to lash out at life. Kick it. Make it bleed. The anger is finally too much. It lasts too long. Too long, the loneliness of living in a vacuum and reaching out and finding nobody there. So you must wait, for the hour you know has to come.

"You know something's going to happen to you," Diane Varsi says quietly. "And you know there's not anything you can do about it . . . but wait for it to happen. You feel you can't tell anyone. There's no use. It seems so simple—so clear to you. But you know no one can understand it. So you can't say anything about it. But you feel your life is shortened, that you will not live long. You're sure you're going to die—and you feel, each second . . . well, this can be it. Something chokes you. You can barely breathe. And you remember no more.

"You wake up in a hospital—and the problem's still there," Diane finishes.

The papers said that 20th Century-Fox's bright young star had collapsed from the pressure of making three pictures without time off between the three shooting schedules. But there was a more important strain—between the present and the past. And yet another, as Diane says: "From being the kind of person I am. From the pressure I've been under for the last twelve years."

Diane Varsi is the kind of person she is because of a voice within her that would not be stilled. Because of a spirit that would not be broken. Because of a determination to keep moving—until she finds where she belongs.

Wearing her favorite blue jeans and T-shirt, Diane could be any teenager—almost. Sipping coffee at the redwood barbecue table (*Continued on page 85*)

By MAXINE ARNOLD



**special section**

# PURSUIT OF PARADISE



**PLEASURE**

page 42

page 47

**STRUGGLE**



*A peek at manners and morals, life and love inside the exciting new Hollywood,*

## WHO'S WHO, WHAT'S

*The tune has changed, but the mad Hollywood social merry-go-round whirls on—with everyone vying to catch his personal gold ring*

It's been said that in Hollywood they don't give parties, they produce them. They don't invite guests, they cast them. The hosts and hostesses don't ad-lib details, they work from a script. They segue from cocktails to dinner, dissolve from long shots in the drawing room to close-ups in the den and bar. They go not by the Blue Book, but by the Motion Picture Almanac. Their yardstick is not your social background, but your boxoffice future. A big marquee name is as important as a genuine Marquis. Parties are reviewed like pictures—the bigger the budget, the more impressive the setting and cast, the better the rating in the next day's gossip columns. . . . This is what the cynics will tell you about Hollywood parties and Hollywood society—particularly those cynics who don't get invited to same by the same. Of course it isn't

all true. While they may have a point here and there, it isn't fair to sum up the entire film-land social scene with a few smart cracks. Hollywood's social life is really a great big colorful jig-saw puzzle. It's composed of many pieces, including everything from professional snobs to professional slob; from the most casual clam-bakes to the most formal festivities; from black leather jackets to black ties; from a Nick Adams to a Darryl Zanuck. . . . Even such experts as Elsa Maxwell and Perle Mesta might have trouble fitting all the pieces together. And no doubt Emily Post would lift an eyebrow or two in the process. The problem is, so many parts of this glamorous puzzle appear to be interchangeable. Where and how does each one fit in? For instance, how do you figure it when some members of Lauren Bacall's (Continued)

**by KENDIS ROCHLEN**







**HAPPINESS**

*page 48*

*page 53*

**LUCK**



**FEAR**

*page 54*

*page 59*

**HEARTACHE**



**LOVE**

*page 61*



*where everyone learns that paradise doesn't really exist—and tries to find it*

# NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?





## WHO'S WHO, WHAT'S NEW

(Continued)

Holmby Hills Rat Pack and Sinatra's Villa Capri Poker Club also mix it up with Mrs. Gary Cooper's Continental Culture (We-must-have-the-right-wine-with-each-course) Group? It's a bit confusing to one day find Robert Mitchum ignoring etiquette and slouching about at a cocktail party in a sport shirt; then a few days later he ups and tosses an elegant black-tie dinner dance at Romanoff's, playing it so proper he won't even let the photographers snap pictures. . . . Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have a good time laughing it up with Nick Adams and other members of the young, let's-be-casual set. Yet they seem equally at home at one of those sophisticated little gatherings at Producer Jack Warner's mansion, where both the dinner jackets and the diamonds are superbly cut. . . . However, like any other big city, Hollywood has its various social sets. In fact, it has so many it's almost hard to keep score. . . . There are stars who switch from one social group to another, depending on their moods, their romances or the status of their careers. And there are stars who prefer not to belong to any group at all. Marlon Brando has always behaved as if he were on his own separate planet. Though he's much more polite about it, Clark Gable is another who likes to keep to himself—or rather, to his (Continued on page 78)



*Stars like Shirley MacLaine (with daughter Stephanie) have hooted into oblivion the old notion that Madame Movie Star shouldn't tote groceries, pose with kiddies*

*Drink-and-dazzle spots get the go-by from the young set. Give Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter drive-in hamburgers!*







*They're mad, mad, mad about music. Chances are you'll find your favorite star in a record shop. Joan Collins digs jazz the most, has her phonograph on constantly. Hi-fi wired homes are the latest for the very rich—Bob Stack's even putting hi-fi in his garage!*



*A day at the races: Kirk Douglas and his Anne don't feel they have to make like movie stars—you'd take them for a couple of honeymooning tourists, any time!*



*One scene in Hollywood that never changes. But even with fans begging autographs at a plush premiere, there's a difference. A Dorothy Malone gets the same red-carpet treatment, wears the same stunning clothes. But stars are no longer distant, don't-touch gods and goddesses. They're more friendly to fans, more familiar—and more grateful*





*"But why?" asks John Saxon during one of the acting classes for young performers started by Tony Quinn in a loft*



*Sitting on floor, eyes closed in rapt attention, Tony Quinn hears run-through of scene from Lorka play which he had assigned to John Saxon previous week. "How was it?" asked John afterward. "You tell me," countered Tony, making John turn critic*





# their dreams are for REEL

The room, no bigger than your own cellar, has a few chairs, a couch and several stray lights. It's Monday night at 8:00 p.m. and some of Hollywood's brightest new talents have come for an acting-practice class with two-time Academy Award winner Anthony Quinn.

Conversation buzzes. "Now I get it—the motivation behind the character!" Dennis Hopper tells Dolores Michaels triumphantly. Ray Danton leans over the back of Dolores' chair, grabs her cigarette to light his own. "Listen to that Hopper rave," he says, dead-pan.

The noise subsides as Tony Quinn asks if those assigned the scene from the Lorka play last week are ready. Two latecomers tiptoe in—John Saxon and Dolores Hart. John's is the Lorka scene. He silently shuffles out of his tweed jacket, gives his script a last look and files up to the "stage," the

nearly-bare other end of the room in the group's makeshift quarters above a bedding manufacturer's. Tony Quinn sits on the floor to watch as they begin.

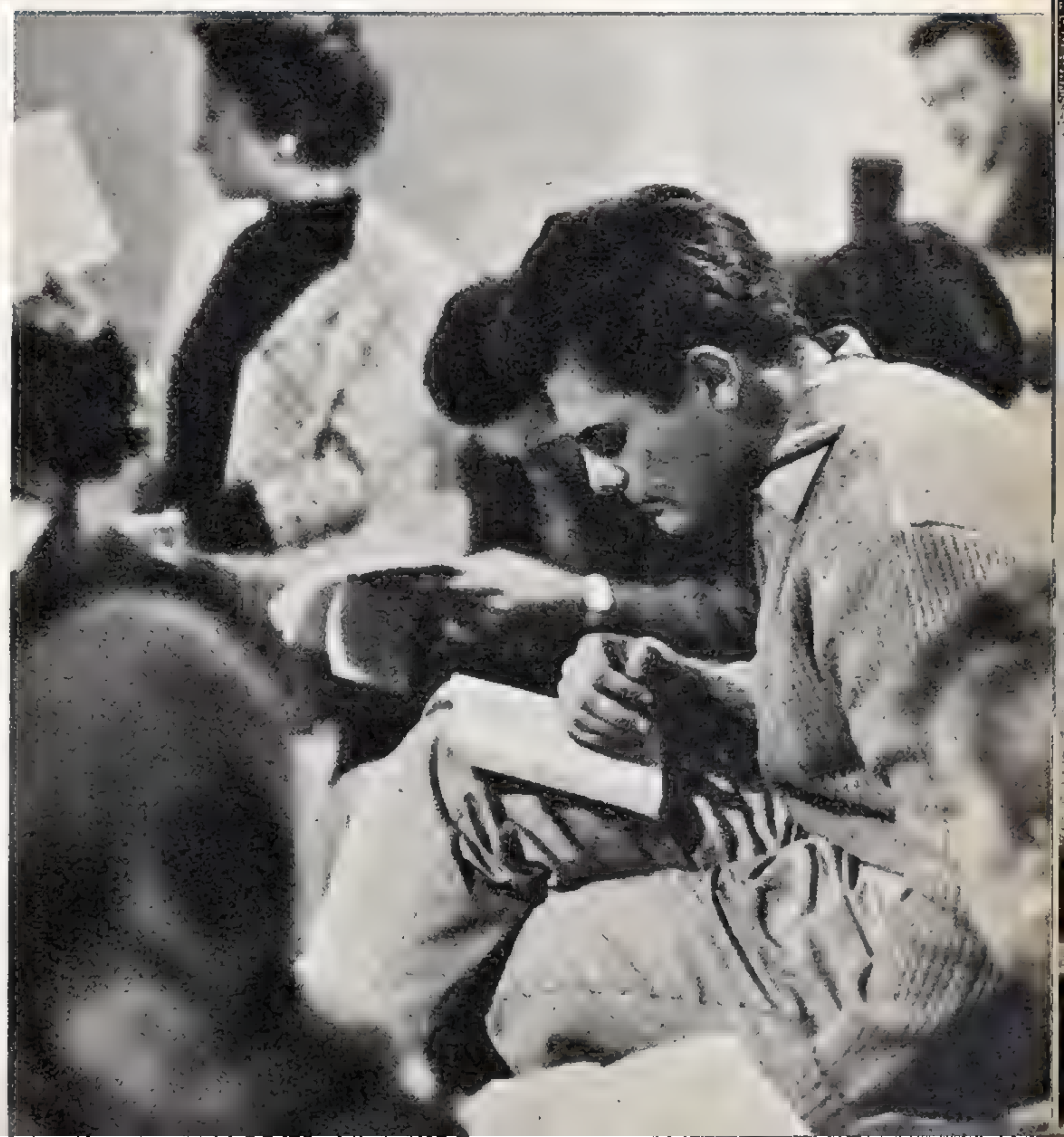
"No, no, no!" The air is suddenly punctuated with Tony's enraged exclamation. Then the fury subsides as quickly as it came and the reading goes on. When the last line is spoken, John looks to Quinn and is answered by a broad smile. "Not bad," Tony says, "but let's try it again." They do, and then still another time. . . .

It's midnight now. Tony is as bright-eyed and full of energy as he was at 8:00 p.m., but the class is feeling the hard workout. Dolores Hart laughs at John's mammoth yawn. "Don't be rude," he teases. "You realize I've got a 6:00 a.m. studio call tomorrow?" Tired, they leave. But they're all back at Tony's Wednesday night.



*Ray Danton and Carolyn Jones eavesdrop while Dolores Hart re-runs scene with Tony, whose acting philosophy, "You're only as good as you dare to be bad," made her join group*

*"Acting must never become static. The only way to keep it alive is to act." Class is about to break up for night, but John knows this kind of advice can help realize his dreams*





Dear Evelyn,  
You asked me to do something I rarely do--  
to allow a reporter and photographer to come  
into my home to show Photoplay readers how I  
really live. Well, here it is, and it was fun.

THIS IS MY LIFE. . . .

Sincerely,

Deborah Kerr

**F**or a moment Deborah  
Kerr—with a young dachshund nipping at her  
heels and a black Scotty cradled in her arms—stood  
outside the sliding glass doors that led into the Long  
Room from the gardens. She was dressed in slacks and  
a cotton blouse that seemed almost too thin for the luke-  
warm spring day. Her cheek was (Continued)



"Melanie and Frankie usually come back from school about 3:00 p.m. on the bus. On Fridays, they arrive home early, 1:00 p.m., unless they've been rather naughty and are kept after hours by teacher"

"I could never run the house without the help of (l. to r.) Claud and Nettie Bush, butler and cook; Mrs. Myrtle, secretary; Nan Patterson, governess; 'Mac,' gardener. It was Mattie's (laundress) day off"









*"Frankie is striking her 'eek!' pose, hoping to sidetrack Nannie (who's been with us seven years) and me who want her to change to a party dress. We were enchanted by the performance—but she lost"*

## **THIS IS MY LIFE**

*Continued*

smudged with green paint, and her hair still smelled of the rose garden in which she had painted away the afternoon. The Scotty quivered in her arms and then wriggled free. She looked up and listened, straining to hear what the dog had heard. Then, "So they're home, Duffy," she said eagerly and ran out to the front gate to meet them . . . Two children tumbled into the Long Room from the hall beyond. Six-year-old Francesca trotted at the heels of her older sister. Long-legged, ten-year-old Melanie pranced in perfect imitation of a high-spirited horse. "Woof, woof, woof!" Frankie barked and spun in circles around her sister. Melanie arched her neck and shied to the left like a suddenly frightened horse. "Getaway, Singe, getaway," she shouted. Dizzy and breathless, Frankie stumbled into her mother's arms. The game was over for the afternoon. It was only one of a dozen imaginative games with which *(Continued on page 80)*

*"Chores are fun for Nettie and me since our 1936 vintage kitchen was completely modernized when I was last in Europe. Tony says even the food tastes much better nowadays. (It's all in his mind, I think.)"*



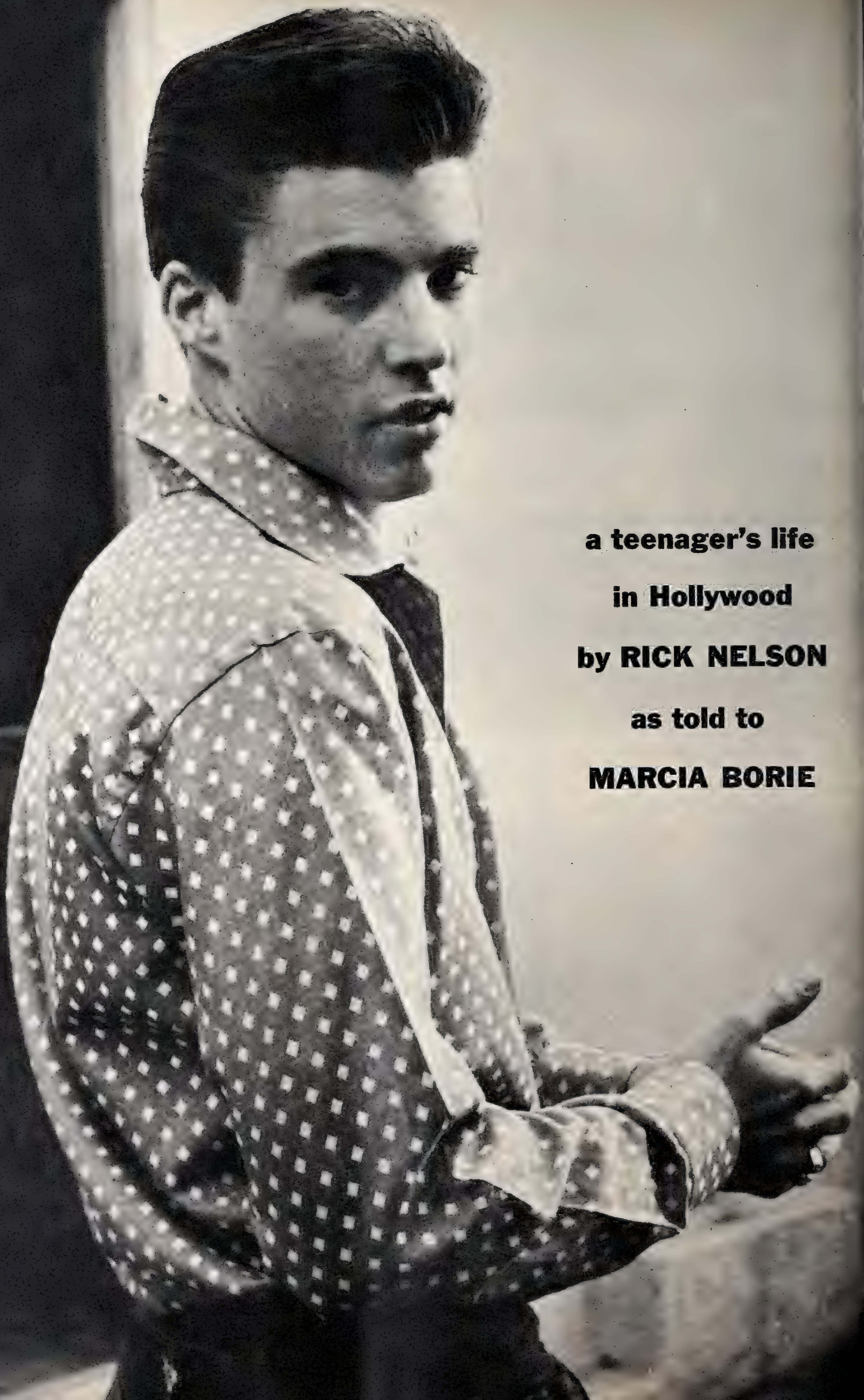


*"Melanie loves to draw and Frankie and I are giving her full marks for her latest picture. We're gathered in my office—right off the living room—where I work and keep cherished mementos, like my favorite photo of Tony, Tony's favorite photo of me, The Press Club's Gold Apple and—bless them!—Photoplay's Gold Medal!"*



*"Here we are! Four sharp players in the midst of dominoes in the Long Room. Other favorites with the children are 'snap' (a simple card game), Bingo, and huge jigsaw puzzles. The harder they are, the better we like them. I feel the same about crossword puzzles. They have wonderfully complicated ones in English newspapers"*





**a teenager's life  
in Hollywood**

**by RICK NELSON**

**as told to**

**MARCIA BORIE**





# EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME

On May 8th I'll be eighteen years old. For seventeen years and three months I've lived in Hollywood, on the same street, in the same house. Frankly, I never thought much about it until lately. Just last week I received a letter from a girl in the Midwest. She told me that her biggest dream is to come to California and that she's saving her allowance so she can afford to move her family out West. "Right now," she wrote, "I only have \$10.98, but no matter how long it takes I'm going to keep saving." She ended by saying, "Gee, Rick, I envy you being able to live in Hollywood all your life." This letter started me to thinking about it, really for the first time. And the funny thing is, nothing that happened to me was planned. It just happened.

Until now, it never dawned on me to imagine growing up anywhere else. I was born in Teaneck, N. J., but by the time I was nine months old my folks had quit traveling around the country with Pop's band. They bought a house in Hollywood and we moved West permanently. I suppose I am lucky, but let's face it, at age nine months I didn't have much choice in the matter! That's a horrible thought. My folks *could* have moved to some desert island! But seriously, I guess the most important thing is that *I'm just lucky to be*, period. I mean Mom and Pop *could* have had someone else for (Continued on page 93)



it can be

*lonely*







looked at me as if I had come especially to bring him some dreadful disease but when I said I was waiting to take my test, and I think my voice shook a little, he gave me a smile and said to himself, "Another one, eh?" And to me he said, "Stick around, kid, and stop frowning. They'll turn up—sooner or later." . . . Maybe I'd better start at the beginning to tell you how it all happened. Like most every kid, I guess, I dreamed of being an actress when I was a little girl. It was a dream to play with just for fun. Then when I became a Girl Scout, I wanted to be the Best Girl Scout and I sort of "retired" from the acting business. One time we had a benefit show and I tried making like a model, you know, like you see in the movies. I minced around, walking like I was on eggs. Harry Conover, who has a model agency in New York, saw me and asked how would I like to become a professional model. I was twelve. We had moved from Bayonne, N. J., to New York City and I guess I modeled more dresses than I will ever own. Then I got to be a cover girl and got on some TV shows. I signed up with an agency called Schwartz and Luskin and they got me commercials to do.

Then one day they asked me how would I like to go and see Ross Hunter about a part in a movie. How would I like to go? Were they crazy? Then the butterflies started in my tummy. I'm not usually frightened about many things, except for heights that aren't enclosed. I'd make a horrible mountain climber. Oh yes, and I'm scared of needles, too—you know, when the doctor says, "Don't look, this won't hurt," and you do and it does? I told myself that Mr. Hunter was only a man and if I didn't get the part I wouldn't actually die. He wasn't going to kill me or anything. He said a friendly "hello" and tried to make me feel at ease. But how could I feel at ease when I knew he had interviewed over a hundred girls for the part in "The Wonderful Years"? But he has a wonderful way, after he talks to you for a while, of giving you confidence. Confidence? Did I need it! I thought I read the part pretty badly. Then he told me I might have to go to Hollywood to make the test—the one that counted. I didn't really believe him, because a lot of people tell you things, you know, like "When you grow up, you're going to be a movie star." So I went home and thought it would have been nice to get to be a movie actress. About two months later I read in *(Continued)*





# it can be *lonely* (continued)

a Hollywood column that I was going to Hollywood to make a test for Universal. And now we come back to that matter of me on the big soundstage. . . . So there I was at last, more alone, I guess, than I have ever felt in my whole life. There were a few men working overhead, pounding things and fixing lights—I don't really know what they were doing. They could have been Men from Mars for all of me. They didn't even notice me.

I walked around, trying to tell myself that I wasn't the only girl in the world who ever. (Continued on page 91)



Even when people are nice enough to ask for an autograph or stare in a restaurant, you keep wondering if they're really thinking, "Why did they ever consider her in Hollywood?"



*I have spurts of confidence, like when I got all dressed up and went to see myself in "The Wonderful Years," hoping somebody would recognize me in the lobby, maybe. Nobody did. But after the picture had been playing around a while, people started noticing me. It was such a funny feeling*







*The business end of a career can be pretty bewildering for a girl like me. But Len Luskin is more than an agent, he's my friend, advisor—a kind of confidante. He always says, "Try to develop as a person, as well as an actress"*

*It can be awfully lonely, sometimes, especially if, like me, you don't have dates or go to dances or know boys and feel horribly lacking in self-confidence. But most of the time I know how lucky I am and that problems mean I'm growing up*









# THE FABULOUS FACE

**L**oveliness, in Hollywood, is a commodity. In the dream factory that is the movie industry, it is bought and sold like bread, and is just as much the staff of life. For it is the stuff of which dreams are made. And of all the great beauty for which the glamour merchants

have eagerly paid a high price, none has ever been

**I**so very fabulous as the unbelievably perfect face of Elizabeth Taylor.

**I**t has brought her world-wide fame. It has brought her enormous wealth. It has brought her love. But is it an unmixed blessing? Or can it be a curse? How can anyone tell when the face, by its own perfection, has become a mask that conceals the real woman? Seeing it, people are awed and admiring, as if viewing a rare masterpiece of sculpture. But Liz is not made of

**Z**stone. She is made of flesh and blood, of thoughts and emotions. She is a person the world does not know.

**Z**enith of her life was reached last February 27th, when she turned twenty-five. Now, her beauty—and everything that it brings—is at its height. Whether it brings happiness depends on the woman behind the face. (Continued on page 83)







*Love Begins on a Beach: "Privacy is hard for me to find," says Hugh. But like other romantically-minded young folks out Hollywood way, he and his date, Carol Byron, Goody Levitan and friend, Gene Yusem found solution—secluded spot at Playa Del Ray*



# what is love?

*"What is love?" Hugh O'Brian laughed. "I'm the one you should ask. I'm the guy who's always letting it get away. Remember the afternoon we all spent on the beach . . . last March?" he asked us. "You know, I really think I might have fallen in love that day . . ." He leaned back in his favorite leather chair and let his memory wander back to a warm, sunny day in March—the day these pictures were taken at Playa Del Ray beach. He had stolen an admiring glance at the very pretty girl beside him as they trudged across the white, hot sand. He'd met Carol Byron at a party. They'd dated others, but whenever they went out together, it had*

*been great fun. "Carol's such a comfortable person to be with. If you feel like talking, you can really talk with her, but she's not uneasy if there isn't constant conversation." He and Carol, his secretary Goody Levitan and her friend, Gene Yusem—not saying a word, drinking in the beauty of the blue Pacific, churning against the deserted beach. The stiff wind whipped the soft tendrils of Carol's hair. "That's the way a woman should look. Girls should never do those awful things with their hair, so that when you try to stroke it, you get a handful of sticks!" They stashed the beach gear, and with a whoop, ran to the water. (Continued)*



*Fun Came First: "I think it's important to find someone to share your activities. I love sports. A girl doesn't have to be an Olympic champion, but it's great to have someone to swim and ski and sail with you. Carol's a fine swimmer; she loves so many sports!"*





*"I'd like to get married. But would it be fair to ask any girl to marry me?"*

As they basked in the sun, Hugh felt a rare contentment. Was this what love was like? His reverie was broken by a shout, "There's Hugh O'Brian!" And before he knew it, he was surrounded by a bevy of teens. Then he remembered—for the time being, romantic notions were not for him. *"It wouldn't be fair to a girl to marry me now . . . It wouldn't be fair."* Months passed before Hugh saw Carol, a TV and movie actress, at a TV show. "Where've you been?" he asked. "I got married—to a wonderful man," said Carol. *"I was really thrilled for her," said Hugh. "I only hope that some day I'll find another lovely girl, and have time for love."*



*Getting Warmer: "Those ocean breezes can get mighty cold! Leap frog gets the circulation going. And these big beach towels just have to be shared! Gosh, Carol looked little and pretty. Natural. None of that heavy makeup that always makes you afraid to touch a girl. A man likes to touch a woman"*





*The Way To a Man's Heart?*  
*"Food? Nope. I'd say it's more enjoying a girl's company. What a ball when a bunch of teenage girls invaded the beach! We had a guitar, I played and we all sang. Then they invited us to join their wiener roast. Give me hot dogs on a beach instead of a formal date at some swank restaurant, any time. This is the kind of fun time I like my girl to go for—and Carol did!"*

Hugh O'Brian stars in ABC-TV's "Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp." Under contract to 20th Century-Fox, he stars on screen in "Enough Rope"



*Can This Be Love?* "What I'm looking for in a date—and a wife—can be summed up in one word: Companionship. Carol was a great companion, if she did beat me at scrabble! But I know I haven't the right to get serious about any girl. How much time could I give to marriage now? Love in Hollywood isn't easy if you want a lasting marriage. And I do"





# GO AWAY!

You've heard it! Hollywood's out of this world. And whether you've got two weeks with pay, or a honeymoon dream—you can see the fantabulous land we've shown you on the preceding twenty-two pages. By air conditioned bus, streamlined train, a fast airplane, even a not-so-fast car, Hollywood's within dreamdistance away. So let's get those dreams on the road with Victoria Shaw, Dolores Hart and Theodora Davitt navigating the way,

to Hollywood—or anywhere—for this year's vacation. And let this gay trio answer your travel questions:

**Q.** When I'm away from home, is it necessary to stick to my parents' rules?

**A.** Theodora: Yes. Don't let yourself in for criticism and guilt by taking a vacation from the rules, too.

**Q.** In a strange place, how do I know where I can go alone and where I need an escort? *(continued)*



**BY CAR** (above) or for short hops in town, like to Wil Wright's ice cream parlor, Vicki Shaw wears hooded men's windjammer, \$10. By Gantner. Theo Davitt's sea middy, \$16. Sportsmasters of California

**BY BUS** (left), see stars' homes by day or take an overnight Trailways tour to Monterey Peninsula. Theo travels in popcorn knit cardigan, skirt; both \$7.95; Koret. Dolores' jumper, \$25; blouse, \$12. Lanz

**FLY AWAY** (right) to glamorous Hollywood! From left, Vicki's Arnel sharkskin chemise and Theo's orange print sheath, both under \$25, by Tabak. Vicki's cotton knit coat, \$20, Koret. Dolores travels in two-piece outfit. Top, \$12; skirt, \$20. Lanz



*Fly, drive, hop a train or bus to Hollywood! But first, Dolores Hart,  
Vicki Shaw and Theo Davitt tell you how to make that vacation pay!*

SEE VICTORIA IN COLUMBIA'S "NOTORIOUS LANDLADY"; THEODORA, IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE BUCCANEER," AND DOLORES, IN PARAMOUNT'S "KING CREOLE"





**GO AWAY!** *Why wait for moon trips? Go out of this world today!*



**A.** Victoria: Just telephone first. The restaurant or club will be glad you saved *them* the embarrassment of having to tell you, "Women without escorts are not allowed."

**Q.** If a stranger approaches me on the train and invites me to have a drink, should I accept?

**A.** Dolores: Sure, a soft drink in the *club* car. Friendly strangers aren't necessarily wolves!

**Q.** What is the best way to know if a man is a wolf?

**A.** Theodora: Wolves don't have fangs to warn you, but they do move too fast. If a fellow is too quick to hold your hand, too interested in getting you to stay out later than you want to, too insistent about your having another drink,—he could just be a wolf.

**Q.** How can I approach a boy I'm interested in meeting if no one introduces us?

**A.** Victoria: There are usually opportunities that present themselves for you to do this, and still remain ladylike and not pushy. For example, at a beach, don't wait to be approached. Swim out to the float if he's there. Or ask a mutual friend to introduce you at a party. On a train (*Continued on page 69*)

**BY TRAIN:** *Travel in luxury to nearby Palm Springs or San Francisco aboard Santa Fe's El Capitan. Theo's cotton brocade chemise, \$18. By Colman.*

SHOES, CAPEZIO; LUGGAGE, SKYWAYS  
ACCESSORIES, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.  
FOR WHERE TO BUY FASHIONS, SEE PAGE 69



*Helen Neushaefter*



presents her newest cosmetic discovery:

custom blended

**moderna**<sup>®</sup>

new glide-on lipstick  
with creamy-smooth **LANO-VELVET**



a shade  
to match  
your  
every  
fashion  
mood

BEAUTIFUL  
GOLD AND WHITE  
SWIVEL CASE



**59c**

Plus Tax





“He’s  
right,  
Judge  
...the boy  
needs love,  
not  
prison”

Surprising how wrapped up you can get in other people's problems. Surprising how *real* they can be... these old friends who come to visit with you after lunch, when the children are back in school and the house is empty and still. Just a flick of the radio switch... and they're in the kitchen, keeping you company... sharing their lives with

you. Sympathetic, stimulating people who bring you guidance and courage by the way they face *their* ups and downs. Helen Trent... Young Dr. Malone... The Second Mrs. Burton... these are friends whose devotion and inspiration can enrich your own life immeasurably. Wouldn't you like to invite them to your house soon?

Two golden hours a day... wonderful people share their lives with you on the

**CBS RADIO NETWORK**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.



# GO AWAY!

Continued from page 66

be brave enough to jockey yourself into a nearby seat. If the seat next to him is empty, sit down! And the simplest answers always—remember your smile, and make warm *thank you's* a habit.

**Q.** What should I take on vacation in the way of clothes?

**A.** Dolores: A minimum travel wardrobe consists of separates (mix 'n' match material), two dresses, lightweight coat and/or raincoat, bathing suit and cap, three pairs of comfortable shoes (for travel, play and evening), two hats, two pairs of gloves, two pairs nylon stockings, scarves, beach bag, leather bag for travel, clutch bag for everything, belts, jewelry, sun glasses, camera, and sweater.

**Q.** What would you say are a few points to consider when choosing a traveling companion?

**A.** Theodora: If the answer to most of these questions is yes, you've got the right girl in mind: Is she considerate? Is she self-sufficient and independent enough not to be constantly relying on me to make all the decisions? Is she good company—not too moody? Does she like meeting people and doing things, or is she overly shy and timid about seeing sights and trying new restaurants? Can she afford to spend as much or as little money as I can so we'll be on approximately the same budget?

**Q.** Since I'll probably meet many new people on my vacation, I would like to know something I've always been a little uncertain about. Do I shake hands, and if so, do I take my glove off?

**A.** Victoria: It's up to the lady to decide whether or not to shake hands. But if a gentleman extends his in greeting you, of course, take it graciously—glove on or off.

**Q.** When staying at a hotel do I invite my date up to the door of my room to say goodnight, or stop in the lobby?

**A.** Dolores: Say your goodnight and thank

you in the lobby.

**Q.** How do I know what to tip people like waiters, doormen, porters, maids?

**A.** Theodora: At restaurants, 15% of the bill; doormen, fifteen cents or a quarter, only if he goes out for a taxi especially for you (in the rain, for example); porters, twenty-five cents per bag; chambermaids, a dollar per night.

**Q.** What can I use as a conversation starter with a strange boy?

**A.** Victoria: Not the weather, but "Are you going to Hollywood for the first time, too?" or "I have some good tips on places to see in California. Would you like to know about some?"

**Q.** What if some complication comes up—accident, illness, I lose my purse, I'm pickpocketed—and I don't have enough money?

**A.** Dolores: In many cities, there is a Travelers' Aid Society to help you. But do try to avoid such ill fate by always carrying travelers checks—and hold on to your purse!

**Q.** Is it necessary to write a thank you note to someone I've visited on vacation?

**A.** Theodora: Definitely! And write it! Never type. Use plain white informal note paper and show your appreciation with warm and original expressions of thanks.

**Q.** If a boy I've met on a train or bus invites me to join him for dinner and I accept, who pays? This situation could be a little awkward.

**A.** Victoria: Indeed it could! Therefore, to avoid embarrassment, go Dutch treat, since it's not really a regular date.

**Q.** How can I look and feel fresh while traveling?

**A.** Dolores: Stay fresh as a daisy by wearing some—artificial flowers, that is. They never wilt, and you won't, either. And carry a light, plastic bottle of toilet water or cologne to freshen up with after washing. There are also refreshing cleansing pads on the market to pat over face and hands while traveling. And most important, travel *light* so you won't wear yourself out worrying over and carrying luggage, gifts, extra parcels, etc.

And don't forget to have a wonderful time!

THE END

## WHERE TO BUY

### PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 64-66 write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning Photoplay, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

#### Lanz of California outfits

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Lanz of California  
SYRACUSE, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards & Son  
or write, Lanz of California  
6150 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

#### Koret of California skirt and cardigan

write, Koret of California  
611 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

#### Sportsmasters of California middy and pants

CHICAGO, ILL.....Carson, Pirie, Scott  
MIAMI, FLA.....Burdine's  
or write, Sportsmasters of California  
860 South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

#### Gantner of California windjammer

CHICAGO, ILL.....Carson, Pirie, Scott  
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale Bros.  
or write, Gantner of California  
1453 Mission Street, San Francisco, Calif.

#### Tabak of California sheath and chemise

NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale Bros.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Bullock's Downtown  
or write, Tabak of California  
111 East Olympia Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

#### Koret of California cotton coat

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.....Friend Sisters  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.....Celine's  
LINCOLN, NEBR.....Wells & Frost  
or write, Koret of California  
611 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

#### Alex Colman of California chemise, jackets, shorts

NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale Bros.  
TOLEDO, O. (jacket and shorts only) .Lamson Bros.  
or write Alex Colman of California  
409 Boyd Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

#### Marina del Mar swimsuit

write, Marina del Mar  
5200 West Century Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



At Beverly Hills Hotel pool or Malibu, a cotton knit swim suit. \$15, Marina del Mar. Dolores' kerchief-print top, \$9; Lido weave shorts, \$7. Alex Colman

## Go, Go To Hollywood!

For help in making your Hollywood vacation plans, get free, complete travel information by mailing this coupon to

### PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL DEPT.

221 N. LaSalle Street  
Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me free travel literature about costs, routes, etc., from my home city to Hollywood, California. I am planning to make my trip about ..... There will be ..... in my party. (Date) (Number)

My name ..... (Please print)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Phone number .....

(This offer expires December 31, 1958)



# night of terror



This is the story  
about a fellow away  
from home, about his  
wife, about his baby,  
about his home, a fire,  
and a heroic rescue.  
It is about love, and  
friends, and a little  
dog named Blackie.  
It is a true story; yet,  
it's all about a miracle





**T**his story begins, as it ends, with a phone call. . . . John Wayne stood for a moment in front of the telephone, trying to catch his breath, trying to steady his trembling hands. He had been out taking his nightly walk through the narrow cobblepaved streets of Kyoto before going to bed, when the messenger had rushed up with the news that an emergency call had come through for him from California. Two names, "Pilar" and "Aissa," had immediately formed in his lips, and then he started running at top speed back to the hotel.

On the way, he treaded through startled Japanese, darted across streets between rickshaws and automobiles—not seeing anyone or anything in his path, holding only one image in his mind, the face of his baby daughter, Aissa. And he remembered, suddenly and clearly, the day that she was born . . .

*Pilar had awakened him in the middle of the night, kissed him awake out of a deep sleep and whispered: "Duke, honey, I think we'd better get started for the hospital." He had jumped out of bed and dressed, saying all the while: "Now don't get nervous. Don't get nervous." She was already fully clothed and said she wasn't nervous. He didn't believe her. After all, he could hardly get his shoes on—she must be nervous.*

*He had picked her up in his arms and carried her to the car. She had laughed and kicked her feet and begged to be put down. But he had refused, saying, "Quiet. You're going to have a baby." And then, when he slid her gently into the front seat, she had tightened her arms around his neck and whispered, "Duke, I love you."*

*On the way to the hospital, he sang all the old songs he knew, songs he had sung so often with his old pals Ward Bond and John Ford. Pilar joined in on the choruses, getting the words mixed up, jumbling English and Spanish. Somewhere along the way he took the wrong turn, right instead of left, and only realized his mistake when a road sign informed him he was going the wrong way. He had cursed under his breath, spun the car around and headed back. He couldn't sing then, only drive. But Pilar hummed away as if they were on a picnic. Finally, they arrived at St. Joseph's Hospital.*

*They weren't late; in fact, they were early. All night he paced the corridors. And in the morning, eleven hours after they'd left home, Pilar gave birth to a seven-pound, eight-ounce girl. When he tip-toed into the room and saw Pilar, more beautiful than he had ever seen her before, with a pink little moving bundle on the pillow beside her, he wanted to say something super-special to show the joy that was in his heart. But when he spoke, what came out was, "Move over, Mommy, I'm pooped."*

Saying a silent prayer that nothing had happened to Aissa or to Pilar, he picked up the hotel phone and asked the operator to put through the call from Encino.

Pilar's voice was clear, as if she weren't in California but right here in Japan with him, but the words didn't make sense. "Duke . . . Duke . . . big fire . . . Aissa all right . . . Blackie saved . . . but *the bed, the bed.*" Then she shifted into a torrent of high-pitched, hysterical Spanish, much too quick for him to understand. "Are you all right?" he asked. "Are you all right?" But her words rained on, drowning him.

Then another voice cut in, his daughter Toni's. But if any-

thing, she was more upset than Pilar. "Is *she* all right? Is *she* all right?" John kept repeating. "She burned . . ." Toni started to say, but he blotted out the rest by shouting "*Burned? Burned?*"—at the same time turning desperately to stare at the photograph of Pilar's beautiful face on his desk. Then his daughter's words fought their way through again: ". . . doctor's here . . . firemen all over the place . . . everything's burning . . . Oh, Daddy," and then silence.

John screamed into the phone, "Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello." And just when he was about to give up, a man's gruff, reassuring voice came over the wire and said, "Hi, Duke." It was his old sidekick, Ward Bond.

"Ward," John said, "Thank God. Is *she* all right?"

"Take it easy, pal," Ward answered, she's fine. A little burn on her elbow, nothing serious. Just suffering from shock. The doctor's giving her a sedative now and we'll get her to a hotel. She's fine. The baby's fine. Nobody's hurt."

For the first time since the messenger had talked to him in the street, Wayne breathed evenly. "Sit down, Duke," Ward's calm voice said. "I'll tell you all about it." John slumped into a chair, gazed at Pilar's photograph and listened as Ward told him. . . .

Pilar had been sound asleep at 3 a.m. when she woke suddenly, to the barking of Blackie, her pet dachshund. The dog was scratching at the blanket, yapping furiously and licking his mistress' face. She sat bolt upright and switched on the light. The room was filling with smoke. A large flame was devouring the rug in front of the fireplace and was eating its way across the floor. She leaped out of bed, ran to the nursery, grabbed little Aissa from her crib, and hollered "Fire! Fire!" to the maids Consuela and Angelica Saldana, rousing them instantly. Then Pilar and the baby, the two maids, and Blackie hurried downstairs. There they were joined by two dogs who slept in the den. All of them stumbled out into the night.

"But if they all got out as fast," John broke in, "how did she get the burn?"

"Hold your horses, Duke, I'm coming to that," Ward said, and continued . . .

Pilar gently handed Aissa, who was wide awake but hadn't cried at all, to one of the women. Then she went back into the house. She took a fire extinguisher from a closet and returned to the bedroom. She stopped at the door. Flames were licking out into the hall and smoke was billowing through the entire upper story of the house. Pilar stood her ground for a second, making a few squirts at the fire (that's when she burned her elbow), but the smoke blinded her. Coughing, she joined the others outside.

The phone connection between Kyoto and Encino went dead. The operator assured John she would get his party back as soon as possible. He slumped down on the bed—really two beds spliced together lengthwise to accommodate his six-foot-four-inch frame—and rested his head against the wall. He winced and shifted down to the pillow. The bumps on his head still hurt, bumps he had gotten during his first few weeks in the Orient by walking through low Japanese doors without ducking. Now he'd learned to bend double when entering or leaving a house, and the Japanese called him "The Polite Man," thinking he was bowing.

"Polite," he thought, "*polite* (Continued on page 89)



# WIN A TRIP TO A WORLD PREMIERE

## CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in the paragraph, "I think John Gavin will be a big star because . . ." with twenty-five words or less. Entries must be submitted on the coupon on page 29. They must be printed or typed. Entries with special art work or embellishment will be disqualified.
2. Give your complete name and address, paste filled-out coupon on the back of a postcard, and mail it to: World Premiere Contest, Universal-International Pictures, 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, June 15th, 1958.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications and Universal-International Pictures, and their advertising agencies.
4. An impartial panel chosen by Universal-International Pictures will be the sole judges of the contest, and each entrant agrees to accept its decision as final. No entries will be returned, and no individual correspondence will be answered. All entries become the property of Universal-International Pictures, to be used as they see fit.
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, and interest. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in the contestant's name only.
6. The name of the winner will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay (on sale in August). This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

**IMPORTANT:** The first fan club for John Gavin is now being organized. For the convenience of those who would like to have the honor of becoming charter members in this club, a place on the coupon is provided to indicate this desire. However, whether or not you choose to join the fan club will in no way influence the decision of the judges.

## YOUNG IDEAS: NEEDLE NEWS



7036—Cool, neat maternity top with pockets to spark with gay embroidery. Maternity misses' sizes 10-12 and 14-16 included

7374—Needle "painting" done mainly in outline stitch. Horses may be embroidered in black, brown or colors for etching effect

866—Button-front pinafore with pretty embroidered collar and whirly skirt. The little miss will love it. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8

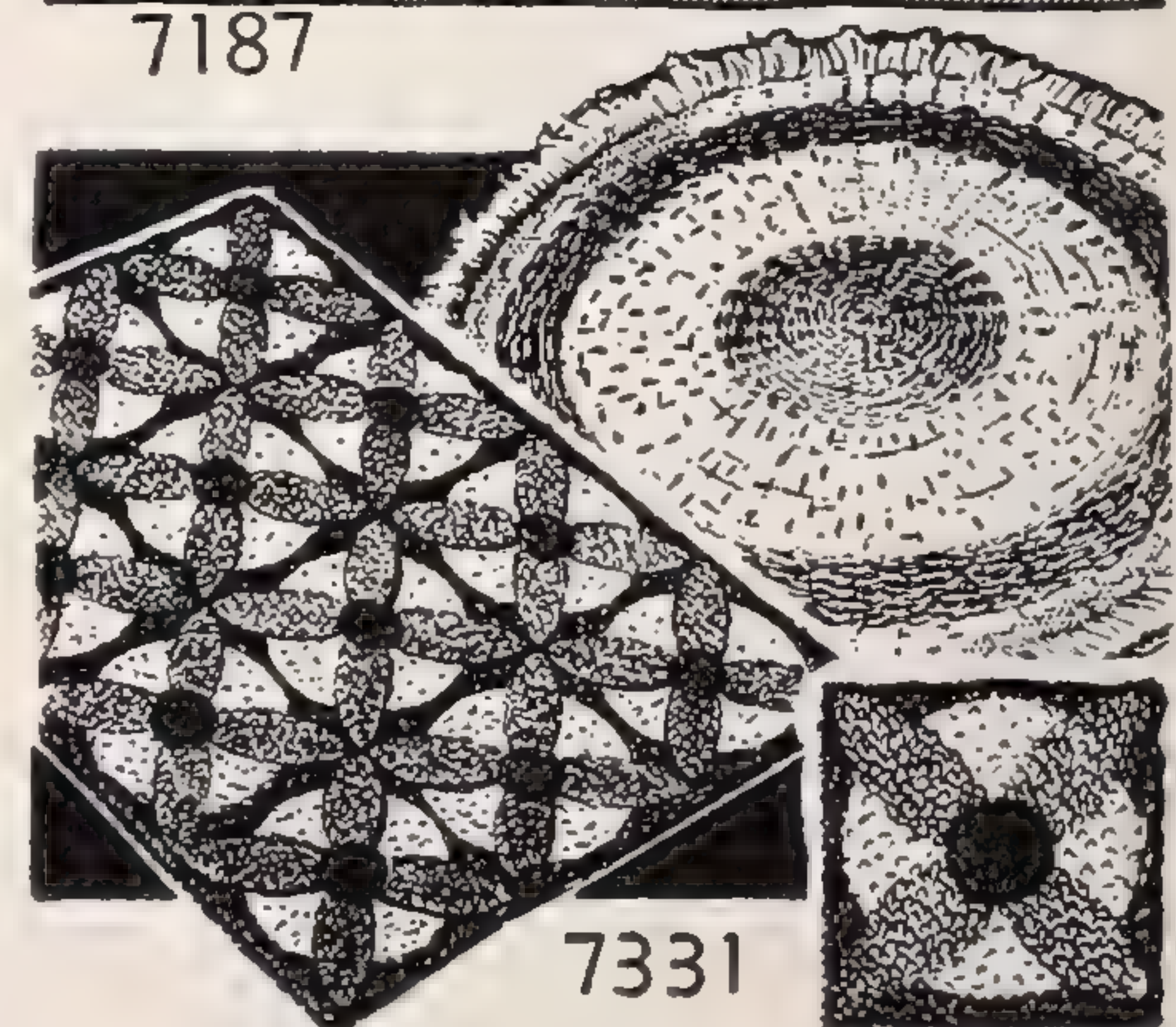
7187—Any tot will love his "kiddie" cover. Little figures embroidered in gay colors are fun to make. Transfers each 5" x 6½"

7331—New rugs from old rags! Directions for 9 different rugs tell how to weave, braid hook or crochet. Patterns; list of materials

SEE FELICIA FARR IN COLUMBIA'S "3:10 TO YUMA"



Felicia Farr is a master at needlework! You can be, too



Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.



# A TEENAGE MARRIAGE

Continued from page 32

girl, Gloria Terlitzky, with her solemn dark eyes, her soft lips, and quiet smile. And the second thing was a career as an actor—preferably in Hollywood.

Few people who knew Jimmy as a happy-go-lucky youngster tearing about the Philadelphia streets would have predicted that he would ever achieve either goal, let alone both. A lively imp, he never seemed to have a serious thought.

Born June 8th, 1936, he grew up in the home of his grandparents, John and Clara Di Josie, who had fourteen children. Meals at the two-story brick-front house at Tenth and Ritner streets were regularly set for nine—Jimmy and his younger brother, their father and mother, two aunts and an uncle, and, of course, Grandma and Grandpa. On Sundays, after Mass, and on holidays this goodly number was increased by an added assortment of relatives. Then the table groaned with Italian delicacies and the red wine Grandpa kept in barrels in the basement. There was much laughter and adult conversation, but Jimmy usually ate quickly and slipped outside to meet his pals. "We have stuff to do," was the way he always explained it.

Jimmy's father, William Ercolani, is a tailor, and Virginia, his mother, is too. Also Uncle Dominick and Uncle Stanley. William Ercolani is broad and strongly built. Jimmy especially remembers his large, capable hands, which occasionally meted out well-deserved punishment. "He was fair and understanding," Jimmy says. "But when I needed it, I always felt the back of his hand."

Jimmy's parents felt strongly about his education, too. A good Catholic Italian boy, he was enrolled in Epiphany School, a parochial institution. But he didn't take kindly to formal learning. "Books are too thick," he was heard to say. "I don't have enough time." And he soon discovered that Friday was the best day to play hooky because "they forget on Saturday and Sunday."

The nuns were very strict, too. One, especially, gave Jimmy plenty of trouble. This Sister had a sweet ecclesiastical face, but an indomitable spirit of discipline. She chided Jimmy for throwing spitballs, laughing in class, and cutting up in general. She warred mightily against the "Imp of Satan" that was within him. Then one day the Imp rebelled and struck back. On a journey to the office of the school Mother, Jimmy and the Sister passed an open clothes closet in the hall. Apparently impelled from behind, Jimmy yielded to impulse, thrust the Sister into the closet, and locked the door. The sweet Sister screamed. The good Mother came at a trot. Jimmy was expelled forthwith. "The following year," he says, "I was enrolled at Thomas Junior High."

Girls? Oh, Jimmy's memories are over-stuffed with girls. The trysting place was the neighborhood movie house, and the technique of adolescent courtship was invariably the same.

"You goin' to the movies tonight?" he inquired of the object of his delight.

"I might," she replied and giggled enchantingly.

"Keen," he said. "I'll meet you inside the theater, okay?" And the date was thriftily made for *inside* the theater, saving Jimmy the price of an extra admission.

At thirteen and fourteen Jim's intentions with the girls had no real depth or permanence. "I was strictly a kill 'em and

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| 56. Perry Como                | 212. Grace Kelly     | 263. James Darren     | 284. Shirley Temple    |
| 57. Bill Holden               | 213. James Dean      | 264. Ricky Nelson     | 285. Pat Conway        |
| 66. Gordon MacRae             | 214. Sheree North    | 265. Faron Young      | 286. Bob Horton        |
| 67. Ann Blyth                 | 215. Kim Novak       | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis  | 287. John Payne        |
| 74. John Wayne                | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 268. Dolores Hart     | 288. David Janssen     |
| 78. Audie Murphy              | 219. Natalie Wood    | 269. James Garner     | 289. Dick Clark        |
| 84. Janet Leigh               | 220. Dewey Martin    |                       |                        |
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| 92. Guy Madison               | 222. Jayne Mansfield |                       |                        |
| 94. Mario Lanza               | 223. Sal Mineo       |                       |                        |
| 105. Vic Damone               | 224. Shirley Jones   |                       |                        |
| 109. Dean Martin              | 225. Elvis Presley   |                       |                        |
| 110. Jerry Lewis              | 227. Tony Perkins    |                       |                        |
| 117. Terry Moore              | 228. Clint Walker    |                       |                        |
| 121. Tony Curtis              | 229. Pat Boone       |                       |                        |
| 127. Piper Laurie             | 230. Paul Newman     |                       |                        |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds          | 231. Don Murray      |                       |                        |
| 135. Jeff Chandler            | 233. Pat Wayne       |                       |                        |
| 136. Rock Hudson              | 234. Carroll Baker   |                       |                        |
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| 148. Robert Wagner            | 244. Buddy Merrill   |                       |                        |
| 149. Russ Tamblyn             | 245. Hugh O'Brian    |                       |                        |
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leave 'em type," he reports. Then he met Gloria Terlitzky, and all that became a matter of history.

"I used to see Gloria on the street with some other girls," Jimmy says. "She had sort of blue-green eyes, and hair the color of cornflakes. She was the cutest one of them all. I was really attracted, but I couldn't think of anything to do about it."

It was Gloria who made the first move. She gave a New Year's Eve party and Jimmy was among those invited. He went reluctantly. "I didn't like parties," he says. "I thought they were dull. I didn't even know how to dance. When Gloria asked me to dance I said no." Nevertheless that was the beginning of enchantment for both of them. When the party broke up Jimmy knew that he had to see Gloria again—and as soon as possible.

"Waddaya doin' tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess."

"Are you goin' to the New Year's Day parade?"

"Probably."

"If you go, where will you be?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure."

"Will you be up by the hospital?"

"I guess so. Yes, that's where I'll be."

"Okay, I'll see you maybe up by the hospital."

And so they met. That night they went to a movie, and following that, Jimmy regularly strolled by to sit on Gloria's front steps, to talk and munch pumpkin seeds. Sometimes Joey McLaughlin and his girl, Marlene, sat on Gloria's steps, too, or they all went over and sat on Marlene's steps. But wherever it was, Jimmy and Gloria were always together.

It took Jimmy a whole month to get up nerve enough to ask Gloria for a real date and go inside the house and meet her parents. And when he had an extremely important request to make, he had to do it on the telephone. "Look," he said, "I've got this idea. But first I have to ask you a question. What I want to know is: Do you honestly like me as much as I like you?"

"Why—yes, Jimmy!" she admitted shyly.

"Fine. Then I would like to go steady with you and give you a friendship ring. Okay?" And that was the way it began.

Gloria says: "Jimmy was so handsome! I used to carry his picture with me and I still do. We were only fourteen at the time, and though we didn't say it in so many words, I think we both knew that this was the real thing. We had dates several times a week. It was okay with my family as long as I had good marks at school. I could go out as soon as my homework was finished, and then I had to be home by ten o'clock."

Jimmy says: "Of course Gloria was beautiful, but what I liked best about her was that we got along so well. We always enjoyed the same things. I'd kid around a lot, and Gloria laughed at my jokes and listened when I talked—which was most of the time. There was never any strain between us. With most girls it always had to be such a big deal. But I didn't go for the formal stuff and that was okay with Gloria. We could be content just walking around the park together. I was still sort of wild at the time, but with Gloria I had the feeling that I wanted to be more settled down."

In the months that followed, Jimmy's life did become more mellowed by Gloria's feminine influences, but his restlessness still led him into various misadventures. "I had to let off steam somehow," he says.

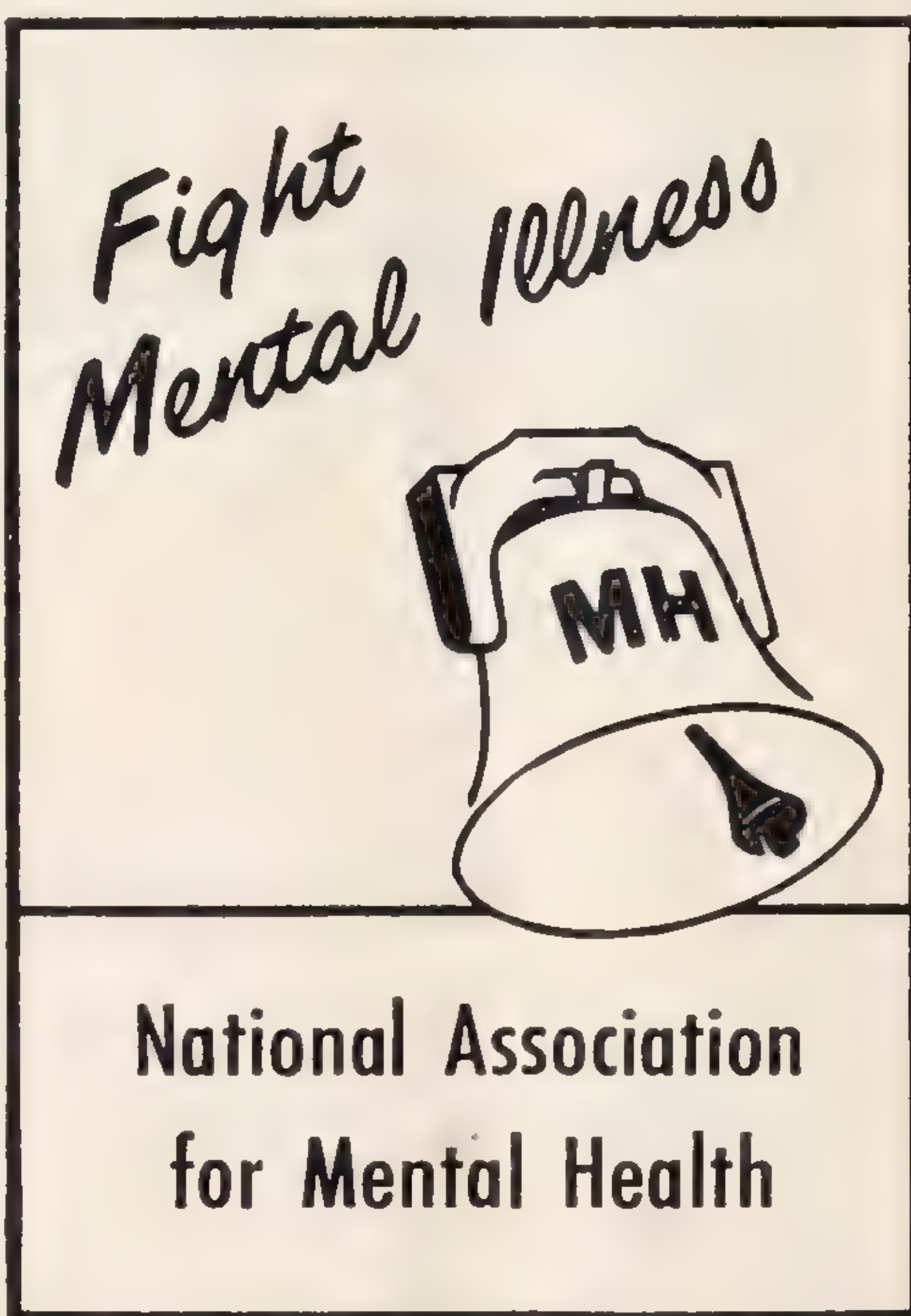
To earn dating money he landed a job as a grocer's stock boy at twelve dollars a week. But his natural appetites and the temptations of all those goodies on the shelves proved his undoing. At intervals during his working hours Jimmy stuffed

his shirt with olives, potted meats and other canned goods and descended to the basement for a strengthening snack. One day his feasting was interrupted by the appearance of the proprietor. The grocer took one look at the rising mountain of empties on the floor and staggered back, clutching his brow. Then he lifted Jimmy by the scruff of his neck and pointed to the door. "Git!" he shouted, his breath coming with difficulty against the rise of his blood pressure. "You are fired!"

And school was no more successful, either. "I used to skip out for a week or two at a time," Jimmy says. "In those days I knew Mrs. Yaeger, the truant officer, very well. She was over at our house a lot." And, as it has to so many others before him, the dull routine of learning weighed heavily on him. But Jimmy never lost sight of his dreams for the future. And his love for Gloria never wavered.

"We knew what we wanted," Jimmy says. "We began to talk a lot about getting married. We couldn't make any real plans because of course I didn't have a trade. I didn't even have a job. But we both knew that we wanted to be together and share everything . . . all our troubles and our happiness."

Did they feel that they were really ready



for the important step of marriage? "Not really," says Gloria. "I had never learned to cook or keep house, but that didn't seem like much of a problem. The important thing was the way we felt about each other. And so we began to think in terms of making marriage possible. Money was the first necessity, so as soon as we could we started a joint bank account."

Gloria, a straight-A student, graduated from high school at seventeen and immediately got a job as a secretary. Jimmy went to work at the Safari Costume Jewellers which was owned by his Uncles Johnny, Henry and Jimmy. Their savings began to mount up. But Jimmy was still restless, unsatisfied now with dreams alone, and wanting to turn them into something resembling reality. One day he decided to take the big gamble and come to Hollywood. And why not? People had often told him, "You ought to be in the movies." And in the newspapers don't you read of crazier things that happen every day?

With his savings plus a loan from his father, Jimmy financed a stay of six months in Hollywood. He returned home in time for his eighteenth birthday. He was discouraged, but not beaten. "I now realized that being 'discovered' was just a fantasy.

I knew that I'd have to study and learn to be an actor, and I was determined to do this. His absence, too, from Gloria had convinced him that she was the only one he'd ever marry. The sooner the better.

Parents, of course, were not to be persuaded that this was wise. The mere suggestion of marriage, Jimmy felt, was certain to bring a stern "No!" And he did not want to go against his parents' express wishes.

He winced as he recalled all the past incidents that, in their eyes, would surely pile up into a considerable balance against it. His dim view of schooling and his hasty exit from the parochial school—they'd surely bring that up and point out that he wasn't educationally prepared for getting the kind of job that would provide for a wife. His inability to get a good-paying job in general—and being fired by the grocer in particular. The abysmal failure of his Hollywood venture.

How could he explain to them the sobering influence those six months in Hollywood had upon him, how much he had learned about the *right* way to prepare for the career he now knew he wanted more than anything else . . . when all the facts were against him?

How could he tell that he and Gloria were absolutely sure they were right for each other? He could talk until he was hoarse about how much they had in common, how they'd discussed all the problems and made their plans for meeting them. But when you came right down to it, it was something you felt—a sort of inner growing up, a maturity that was quite different from the giddy infatuation of puppy love. You couldn't put it into words.

"So why do we have to tell them?" Jimmy asked Gloria one starry night. "Why don't we marry now and keep it a secret, just between the two of us?"

Gloria hesitated, but then let her heart give the answer.

A few weeks later they took their blood tests and applied for a marriage license. But the clerk shook his head when he learned their ages. "You're too young. You'll have to have your parents' consent." And so the stuffy and unromantic legalities were against them. But a cancellation of plans was not considered. Only a postponement.

Jimmy sought advice from an older friend who had eloped to Maryland previously and happily. It was the ideal solution. They could easily slip across the state line to get the license. And there was only the required interval of forty-eight hours to endure.

On the morning of January 13, 1955, Jimmy went alone to pick up the license. When he later arrived at Gloria's, he pulled a long face. "We're in trouble!" he told her. "They wouldn't give us the license." Gloria's heart plummeted. Then she saw the flicker of a grin, and knew he was having his usual joke.

Quickly they drove the ninety miles to Elkton, Md. and found a justice of the peace. This worthy official operated with speed and aplomb. He whisked through the ceremony with barely a pause for breath, and ended thus: "I now pronounce you man and wife twelve dollars please." The proceedings may have lacked warmth and flowery overstatement, but they were effective nevertheless. Jimmy and Gloria emerged on cloud eight. They were Mr. and Mrs. at last!

Honeymoon? They had none. That afternoon they returned to their separate homes, to have supper with their parents as usual, and sleep in their own narrow beds. "We were *very* careful," Jimmy says. "We did *nothing* that would make anyone the least bit suspicious about us." So they



cherished and guarded their secret, and treasured the moments they had. And they continued to work out their plans for a future in which they could be together always.

Was it easy? "Heck, no," says Jimmy, grinning. "We had struggles and plenty of problems."

What made it difficult, for one thing, was the fact that they kept the marriage a secret. So they could not go to anyone for help and advice—they had to make the decisions themselves. In this respect, however, they weren't much different from most of today's young couples, who, eager to set out on their own, usually resent parental advice as interference. In grandma's day, when teenage marriage was the usual thing and a girl was considered something of an old maid at twenty-one, the young marrieds stayed under the parental roof for a while, they got plenty of guidance while saving for a home of their own. When they left the nest, they were well prepared. But today's teens shoulder the responsibilities at once—and they are often bigger than they realize.

Jimmy and Gloria found that out. But the fine examples they had in their own parents, plus their deep devotion to one another, helped to see them through.

Like all young couples, they wanted a home of their own, and a baby right away. But how? Jimmy couldn't support a wife, let alone a home and a child. It was frustrating—and discouraging—to have to shelve those rosy dreams until some uncertain, remote fulfillment. Sometimes they felt quite hopeless.

They learned, too, that the old saw, "You never know your mate until you're married," was all too true. They had all the usual adjustments to make that must be reckoned with when two different per-

sonalities merge into the complete closeness of marriage. And it was all the more difficult, living apart, and added to their other problems.

Their breaks started coming when Jimmy was offered a job in New York with the Jose Greco Dancers. He accepted gladly. This took him away from Gloria, but it brought him to the seat of the entertainment world. With his earnings of \$75 a week he was able to join the Stella Adler drama group, where Brando had studied. He was on his way to an interview when he was spotted in an elevator by Columbia Pictures' Joyce Selznick, who took him to talent executive Harry Romm. After an amazingly short interview and reading he dashed out to find a telephone and sputter excitedly to Gloria and then to his parents: "They want me! They want me! I'm going to sign a movie contract!"

That night when Jimmy returned to Philadelphia he found his mother and father in bed. He had more news, so he knocked on their door to waken them. "I just want to tell you that Gloria and I are married," he called out. Things were piling up for the Ercolanis. William huffed and puffed. Mary wept. "Oh, my boy! You should have told us! We could have given you such a nice wedding!"

"They were pretty shook up," as Jimmy remembers it. "But they got over it quickly, and then they were really happy for us." Three weeks later Jimmy was on his way to Hollywood. And an exciting and wonderful career in the movies had opened up for him.

Today Jimmy and Gloria live in an apartment which they are furnishing with infinite care and meticulous planning—much of it in Swedish modern. "To give you an example," Gloria says, "we took exactly five months just to buy one lamp."

Jimmy Jr. was born December 3, 1956. Big Jimmy is convinced that the boy looks like his father, but Gloria says no. "He has my nose, and at least one of his ears is like Jimmy's. I guess you could say that our son has parts of both of us."

The future? For these two it looks rosy both matrimonially and careerwise. Jimmy, of course, wants more top starring roles, and his studio is convinced that he will get them. He'll soon be seen in "Gunman's Walk" with Tab Hunter and Van Heflin—his best part yet. Jimmy's salary is still quite modest, by Hollywood standards, and so he nurtures dreams of some of the things he will buy when he really gets into the important money.

"One thing I will definitely get," says he, "is a bright red Mercedes-Benz . . . one of those with the crazy butterfly seats. And I will drive it up to our house in Philadelphia and I will say, 'Here, Dad. This is for you.'"

Looking back now, do the Darrens feel that, as teenagers, they were ready for marriage? Jimmy and Gloria chorus an emphatic, "Yes!"

Then they quickly caution, "But . . . we don't think that's true of every teenager." They were lucky, they feel, in having similar backgrounds, growing up in the same neighborhood, having a warm, happy home atmosphere, yet being given enough independence so that they never developed the too-dependent family ties that can be disastrous by stunting emotional maturity.

"I guess you can sum it all up in that one word—maturity," says Jimmy. "Some teenagers—the lucky ones who had advantages that we had—can become mature enough for marriage. Some people aren't mature at fifty. But that's the essential thing—and it's something everyone must find for himself." THE END

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# A party to remember

The gayest, swingiest party in long ages was Photoplay's own, honoring your selection of **Deborah Kerr** and **Rock Hudson** as the most popular stars of the year, with "An Affair to Remember" the best film. **Steve Allen**, on whose TV program the event was recorded, agreed with your choice when Deborah refused to be fussy about profile shots before the camera, as so many stars do. "Never mind about which side photographs better," Deborah laughed, "Just bring me on!" And with Rock just as nonchalant and director **Leo McCarey** so grateful, Steve had a ball.

Later, in the plush Crystal Room of the swank Beverly Hills Hotel, the cream of movietown poured in for dancing, feasting and congratulations, while fans flanked the entrance and lined the driveway outside to catch a glimpse of the winners as they entered.

**Jean Simmons** and **Shirley MacLaine** came together, regretted that their husbands were moviemaking abroad. But **Esther Williams**, who came with **Donna Reed** and her husband, said nary a word about her estranged spouse **Ben Gage** or new flame **Jeff Chandler**, who was in Europe.

With **Tommy Sands** tub-thumping cross-country for his movie, **Molly Bee** came with a new escort, **Ken Thompson**, but had that "Sands man" dreamy look all evening.

**Dolores Hart** (who, along with **Bob Evans** won a Photoplay Gold Medal Plaque for "Overnight Impact") arrived on the arm of **Earl Holliman**. **Carolyn Jones** came with husband **Aaron Spelling**, **Nick Adams** was there and **Jeff Hunter** beamed on his charming bride.

Feminine eyes followed the handsome Bob Evans around the lovely room and the lad all but floored me by calling out, "Sara—I haven't seen you for months. Our last date was luncheon at Twentieth Century-Fox, remember?" As if anyone could forget. But how flattering!

**Julie London**, a real beauty, left early because of an early-morning work call at her studio, she explained to **Ann Sothorn**. But **Taina Elg**, in a striking Paris "bell" gown, stayed to the very end, as did **Margaret O'Brien**, **Barbara Stanwyck**, **Ernie Borgnine** and Rock, who departed the very next day for Rio de Janeiro. All in all it was a ball, friends—one to remember!



*Buddy Adler (center), production head at 20th, studio that swept Gold Medal field, greets winners with emcee Steve Allen*





*Two-time Gold Medalist Rock chatting across a crowded room with (out of sight) first-time winner Dolores Hart. It was his last party before leaving for Rio*



*TV'ers Steve Allen, wife Jayne came early, stayed late at gala affair*



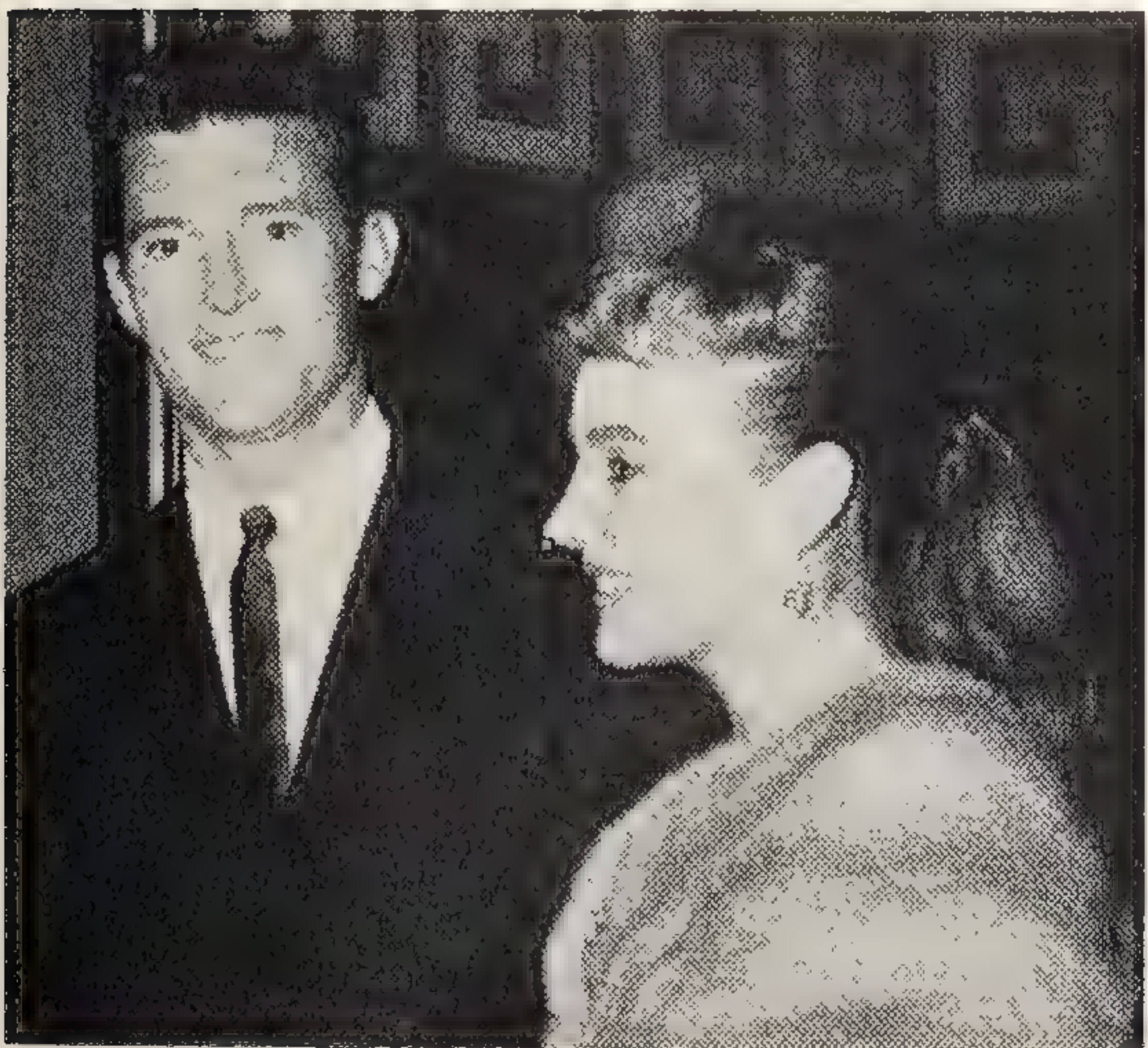
*Happy Cliff Robertson has fun showing off lovely bride Cynthia to party pals*



*Deborah Kerr shows Bob Evans her Gold Medal, prize he hopes to cop next*



*Dancingest man of the night, Earl Holliman, proudly waltzes winner Taina Elg*



*Molly Bee missed her traveling Sands man but had fun with Ken Thompson*



*Dolores Hart, Earl get giggles over Carolyn Jones' "Gee, you won!" look*



# WHO'S WHO? WHAT'S NEW?

Continued from page 44

comfortable Encino ranch home and his beautiful wife, Kay, and her two children. There are the stars who work at being terribly grand and the stars who make a big point out of being just folks. But whatever they do and however they do it, it's always interesting. . . . As for an overall look at Hollywood's parties, be they of a promotional or purely social nature, they can be classified just like the government grades meat. An affair is stamped either prime, choice, good or utility. The rating is based not only on the cost of the shindig and the vintage of the champagne, but also on who gives it, who attends it, where it's held and why. . . . The real "prime" affairs are those hosted by the stars or producers in their own beautiful homes, on their own beautiful white carpets and at great expense. One young starlet, upon arriving in Hollywood quipped, "All the stars have such pretty homes and such pretty cars to go with their pretty smiles." She was right about the homes, except maybe "elegant" would be more apropos. The average top star—those in a class such as Sinatra, Kirk Douglas and Jimmy Stewart—hangs his hat in a \$100,000 hacienda. The homes are not only luxuriously large, they are exquisitely furnished in expensive simplicity, usually by name decorators. Of course, all homes have swimming pools and most are completely hi-fied. Bob Stack, who's building his dream home in the exclusive Beverly Hills area, will have hi-fi piped into his garage.

Among those with prime homes who toss "prime" parties are the Gary Coopers, the David Nivens, the Van Johnsons, the Kirk Douglasses, Laraine Day and Leo Durocher, Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer, the Jack Warners, the Bill Goetzes, Curt Jurgens, Johnny Green, M-G-M's former music director, and Frank Sinatra.

Ah, that Frankie! He tosses parties as regularly as a housewife tosses the laundry into the Bendix. Whether it's an informal pizza pie poker party, a beautifully served five-course dinner affair, or a great big New Year's Eve bash, host Sinatra has one inflexible rule—man, it's gotta be a real gasser!

I remember that Frankie once jokingly remarked, "The most important thing for a good party is to invite a lot of broads—you gotta have beautiful broads to decorate the room!" But actually, he mixes all kinds of really interesting people—not just pretty girls. He has writers, musicians

and others who are interesting to talk to.

Today most of the social functions of the Upper Echelon crowd take the form of dinner parties. The number of guests at such affairs will range from eight to eighty. But hostesses like Mrs. Gary Cooper usually hold the line at thirty.

Rocky Cooper is rated one of the best party-givers in Hollywood. She does everything with a fine flair and lots of money. The food is superb, the service likewise, and the silver at each place setting spreads out like the wings of a DC-7. And of course the crystal goblets glow with the finest wines. Black ties and beautiful jewels are the uniform of the night.

The girls who can afford it wear custom-designed clothes to shindigs like this. Often they're tricked out in gowns by the darling of the glamour set—designer Jimmy Galanos, whose simplest creations begin around \$450. Almost every top glamour girl has at least one Galanos gown hanging in her closet.

Beauties like Cyd Charisse, Dana Wynter, Liz Taylor and Esther Williams head the list of Hollywood's more clothes-conscious actresses. Cyd, whose figure certainly warrants it, goes in for striking ball gowns. Joan Collins is another one who has recently devoted considerable attention and bankroll to her personal duds. "I have decided to be terribly chic," the outspoken brunette remarked.

Also deciding to be "terribly chic" are the stars who fall under the foreign transportation influence. The glamour tribe now buzzes to the sound stage and social functions in everything from \$8,000 Mercedes-Benzes to \$13,000 Rolls Royces.

Those who prefer and have the money for the foreign jobs include David Niven, who drives a \$13,000 British Bentley, which he shipped from England. Tab Hunter drives an \$8,500 Mercedes-Benz which he shipped from Europe for a mere \$3,000. Gary Cooper rolls by in a Rolls Royce. Eddie Fisher and Pier Angeli both are proud owners of the beautiful Italian vehicle, the Dual Ghia, which can be picked up for a mere \$8,000. Eddie spent considerable extra green stuff for refinishing and upholstering in solid black so as to keep the entire car in the jet shade inside and out. Eddie also has a phone in his car. The phone list, as it's referred to in Hollywood, is the newest fad and Dean Martin, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra are among those who have a telephone installed in their dashboards.

Kim Novak drives a white Corvette, two years old. Kathryn Grant, Mrs. Bing Crosby, whips about in her brand-new

baby blue T-Bird, Bing's first gift to his bride following their marriage. Until then Kathy had been getting around in "Topsy," her pet name for the 1950 model Ford which she won in that Texas rodeo queen contest eight years ago.

The Hollywood glamour girls seem to prefer the T-bird or the Cadillacs. Joan Collins drives a shocking pink Thunderbird with a white top. Deborah Kerr gets behind the wheel of a beige one. Jayne Mansfield, as usual, does things with a little more ostentation. She has a whole fleet of cars—a pink Jaguar, a white Cadillac and a shiny red Lincoln. The last vehicle was given to her in return for her fiddling performance on the Ed Sullivan show.

Probably the most spectacular and unusual car in town belongs to Donald O'Connor who recently gifted himself with a new Cadillac Brougham, which costs approximately \$15,000. The car is a bright copper shade with a stainless steel top. Donald and his wife Gloria enjoy such luxuries as thick plush rugs on the floor, a built-in bar, and a built-in makeup table, among other little gimmicks. Not to overlook Debra Paget's large Caddy, which she and her mother have decorated with bits of glass that are shaped like large pear diamonds.

Stars in the Upper Echelon, or those fast climbing into it like Donald O'Connor can go in for impulse-splurging, but the Young Hollywood Set has to count more closely. They live well but on a smaller scale. Eva Marie Saint and her husband have a lovely home—but it's more in the \$55,000 class. Some of the younger stars, who could afford large homes, prefer to live in comfortable apartments and invest their extra shekels. Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, for instance, have a lovely apartment overlooking the Sunset Strip. They're not exactly roughing it, but the place would never be a standout in House Beautiful. Joan Collins is another cliff dweller. She has an attractive new apartment near Mitzi's, complete with a bedroom which she describes as "very actressy." The room is pale pink and mirror-lined. Tab Hunter prefers an apartment to his own house—so do Venetia Stevenson, Tony Perkins and Rock Hudson, since his marital bustup.

Among the younger set are the jazziest casual dressers who buy many of their glad-rags at the popular Jax shop in Beverly Hills. Jax is really more than a store as far as many of Hollywood's beauties are concerned—it's more a sorority house for the young but chic girls who like to kick around in beautifully cut sports clothes, colorful knit sweaters and such. Girls like Joanne Woodward, Joan Collins, Mitzi Gaynor, Natalie Wood, Carolyn Jones, Diane Varsi and Margaret O'Brien often pop in to sit around the circular fireplace in the center of the main floor, sip coffee from paper cups dispatched from down the street by a salesgirl and yak about the Jax fashions.

This year the vogue is modified chemise, the latest figure-hugging sheaths and colorful sportswear copied after Italian and French sailor's garb. And yaks among the younger set ring loudest over Jax's "ugly" colors—dresses in "poison green," playshoes in "deadly yellow" and bulky knit sweaters in "nasty brown."

The girls are not the only ones who are fashion-conscious in filmland. Young men like Pat Boone, Eddie Fisher and Tommy Sands spend considerable time at their tailors. The newest fad in men's clothes in Hollywood is corduroy blazers with matching corduroy trousers.

Pat Boone has made the biggest fashion news, believes clothier Sy Devore. "I say this because when Pat first came in to me he had a limited wardrobe and not much interest in clothes," explains Devore. "But now he has ordered twenty-five suits at

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\$250 apiece, plus many sports coats and odd slacks. Pat has good taste for his type—he is sort of a young Bill Holden and he dresses like the all-American youth."

Jerry Lewis wins the title of the man who spends the most money on clothes in Hollywood. He bought \$20,000 worth in Sy's place last year. Jerry never buys one sweater, one jacket or one pair of socks at a time. He buys them by the dozen.

While on the whole, members of the Young Hollywood Set don't spend as much money as those in the Upper Echelon, they don't lack for laughs or excitement. Those you'll find most often merrymaking in this group are Dennis Hopper, Susan Oliver, Barry Coe, Rick Nelson, Venetia Stevenson, Sal Mineo and John Saxon. They sit around and talk about their careers and ambitions, they play records and dance. Once at a party at Steve Rowland's house, they hauled out his trampoline and had a ball jumping up and down on it. A number of the more daring guests even tried a few flips.

Another group that doesn't go in for formalities is the N.Y.-Hollywood Set. It includes people like Tony Franciosa, Lee Philips, Tony Perkins (his visa gains him entrance into all the groups), Joanne Woodward and her bridegroom (they also hold multi-membership), Lee Remick, Ralph Meeker, Jo Van Fleet and Eileen Heckart.

Their parties are usually casual, spontaneous affairs. They'll all drop by somebody's apartment to talk about the theater or listen to Theodore Bikel play his flamenco guitar. Sometimes they play charades. But the current rage with the New York-Hollywood Group in Hollywood is the Association Game.

"It's a sort of do-it-yourself Rohrschach test," explains one young actress who goes to their parties. "Everyone makes an ink blot and then they analyze it. One thing I've noticed about the New York Group. They're not as snobbish about Hollywood as they used to be. Of course, they still stick pretty close together when they're out here making pictures, but most of them seem to have gotten over the idea that they'll be brain-washed if they stay too long."

This same observant young lady, who's familiar with the social life of all of Hollywood's groups, sums it all up this way:

"The Young Hollywood Set talk about themselves, their problems with their agents, the roles they hope to get, the roles they've just done and so forth.

"The established stars and the big money crowd talk about the new properties they've bought, production plans, Cole Porter, the new Van Gogh they just bought for their collection, that quaint little town they visited in Spain last year, the George V Hotel in Paris and the Dorchester in London. They first-name everyone, too. I went to one party where they kept referring to Josh and Truman. I finally figured out they meant Logan and Capote."

And what do the New York-to-Hollywood actors talk about? "Sooner or later they always get around to discussing their analysts."

THE END

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# THIS IS MY LIFE

Continued from page 50

the two children amuse themselves. Permitted to watch television only on weekends, they are expected to amuse themselves with books and tubes of paint, jigsaw puzzles, Hallowe'en masks, and Deborah's old clothes to play "dress-up" in. And they do. Both children have inherited their mother's imagination and her wicked talent for mimicry.

"Who were you today?" Deborah asked.

"I was riding my horse, Avalanche, and Frankie was my dog, Singe."

"Guess what happened today," Frankie said, her voice muffled against Deborah's chest.

"What?"

"All the chairs fell down at school today."

"It was nerve splitting," Melanie added.

"It was," Frankie said. Then, "I'm hungry." She spun across the room and sat down at the marble-topped table. It was nearly teatime.

As usual, tea was served at four o'clock in the afternoon. Claude, the butler, carried the pot of steaming Indian tea and the plateful of biscuits to the marble table. Deborah reached for the three fragile china cups. She poured Frankie half a cup of tea, then filled the teacup to the brim with milk. She started to do the same for Melanie.

"Oh no, Mummy!"

"Sorry, Melanie. I forgot." She filled the burgundy-colored cup with tea, then added a slice of lemon. Melanie, making her first conscious efforts to be a lady, had been drinking her tea "the grown-up way" all week. Frankie—lively and uninhibited—was not concerned with being a lady. When she dropped her napkin, she picked it up again with her toes.

"Frankie is about to lose a front tooth," chided Melanie.

"Let me have a look at that tooth," said Deborah.

Frankie kept trying to loosen it more. "She wants to get a gift from the fairy godmother," tattled Melanie.

Deborah listened to the high-spirited, American voices of her children echoing through the English type Long Room.

Deborah Kerr's life might be described—like Frankie's tea—as "half-and-half." Half-English, half-American, it delicately blends the politeness, polish and quiet

elegance of an English country house with the un-English informality of children's laughter and twilight barbecues, which the hostess sometimes starts by throwing Vodka over the coals.

"Deborah has the ability to make a game of everything she does," said her husband Tony Bartley once. "Her gloriously wicked sense of humor carries her through even the most distasteful situations; and her philosophy is that if you have to do something, you might as well do it right and find some pleasure in doing it."

Her home has none of the franticness that touches even the best-run American homes. "I love to drink things out of glasses not meant for them, like beer from a crystal champagne glass," she admits. But there is candlelight shining on Wedgwood cups and Spode china gleaming on a damask tablecloth, too.

Those are the graceful things which cost money. But there are other graceful things in her life which cost nothing except a delicacy of taste. "Unless you're mad about diamond necklaces—and I couldn't care less about them—you can get everything else without being a movie star or a millionaire. Everyone can have candles; bath oil; big bunches of flowers in the house; a well-laid tray with a single rose on it; a vase in your bedroom with every conceivable kind of flower from your garden in it." And the comforts that she "wouldn't like to do without" cost almost nothing. "Hot water. Something to read or something to do with my hands. A comfortable bed. A good hot cup of tea. And sunshine at some time during the year."

She is teaching these values to her children, too. They have a politeness that is more typically English than American. Sitting at the tea table, Melanie took a last sip of tea, swallowed, and then said enthusiastically, "I saw the most wonderful book on horses in the. . . ." She stopped abruptly. "I'm sorry."

"You're just lucky Nanny isn't having tea with us today," Deborah whispered. "You won't tell her I forgot?"

Deborah smiled. "No, I won't tell her."

Nan Patterson—who has been the children's governess for seven years—demands this politeness. At the tea table, the word "horse" is forbidden. "Horses are Melaine's passion," Deborah explains. "She has a library of twenty-five books about horses, and she was torn between becoming a horsewoman or a writer until she recently solved her difficulty by deciding to write about horses."

"Nanny says we have to learn to make light conversation," Melanie says. "Most people talk about the things they're interested in, and Nanny says I talk too much about horses. So we learn to talk about other things: what happened at school, television programs, whether I ought to telephone one of my friends."

Melanie did her best—to remember Nanny's rules. She looked at Deborah and tried to make light conversation. "What did you do today?" she asked her mother.

"Nothing," Deborah said.

She savoured the word.

"Nothing," she said again.

"I've done nothing for almost a week—and it's been wonderful."

The week before, she had finished making "Separate Tables" for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster; by the end of the month she would leave for Europe to co-star with Yul Brynner in "The Journey."

"Next week I must start getting my clothes ready for Europe." She grimaced at the thought. Perhaps the thing she hated most about traveling was getting the clothes ready.

She loved clothes—especially her chinchilla cape from Tony "for the years 1957 through 1967 inclusive." "But Tony thinks I'm too extravagant, so I always try to economize by taking my old clothes abroad but by the time I return home I hate them all and have to restrain myself from picking them up in armfuls and chucking them all out."

"You must have done something today," Melanie said.

"You must have done something," Frankie echoed.

"Nothing much," she answered the children's question. "I finished a book. And painted. And played with Duffy. And scratched Tonton's stomach. And slept wonderfully late."

She had slept long, until 9:15. Then there had been breakfast in bed—tea, toast, and juice. As she drank her tea, she had worked the puns and anagrams puzzle in the Manchester Guardian. The puzzle was a challenge. Most American crossword puzzles didn't interest her. "They're so straightforward I get terribly bored."

After her puzzle, she had thought over the possibilities of the day ahead. "Shall I turn out those drawers? Or shall I read? Or paint? Or work in the garden? Or sort clothes?"

In the end she had done almost nothing at all. She had embroidered for a while, with Blessing Bartley, her parakeet, sitting on the edge of the embroidery hoop.

Then she had wandered in the gardens.

Deborah has always found herself pretending—and almost believing—that things like trees and typewriters and roses and dogs could really feel and think the way she did. For instance, she was sure that Blessing Bartley really knew how to sew and was being quite critical of her work when he perched on her shoulder and watched. "He's the only temperamental person in the household," Deborah had analyzed it. "I try to understand his super-sensitivity—except when he bites my hand. I don't think it's my Christian duty to consider this fair play." And there was Duffy, dear Duffy the Scotty. Deborah was sure "he has always suffered from a terrible inferiority complex because he's so black and doesn't photograph well. You can't see his shape." Tonton the dachshund, another member of the menagerie, dearly loved to have his tummy scratched. "It's the way to make him go into a coma," Deborah was convinced.

Tony laughed at her for these things. Then, thinking of Tony, she sighed. That

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5-58



was the only imperfection that marred the day. Tony was 5,000 miles away in England. As head of the CBS European film division his job took him to London for anywhere from two to five months a year.

Frankie finished her last bite of tea biscuit. Then she slid from her stool and turned a cartwheel. She looked up at Deborah from the floor and—as though she could read her mother's thoughts—she said, "Was there a letter from Daddy today?"

Deborah shook her head. Tony hated to write. He always telephoned several times a week, and their phone bills were simply enormous. "Maybe tomorrow," she said.

"If he never writes to us again, I won't be surprised," Melanie said with a dreary look at her mother.

"Aren't I forgiven yet?" asked Deborah, whose mischievousness was sometimes quite troublesome to Melanie. A few days before, Deborah had written to Tony, using her usual hunt and peck system. To play a joke on Melanie, she had typed a separate note: "Dear Sir: You are an idiot and a fool," and signed her daughter's name.

Melanie stretched out on the floor beside Frankie. "Mummy, can we do something?"

"What?" Deborah asked.

"Jigsaw puzzle?" Frankie asked, trying to help.

"No, silly," Melanie said. "Something sort of . . ." She hesitated, not quite knowing what she wanted to say.

"Special?" Deborah asked.

Melanie nodded. "Special."

"All right," Deborah said. "We'll go to the beach."

"That's what I meant," Melanie said. "Special!"

The state beach was only a few minutes' drive from the house.

At five in the afternoon on a tepid pre-spring day, it was nearly deserted. Deborah sat and watched the children squirm along the sand on their stomachs, making "stomach tracks." Then they turned over and made "rump tracks" in the white sand.

"They look like they were made by some monster, don't they, Mummy?" Frankie said.

Deborah nodded. She hated the beach in summer when it was crowded with people and sandwiches and sun tan oil and beach umbrellas. She loved it in winter when it was deserted and so terribly clean.

She looked at her watch. "Oops," she laughed. "We've overstayed our 'Special!'" Sandy and flushed, they tumbled into the car.

At six o'clock she sat with the children—sipping a glass of wine—while they ate dinner. "Even when Tony isn't home, I find it impossible to eat with them." Old habits are hard to break, and twelve years in America haven't taught her how to



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enjoy dinner eaten before 7:30 in the evening. She did nibble at a quarter of the apple pie that served—along with cheese—as dessert.

Afterwards she played dominoes with Melanie and helped both children piece together a jigsaw puzzle. She loves all puzzles and games that are hard enough to be challenging. "Unfortunately, Tony loathes games, but I've got him to play Labyrinthspel, a maddening German game in which the object is to juggle a metal ball through a tricky labyrinth of holes."

Because Tony was not home now, she ate her own dinner in the Long Room at eight while Nanny took the children upstairs to scrub sand out of fingernails and hair.

Then she went upstairs. Frankie was waiting for her.

"You can't catch me," she chanted. "Can't catch me."

"Oh, yes, I can."

"Can't catch me. Can't catch me."

Deborah encircled Frankie with her arms. Frankie squirmed free and jumped over the bed. Snatching the pillow from Frankie's bed, Deborah followed. Frankie fought back—unsuccessfully—with another pillow. Frankie, who is the extrovert in the family, loves roughhousing. She loved the wild chase around the bedroom, the capture, the ultimate defeat of ending in bed with a pillow stuffed over her face fifteen minutes later.

"Good night, Mummy," she said from underneath the pillow.

Deborah lifted the pillow, kissed her, and then replaced the pillow again. "Good night."

Melanie had always been more self-sufficient. There was no roughhousing in her room. She preferred to go to bed a quarter-hour early in order to have time to read.

"Just the rest of this chapter," she begged when her mother came in. "I couldn't bear to go to sleep without finishing this chapter." A carbon copy of her mother's features in all but one respect, she looked up at Deborah with her father's wide eyes.

As usual, after the children were asleep, Deborah lay across her bed in slacks and furry white bedroom slippers she always wears ("because they're so wonderful for cold feet") and studied her new script to the soft background of classical music. An hour later she tossed the script to one side and went downstairs to put the last finishing touches on the picture she had painted that day. "Maybe," she thought, "if I finish it and put it in a frame, it won't look too bad."

Later, she looked at her watch and—leaving the picture to dry—went back upstairs to try to pick up London on her short wave radio. After ten or fifteen minutes she was successful. Delighted, she stretched out and listened for a few minutes. "It's a small thrill whenever I manage to get London. And I pick up some of the most extraordinary police messages."

Then she felt a sudden twinge of loneliness for Tony, who was in London and perhaps listening to the same program on the BBC. She rolled over and reached for her pen and stationery. "Dear Tony. . ."

Around midnight she finished the letter and went to bed. Like Melanie, she has to read herself to sleep—even when she is so tired she can only keep her eyes open for three lines. She read for a few moments, but she found it difficult to concentrate. She thought of Tony, gave a fond pat to the letter standing ready to be mailed to England tomorrow, then reached up and turned off the light murmuring, "It was a happy day." THE END



*Inseparable for life? we asked John*

DATELINE PARIS—Fuel was added to the busy whirl of social gossip when, at John Saxon's invitation, Vicki Thal flew from Hollywood to Paris to be near him while he's here making "The Reluctante Debutante."

Orly Field was crowded with newsmen when Vicki Thal's plane landed and Saxon didn't seem to be too happy at their presence. Dark-haired, exotic looking Vicki, perhaps heeding an advance warning from John, met the prying press with a stiff but polite: "I have nothing to say," and went about her affairs as though any one of a group of American tourists.

She and John explored Paris together, ate in a different restaurant every night and haunted the bright young intellectuals concentrated on the left bank. Although she visited the "Debutante" set only about three times during shooting, she never left Johnny's side during leisure hours.

But through it all John remained mum, even to his closest friends about matrimony. When asked if Vicki had her birth certificate since one is required to be married in France, John's cheerful but evasive reply was, "Well, I know Sandra Dee has hers with her. I can always marry her!"

After the marriage question made the rounds, there followed a second big one: Who is Vicki Thal? She's the daughter of the well known impressionistic painter Victor Thall and as such had entry into an easy sort of life if she'd wanted it. Instead, she enrolled at Los Angeles City College and became a waitress in an ice cream parlor. Friends call her Binky and her friends are the kind John goes for, too—struggling writers, artists, actors—not much money among them but lots of talent.

John met her in the ice cream parlor and while it wasn't love at first sight,

## LAST MINUTE FLASH!

# JOHN'S SECRET LOVE

her intelligence, warmth and lack of pretense or interest in Saxon the Movie Star won him over. They've dated quietly for a long time. Under his influence, Vicki's given up her egg-beater hairdo and let her dark, wavy tresses grow long. Under her influence, John's taken to painting and found it a fascinating outlet for his creative energies.

Could a marriage last? One newsmen here recalled John had said: "I don't want to lean on the girl I marry." Independence is a big thing with him and has undoubtedly added to his caution about tying the knot with anyone.

Someone who has watched the romance from its start summed it up by saying: "Sure it would last. John needs it. A lot of people mistake John's shyness for snobbishness. But around Vicki, he's much happier. Eventually, this is bound to make him more sociable and the final effect on his personal and professional life will be gratifying, I know."



*When John greeted Vicki Thal at Paris airport, friends were sure this was "it"*



# THE FABULOUS FACE

Continued from page 59

"She's spoiled," says someone who knows her well. "Terribly spoiled."

"She acts so bored," reports another. "Whenever I've seen her in public, she seldom even smiles."

"Those fights of hers with Mike are as bad as ever—maybe worse," reports a third. "They had one whale of a battle in Paris, just before they left for Moscow. Over such a silly thing, too. Liz went to the hairdresser's, and while she was there Mike went out and bought three dozen ties. When he came back, Liz wasn't enthusiastic about the ties, he definitely didn't like her new, short Paris haircut—and the fight was on!"

And what does Liz have to say? "I'm retired. I'm just a dull housewife now. Let Mike answer the questions."

Mike Todd is never at a loss for words, whether on the subject of his beautiful wife, or anything else. "Liz doesn't talk much," he explains, "because she gets hoarse listening to me talk."

But Mike's comments, voluble as they are, are pretty one-sided: "See that dress? (Pointing to Liz in a form-fitting Chinese satin sheath.) She's gonna start an epidemic—bring sex back! We bought twenty-five of 'em in Hong Kong. Wait'll the Russians get a load of Liz in the new clothes she got in Paris. It'll make them wish they never heard of communism!"

Liz smiles, and says nothing. This kind of adulation is as routine to her as talking about the weather. After all, she's had it ever since the day when she was eight years old and walked on a movie set the first time. "Go wipe that mascara off your face," the director ordered. "That isn't mascara," came the small, plaintive voice. "That's me." The director did a double take—and realized, like so many after him, that Liz' beauty is the genuine article.

She was born with double eyelashes. Her eyebrows, thick and black and beautifully shaped, are her own. So is her smooth, flawless complexion, which looks more fragile than it is. "Liz never has to fuss with creams and lotions," says a friend. "She can take the sun like a Texas rancher." Her hair is naturally curly, requiring only cutting and shaping; she shampoos it in the shower, and brushes it dry. She is probably the only girl in the world with purple eyes. Yes, purple. According to the light and the color of her gown, they range from light blue-violet to deep, honest-to-goodness purple. Since her ordeals of the birth of baby Liza and the appendectomy that followed, she's thinner, but on her, it looks good—115 pounds neatly distributed into the statistics 37, 19½, 35.

But what goes on in the heart and mind inside that gorgeous creature?

Because Liz was always overly protected, first by her closely hovering mother and later by studio people, there is a tendency to regard her as a namby-pamby without a will of her own. This is far from true. Liz has always known what she wants—at the moment, at least—and got it.

If others have done a good job of spoiling Liz, it's Mike Todd who is adding the finishing touches. Once, they were walking through a New York hotel lobby late at night when they passed a glass case in which a diamond-and-emerald necklace was on display. "How pretty!" said Liz. Whereupon Mike phoned the jeweler, had him send someone to unlock the case, and

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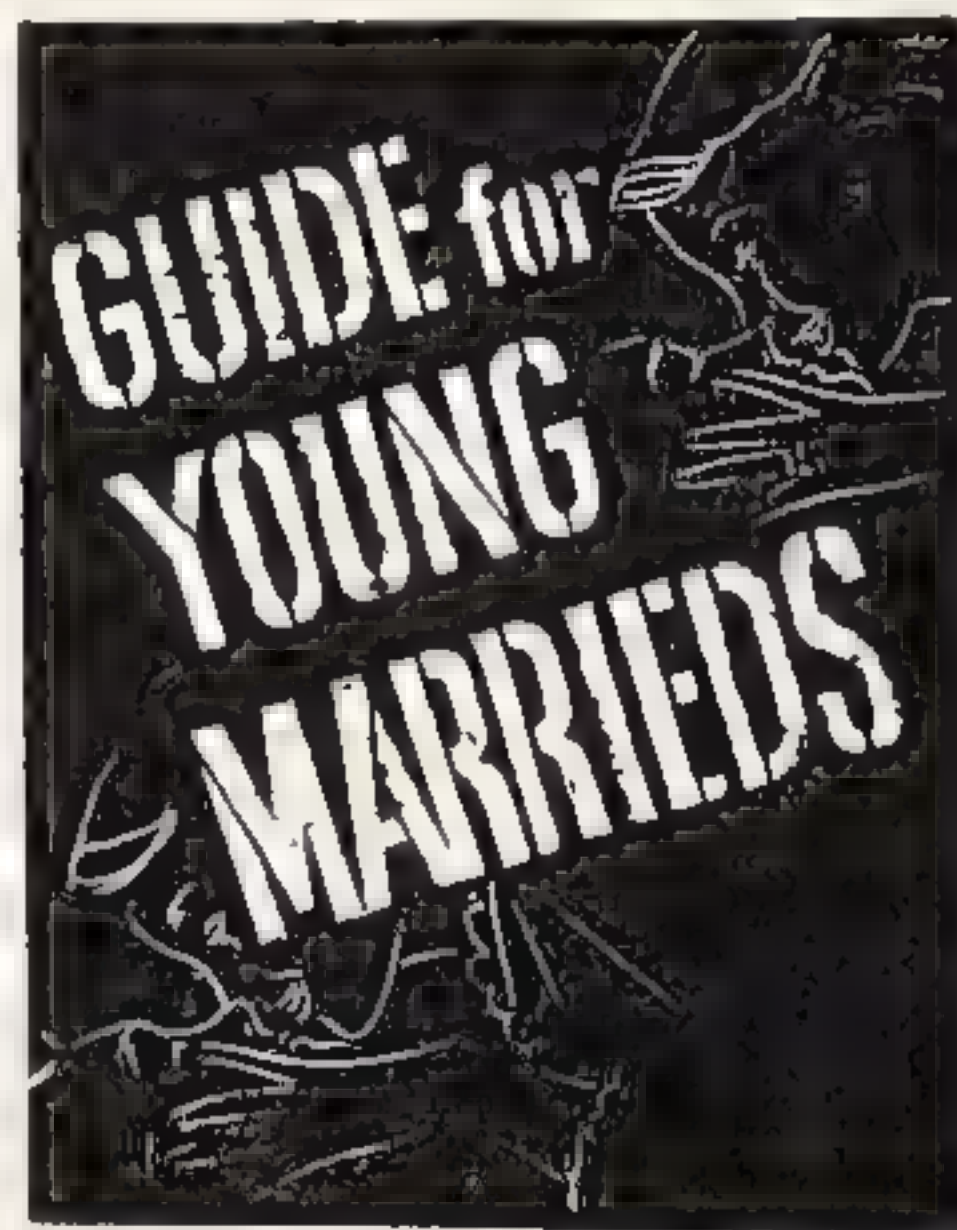
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presented her the necklace then and there.

She is like a kid with a key to the candy store. Once the thrill of possession is past, the goodies gorged upon, the thrill is gone. Then the search begins for something new and different. The girl who has everything really never gets much satisfaction from any of it because she has too much.

When she orders dinner, she will choose all the most elaborate and expensive items on the menu, then sit and nibble at them indifferently. A friend tells of the time she saw Liz having lunch in the M-G-M commissary. She had ordered a hamburger special—the day's menu piece de resistance of hamburger with all the works—when Debbie Reynolds, carrying a paper bag, came in and joined her. Debbie, a thrifty, practical soul, had brought sandwiches from home and ordered a glass of milk. Liz looked on wistfully as Debbie unwrapped her homemade lunch. Finally, she blurted out, "Debbie, would you mind swapping?"

"Of course not!" Debbie laughed. And while Debbie relished Liz' fancy, untouched platter, Liz devoured the homemade sandwiches to the last bite.

In choosing clothes, it's the same. Liz loves clothes, and has closets full, but she is always looking for something newer and prettier. Lately on a Chinese kick, she acquired, besides the twenty-five silk and satin sheaths purchased in Hong Kong (and slit to above the knee), a jade necklace, Chinese hair ornaments, and dangling Chinese earrings (she dotes on dangling earrings). "When I saw her come into a nightclub in one of these getups," relates a New York man-about-town, "she was a knockout, I must say—bright green satin dress, everything green. But I couldn't help but think it was a little too theatrical—gilding the lily, you know."

She will spend hours in a dress salon, just trying on gowns. Sometimes, when she can't decide which to take, she'll take all. Her latest pet designer is Lanvin, from whom she acquired a whole wardrobe, including a dazzling, gold-embroidered ball gown to go with her diamonds.

A friend who went with her to Ceil Chapman's on one of these shopping binges says, "She tried on gowns for such a long time I thought I would scream. I thought, 'Doesn't this girl think about anything but herself and her clothes?'"

"When we left the shop and got into a

taxi, Liz was still chattering about the clothes. Then suddenly, she saw a blind man on the street, being led by a Seeing Eye dog. She leads such a sheltered life that she'd never seen one before. Instantly, the clothes were forgotten. She was full of concern for the blind man, and fascinated by the dog. All the way back to the hotel, she talked of nothing else.

"I think," the friend adds, "that Liz is basically a much nicer girl than people realize. And when you consider the kind of life she's had, it's remarkable. She could easily have turned into a real brat."

"When I took pictures of her recently," says a photographer, "Mike was with her, and they were bantering and bickering away at a great rate. I thought I was in for a tough time. But when it came to posing, Liz went through it the way any other woman washes the dinner dishes. It's the same kind of familiar work routine to her. She fixes her dress and holds her head, doesn't fuss—she does what she's asked, without a murmur."

Docile and well-behaved as she is at work and in public, underneath there's a rebel streak. "I never wanted a career," she has often said, "it was forced upon me." She loves to tell about the time, after she had become a star, when the studios were after her handsome brother, Howard. "He had an appointment for a screen test, and when he went, he shaved his head. I was so proud of him!"

In revolt, she kicks off her shoes as soon as she comes home. Then, ignoring her "clothes horse" wardrobe, she slips into a blouse and skirt or slacks—anything that's comfortable—and gambols in barefoot glee upon the elegant furniture with six-year-old Mike and four-year-old Chris. With them, she can recapture again some of the wonderful freedom of childhood that, for her, ended all too soon.

She is very untidy. Clothes are strewn on the floor, her belongings clutter the tables. If the children spill their milk or the dogs scratch the upholstery and small fingerprints smudge the expensive wallpaper, it doesn't bother her. All of it, in effect, secretly delights her. Not because she is slovenly, but out of triumphant defiance against the too-perfect, not-a-hair-out-of-place discipline of her life in public.

"But what never ceases to astonish me," says one of her intimates, "is the way Elizabeth comes *alive* when she is out of the spotlight. She's like a different person.

I remember seeing her once, at a small baby shower for her, before little Chris was born. Some of the girls were well-known actresses, others were not connected with movies at all. There weren't any photographers or reporters present. There was Liz, cutting up and joking and laughing as I'd never seen her before. She acted just like any other girl, oohing and aching over her gifts. Somehow, it was very touching—as if, just for a little while, the bird of paradise had been let out of a cage to fly in the sun."

Today, Liz has few girl friends. The sad truth is that her old friends, not being blessed with the fabulous beauty that won a fabulous husband like Mike Todd, are simply not in her class. No snobbery is involved—but how can a girl keep in touch when she's being whirled from Paris, to Russia, to Greece, to Italy, to New York? Even Debbie Reynolds, who attended her at her wedding, she seldom sees—Debbie has a very busy life of her own.

The faithful Peggy Rutledge, her secretary and confidante from the difficult time of her divorce from Nicky Hilton through the Michael Wilding period, is the girl who knows her best. It was Peggy who, in the days when the Wildings lived in a \$150,000 mansion (bought on time), kept their haphazard household running, even to the point of dashing to the butcher's at the last minute for the meat Liz had forgotten to order. But Peggy can no longer be constantly at her side.

The only other person who has been a close friend to her is Monty Clift. In point of time, her firm friendship with Monty has outdistanced any of her marriages. As always, he stands by, ready to offer comfort and advice if she needs it. But he, too, is separated from her by distance. And Monty has problems of his own.

This leaves Mike Todd in the position of being husband, father, and friend rolled into one. That's the way he wanted it, and that's the way, at least Liz says, she wants it. It's a large order to fill.

There are problems, still. Liz, in spite of not having much notion of the value of a dollar, has a healthy respect for money and has learned that hard work goes into making it. She has supported herself most of her life, and, during her marriage to Michael Wilding, was supporting a good-sized household. Consequently, she takes a dim view of Mike Todd's extravagance, particularly his gambling. Once, half in fun but probably wholly in earnest, she said, "If we go broke, we'll always have my diamonds."

And now, at twenty-five, Liz has made a decision that indicates that she has really grown up. She has announced that, as soon as she finishes "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" for M-G-M, and "Don Quixote" for her husband, she is going to retire.

Once, long ago, she said, "I'm never going to be one of those sad aging actresses, trying to look younger than they are and hanging onto their youth." As usual, nobody paid attention. But she meant it.

And there is more to it than that. For Liz, this is the final revolt, the final casting off of the Legendary Liz, the girl with the fabulous face, and all the unhappiness, the boredom, the isolation that went with it. "I never wanted a career," she said. No—all she has ever wanted was to be a wife, spoiled, perhaps, but cherished, loving and loved by her husband and children.

It was Mike Todd—shrewd, wise Mike—who summed it up, when someone questioned him about the failures of his marriage to Joan Blondell and his romance with Evelyn Keyes.

"They are wonderful girls," Mike said. "The trouble was, they were actresses."

"Basically, Elizabeth isn't an actress. She's a woman."

THE END

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## DIANE VARSI'S SECRET TRAGEDY

Continued from page 41

in her simply furnished apartment near her studio, she shows gentleness and warmth, but an awareness far beyond her years. She has the candor of a child and amazing dark blue eyes that see straight through you. Looking a very vulnerable nineteen, Diane Varsi tells, in a deceptively calm voice, the story of a girl who has lived two lifetimes in those years.

"People ask, 'How can you be so calm?' And I'm screaming inside. I don't show emotion. I can't release it. It just stays inside until it finally explodes.

"I've always been this way," Diane goes on slowly. "I never could cry, even as a kid. I think that goes back to the day I saw my mother and my father cracking up. I watched them, and I knew what was happening. After that, whenever my father yelled at me I knew what was wrong with him. I knew he was scared. And I wouldn't cry or yell back. I'd go up to my room and play the radio real loud, or I'd 'run away' up in a tree.

"My life was abnormal, almost all of it. My people were sick people . . ."

Diane was born in San Francisco, where her grandfather was a well-to-do florist, but her own story begins in San Mateo, California, a suburban flower-and-truck-growing community, where the Varsis moved when she was seven years old. It begins in a big old two-story frame house with a big yard, but not big enough for a sensitive little girl with blond hair and grave blue eyes to escape the weakness and violence and sickness within.

Diane grew up very fast in an unhealthy atmosphere, all the while keeping an anxious eye on her younger sister, Gail, and on the ill parents who were battling against life until there were no whole people left. Just anger, frustration and the will to escape life the easiest way.

As Diane Varsi got older, she cherished one thought: "I'm not my mother's child. I'm not my father's. Who am I?" And a voice within her answered, "I am my own." Yet perhaps part of her success today could be a heritage from her parents. From her father: sensitivity and the need for self-expression.

"When he was a kid," Diane says, "he used to lock himself in his room for a day, reading. He was a brilliant guy. My grandfather wanted him to sell flowers, but he never really belonged in the business world. So he got into difficulty there, and he was broken. But today he's living alone, and he paints, and he's very happy.

"I was always closer to my father when I was a very little girl, but I had the feeling he was pretty disappointed in me. He wanted a son. When I was seven, he bought me a pair of levis and a red sweatshirt, and he taught me how to fight. Whenever I did anything adventurous—when I got into mischief—that was the time my father always seemed the proudest of me.

"My mother loved me very much," Diane goes on quietly. "I know that now. Maybe too much. She always wanted me to be perfect." Perhaps from her attractive mother came some of the strength that has made Diane survive. For her mother has struggled through years of illness, fighting for her own better day.

In the search for herself, Diane Varsi has become a motion-picture star. Her early experiences gave her the compassion, the awareness, the wealth of emotion and the sense of responsibility that enabled her to win an Academy Award nomination with her first appearance on the

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

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screen—that in “Peyton Place.”

But a little girl can't foresee such things. Life is now, this moment. “Ours was a big house, and I didn't really like it,” Diane recalls. “The first time we went there, I saw some paint on the stairs, and I asked somebody why it was there. ‘That means there are ghosts in the house,’ they said. That finished me.”

There were ghosts, all right. “That's where I first really saw my mother start to get ill,” Diane says. “I was nine years old, and at first I thought she was pretending, but then I knew better. Her personality changed, her whole face changed, and I knew.”

Diane's grandfather tried to get her to come live with them. “He used to say, ‘You just dance, Diane, and I'll take care of you. I'll buy you everything you want.’ I wanted to be a dancer then. But when I got a little older, I got more adventurous—or what he called ‘bad.’ Then he didn't want to have much to do with me, except when I would come to him and repent, tell him that I was really good, that I only did these things because I couldn't help it. He was always good to me—in his own way.

“There was never anybody I could feel close to, not really,” the girl across the table from me was saying now. “I tried to pretend I was like everybody else—that we were like everybody else.”

For a sensitive girl no amount of pretending would work. With the agony of the very young who feel themselves apart from the crowd, Diane Varsi began to withdraw from everyone. Not even her teachers could get through to her.

“I was too hostile and resentful,” she says. “I never studied—not the daily lessons. I'd flunk everything, but when the tests came I'd make good grades and they'd have to pass me. But I loved science, and I used to go to the library and read how-and-why books like mad.”

Any effort at socializing was too painful for Diane then. “I went to one dance when I was in the seventh grade, and I never went again,” she says. “I wore an orange dress, and I was pretty happy about it all. Afterwards, I found out the boy had invited me as a sort of joke, to get even with a girlfriend. He told me about it later. It was supposed to be a big laugh—he hoped I didn't mind.”

The seventh grade saw Diane Varsi's last effort to have any communication with her classmates. “For the first half of the school term I was vice-president, and that was pretty good in junior high.” Then Diane came to like a girl her classmates wouldn't accept. “Hey, you guys,” she protested, “this is a nice girl.”

“She's cheap,” they said. “She wears black skirts and pink sweaters.”

“Listen,” Diane told them. “This girl's very nice—and I'm going to talk to her.”

“The whole fight,” she recalls, “started about this. They tried to impeach me out of office, and after that I wouldn't study at all or take part in anything. They began to say a lot of things about me—for instance, that I wore black skirts. There were fights, and I ended up with a pretty tough gang of kids.”

Was that because she thought the others were snobs?

“I'd like to say that's what I thought—but no,” Diane admits levelly. “I just felt I didn't fit in. I told them I thought they were phony and gossipy, but I think at the time I would have liked to belong to their group, if I'd been able to. But I always felt too outside. My father seemed to me weak and tough. My mother seemed ill and very strange. I just didn't fit in. And the rough gang didn't really accept me, either.”

Diane Varsi began to believe there was no place where she could fit in.

The following year she went to a convent in Northern California: “I had a very bad time there—I got expelled,” she says in that calm voice. “Do you know why? Because some kids had brought some objectionable thing to school, and I wouldn't tell. The sisters stood up in front of the class and said, ‘We know someone in this class brought this object here. We don't know who it is, but there's someone who *does* know, and that's Diane Varsi.’ They'd already questioned everybody. Then they said, ‘If no one speaks up, she's going to be expelled from school.’

“No one spoke up, and I was *dying*,” Diane remembers. “I knew who'd done it. Three girls had been in on it—but not one of them raised a hand. The sisters called me into the office to talk to me, but I was just too far away from them. I wouldn't talk, and I put up a front like a tomboy then. I looked as if I'd say, ‘Oh well, I don't give a damn.’ I didn't feel that way inside, but I looked it. And they couldn't reach me at all.

“So they expelled me,” Diane goes on, “and I went home, though there were things going on at home that I didn't understand.” For Diane Varsi the pain was proving too much—watching something

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that should have been beautiful being destroyed, watching two she loved help destroy it. Her father felt closing in on him the difference between what he'd wanted to be and what he was.

“I didn't know what it was with my father. I'd felt there was something wrong, but I didn't really *know* until my freshman year in high school,” Diane says now. “One night my father took me for a ride, and he started to cry. He told me I had to take care of everything. He didn't know what to do with my mother. What could I do? And what *would* I do? I told him I didn't know. And then he really took me into his confidence.”

Diane kept worrying that night about what she could do to help. “The next day, being thirteen years old, I went straight home from school and I said, ‘Now, Mom, I'm going to cook dinner, and you're going to do this-and-that.’ My mother got very angry. When my father came home, she told him. Then my father slapped me, and he said, ‘Don't you *ever* tell your mother what to do. Don't you ever try to pretend you own this house or you're even part of this house.’”

Diane stood staring at him, unable to speak. “You don't just take somebody out and tell them they're the greatest and turn the keys over to them—and then do this,” she observes. “I knew then my father must be ill, too.”

You can't “run away” to the enclosing

branches of a tree when you're thirteen—but you can run. “It wasn't running away, really. I'd just say ‘Goodbye’ and I'd go out and I wouldn't come home for maybe three days,” Diane says. “I'd go and stay with a family I knew. I only really ran away twice, where nobody could find me.”

But one day she went out the door—and a police officer sent her back. “It was my sophomore year. I'd been to see the priest the night before, and I remember I'd told myself, ‘I'm going to have a new start—I really am.’” That morning she was dressing very carefully to go to school. She'd planned to wear her brown and white checked skirt, turquoise blouse and new turquoise shoes. “I looked for the shoes and I couldn't find them anywhere. I asked my mother if she'd seen them, and she said, ‘No.’ I kept looking, and I asked her again. ‘I don't have your shoes!’ she said. I finally found them in the closet in her room. Maybe she'd forgotten about them—I don't know.”

Hurt and angry, Diane confronted her mother with them. “I'm going to tell you something, Diane,” her mother said furiously. “If you don't change, nobody's ever going to love you. When you get that expression on your face, you're just *ugly*!”

This had been Diane Varsi's fear from childhood: that nobody would love her. “I remember I just looked at her, and I said, ‘You're going to be so sorry, Mother. I'm going to do something so bad.’”

She ran out of the house with her mother's words echoing. Walking along the street, she ran into a girlfriend who decided to go with her. They went to a station where a friend kept a car parked, and Diane got in behind the wheel, and they drove off.

As they drove back into town that afternoon, a cop stopped them. “Your name Varsi? Do you know this is grand theft?”

“I—I didn't know it was that bad,” Diane said.

“It is,” he said. “You could go to a detention home.”

The cop called her father, and he came right over to get her. “Well, Diane,” he said, “your mother's in the hospital—you put her there.”

“I didn't put her in the hospital,” she protested. “How could I?”

“The Welfare Board came to the house today,” he said. “They said you hadn't been in school—and they also said you cried in the Dean of Girls' office the other day and told her there was trouble going on at home.” Then he looked at her and levelled, “You know that's not true, Diane.”

For her father, Diane Varsi could feel only sympathy. He was very ill.

She went home and called a boy she'd been dating steady and told him what had happened that day. “I wanted to tell you—I knew you wouldn't want me to bother you any more.”

“Thanks, Diane,” he said, “for making it all easy.”

“That's all right,” she said wearily. “It's all easy.”

No part of it was easy for a teenager who was constantly fighting and picking herself up off the floor to fight again the shadows she couldn't identify.

Not long after this the Varsis moved to the Northwest to stay with Diane's mother's parents, and there seemed hope of another life here—at first. A green and growing and healthy life. The surroundings were different, but the story proved much the same. The first day at Diane's new school, a boy came up to her in the hall and made a cruel remark about her father. Diane could find no defense. But she survived the following days and kept going. “I was getting good grades in school, and I was really trying, until . . .”



She breaks off. For a moment, she is quiet. . . . Until she came home from school one day and saw a scene she wouldn't forget for a long time. Her grandfather told her mother to leave the house and take Diane and her sister with her. In the middle of the aftermath, the big family row, Diane ran away. "It was around Christmas, and it was snowing," she remembers. "I went out in the shed and put on some workmen's clothes and a pair of boots. And I started running in the snow. I didn't go home that night. I didn't sleep. I just wandered around. It was raining and snowing, my hair was a wet straggle down my back. My grandfather found me the next day 'way out in the country, sitting at the side of the road."

After that, she says now, "Nobody in the whole world could get through to me. My mother tried to talk to me, to explain, and I wouldn't listen. I've always felt guilty—that I wouldn't listen." Instead, Diane merely asked permission to quit school and go to work. Her mother refused.

One more escape—to Canada, where Diane worked briefly in a restaurant—and she went back to school for a couple of days. Then, Diane says, "I just couldn't go to school any more. When my father went away, I got married."

Looking at Diane today, it's hard to realize that she's been married twice. A beautiful little boy with blond, curly hair—Shawn—lies sleeping in the next room. He's the most precious thing in life to her.

Diane describes her first husband as "a good-looking, dark-haired boy, quiet, unaware, but very sensitive."

To a troubled teenager, marriage seemed at last a safe haven. But pressures of years had been too heavy, and Diane was dangerously near a nervous breakdown. "When we were married, all of this started to react on me. I would have hallucinations, and I would wake up screaming. My husband was young, too. He didn't know how to cope with this, and neither did I."

They weathered the hazard, but there wasn't much communication between them, and Diane seemed to be living in a vacuum again—not touching reality. Then one day an old girlfriend dropped by to see her.

Diane recalls the conversation: "She began talking about different subjects, and she asked me some question, something about religion. I didn't even know what she was talking about, and she got very irked with me."

Finally her friend said, "Diane, let me tell you something right now. You've always had a fine mind. Do you want me to bring you some books?"

"What do I want with books?" Diane shrugged.

"I'll bring you some books!" the girl stormed as she went out.

"So she brought the books to me and I read them. She brought more books and more. I read like a fiend. I went to the library, and I studied philosophy and psychology—everything!"

"Then I started having my own 'thinks,'" Diane goes on. "About what I was going to do with my life. My husband and I had slowly started drawing apart." There was less ground for communication now than ever. He was spending a lot of time with his people. And Diane was preparing for another life, her own life at last. She had to find her own identity.

Rebirth into reality had its growing pains. In simplifying her life, she went to extremes at first. "I took a big pair of shears and I cut my hair to about an inch

long all over my head. I never wore make-up. I was studying yoga, and I meditated a lot. I was so quiet, I was spooky," she recalls.

Earnestly seeking, Diane thought of becoming a choreographer or perhaps a schoolteacher. Finally, she knew she wanted to sing folk songs. Diane had done some jazz singing. "I hadn't really worked anywhere, just singing a song at a club on the Bayshore Highway or wherever I could." But she was sure that what she had to share with other people could be told best in the emotion and the earthy simplicity of folk songs.

She went back home for a visit, and this was a Diane her family couldn't understand, peaceful and serene, with a yearning for simple things—a girl who'd gotten religion, had her hair cropped off and wanted to sing folk songs. Diane's mother was concerned and expressed her concern in the wrong way.

One evening Diane was sitting in a club listening to the band. She knew the pianist there, and she was going to do a song, when all of a sudden three policemen were at the door. "I heard somebody say, 'They're looking for you. You'd better get out of here.' Somebody showed me a back way out and I ran down an alley and I kept running until I found an empty trash can. I got inside it and hid, and I was scared."

When she knew the cops must be gone, Diane went back and found out why they had been looking for her. "Apparently my mother had called them and told them I was acting very strange, hanging around night clubs with all sorts of characters. I was stunned. All I'd done was sing folk ballads. I thought, 'What am I going to do now?'"

A girlfriend knew some people who had an apartment in San Francisco near Chinatown. "Nobody would ever look for you there," she suggested. And so they drove there. "But I kept thinking, 'What am I going to do?'" Diane says. "This place—I don't want to stay here."

Then Diane Varsi stopped to ask herself, "Why am I running away?" And she used some of her yoga belief, reminding herself, "I am God's child and you will not hurt me. I don't have to run away. I haven't done anything. I don't ever have to run again."

It was five o'clock in the morning, but Diane had made her decision. She ran down the darkened apartment stairs, along the shadowy doorways in Chinatown, to find a pay phone. She called the police. "This is Diane Varsi," she said. "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes," they said. "Look, Diane—your mother called us up. We wouldn't go out on a charge like that. We know your grandfather, and we know who you are. But she got hold of somebody else who did go out on the charge. Since you've called in and checked, that's all. Good night."

Diane hung up. That was that. She'd run from shadows for the last time. Now she was going to head toward the sun. She was going to find Diane Varsi.

"I remember telling myself, 'I'm going to take everything I've ever done and everything I've ever seen and everything I've ever heard—and I'm going to make them into something I can use,'" Diane Varsi said. "I knew there must be something I could do with all this. Something I could express somewhere. . . ."

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# SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Continued from page 38

cigarettes, a dog-eared script, some printed pads used for a word game, and three books: "The Diary of Anne Frank," Thomas Wolfe's "The Web and the Rock," and William Faulkner's "The Town." Torn pieces of paper stuck out of the pages of all three, marking the places where Rock had been reading. This is the only man I know who can read three books at the same time.

He spoke to Addie-Mae about his phone messages, and then he excused himself and went two-at-a-time up some narrow stairs that curved and disappeared behind the fireplace. The decor was chic and sophisticated and rather formal, and it didn't look like Rock at all. Except for a few of his personal things located in the corners—a bag of golf clubs, a pair of swim-fins and a snorkel tube, a portable hi-fi, and a tremendous stack of records—I wouldn't have believed that Rock really lived there.

He came down the stairs in huge strides and a fresh pair of socks. He had run a comb through his hair and he was also wearing a change of slacks and sports shirt. "Are you hungry? Shall we eat?" he inquired. "If you're ready, I think Addie-Mae is. Then we can talk later."

Candle-light covered the table in the dining alcove and Addie-Mae served a fine lettuce and tomato salad with a piquant French dressing. Then she passed freshly-baked hot rolls.

"This apartment belongs to a friend of mine, Henry Ginsberg," Rock said, and of course that explained it. "He's in New York now, and he let me move in for a few weeks. Henry produced 'Giant,' you may remember. And he'll be a partner in my own producing company, if and when we get going. Right now I still have four years to go on my exclusive contract with Universal-International, but my agent is dickering for the right to make some outside pictures on an independent basis. I've been in Hollywood seven years now and I think I've earned that right. I've learned a lot. Some of my first pictures were pretty bad."

Addie-Mae took the salad plates and brought in lamb chops, green peas and stuffed baked potatoes—Rock's own menu.

"You would like Italy I think," he said. "The people are wonderful and full of warmth, and the tempo is much slower than it is over here. The food isn't the greatest in the world, but I enjoy it. For some reason, though, I lost weight while I was there last year . . . ten or fifteen pounds. Maybe it was the weather. It was very cold in the Italian Alps where we shot our exteriors, and then it was terrifically hot in Rome when we arrived there to film the interior shots."

After dinner we drifted into the living room and I asked Rock if he thought he had changed much since he came to Hollywood. He was stretched out almost flat on the sofa with his long legs resting on the coffee table. His eyes were partly closed, and his coffee cup was balanced on his stomach.

"People sometimes refer to me as rich and successful," Rock went on. "And that always gives me a hollow laugh. I do make a good salary, but I'm miles from being rich. Government taxes take about eight out of every ten dollars I make. I'm still driving a 1955 convertible because I can't afford a new one. And despite the fact that I get star billing, I can't think of myself

as successful. Not when I have such a long way to go as an actor.

"That's one reason I'd like to do a play. In the movies, as you well know, we put a performance together piece by piece. If a scene is wrong we can shoot it a dozen times if necessary. And there are all sorts of ways—mechanical ways—to help an actor over a rough spot. But on the stage you have to learn to sustain a performance and project a complete character. And nobody can help you once the curtain goes up. It's make or break then, and it's entirely up to you. That's where the real excitement comes in."

"Would you be scared on a Broadway stage?" I asked him.

"I would be scared silly," Rock said. "But that's nothing new. I'm still scared in front of a movie camera, even after seven years. So that's not important. What is important is to try. To make the attempt. To probe your own possibilities."

Addie-Mae came in and said she had made another pot of coffee and would leave it on the stove for us. Then, if there was nothing more Rock wanted, she believed she would go home. Rock smiled and thanked her and said that would be fine. He got up and wrote a check at the desk and padded out to the kitchen with it. When he came back he was humming a little tune.

"That melody haunts me," he said. "It's one of the arias from Wolf-Ferrari's opera, 'I Quattro Rusteghi.'" He spoke the words with true Italian inflection. He strode to the piano and stood in front of it, squatting a little and hunching his shoulders so that his fingers could reach the keys. Then he played a brief series of chords that blended into a charming little refrain. "Isn't that delightful?" he said. "It's rather like modernized Mozart with Italian accents. I heard it months ago in Venice, Italy, and it has stayed with me ever since."

One of the fascinating things about this movie business is that something new is always happening. Last year I heard that opera in Italy, and then just a few weeks later I was riding the surf off Hawaii. That makes for a nice change of pace.

He leaned back. "I like change, and I guess I'm changeable. I like new places and new faces, but once in a while I get bored. Rainy days bore me. Cold weather without snow bores me. Cocktail parties and some of the people you meet at cocktail parties bore me. Some mornings I wake up with that all-is-lost feeling. I can't get going, and I know it's going to be one of those what's-the-use days. But most of the time I feel good and I know it's great to be alive. Especially when the sun shines."

He sipped his coffee. After a little interval of silence he was faced with another question. "If you had your life to live all over again, would you do it the same way?"

Rock's expression grew elliptical and introspective. Two long spatulate fingers reached out to massage a socked heel while his thoughts arranged to cope with the hypothetical. "That's a pretty 'iffy' question," he said finally. "Because of course life *can't* be lived over again. But on a theoretical basis, I suppose I would probably do the same things."

"I've made plenty of mistakes, that's sure. The first twenty-two years of my life were a mess. I was always at loose ends. But you learn as you live and gain maturity, and that's all part of the pattern. If I could go back again in time I'm sure my compulsions would be the same. I've always wanted to be an actor. I never liked the idea of working in an office and doing the same things day after day.

"When I first came to Hollywood," Rock said, "I was lucky. I didn't get any big breaks right away, but at least I wasn't starving. Still those first years were rough. I was ambitious and very impatient. I brooded about getting the right parts, and I hated some of the things I had to do. I was close to quitting many times. If I had failed completely as an actor I don't know what might have become of me. I'm sure I wouldn't have stayed around Hollywood playing extra roles. I think I might have become a landscape gardener because I like to work in the soil with plants and flowers. On the other hand, there's a good chance that I might have turned out to be a bum."

"Most things just happen to me, I don't think I'd be able to pin down the major influences in my life. I've heard that your behavior patterns are formed when you're very young . . . perhaps five years old. And after that your basic attitudes don't change much despite what happens to you from day to day. Which could be. In my case, I've never been one to sit down and make elaborate plans. I'm an emotional rather than a mental type. I drift into things. Actually, I'm sort of lazy. I slip into ruts, and then it's hard to get out of them. I seldom influence other people."

"Sometimes I make friends easily, and sometimes I don't. In this business you have to relate to a great many others, and it isn't always easy. I'm not completely responsive. But I do like people, all kinds, and without any set patterns. I like social contacts. I seldom enjoy being alone. Being an actor, I have a dramatic mind. I'm not always realistic. I'm inclined to look at the world through rose-colored glasses. Right now everyone seems to be concerned with the possibility of being blown up, but this doesn't bother me. When I think of rockets and Sputniks I have visions of weekend trips to the moon. And this fascinates me. When they start selling tickets for junkets into space I'll be one of the first in line."

I just kind of live from day to day and week to week. And maybe that's a philosophy of sorts. Maybe that's what life is . . . to be lived. So I just try to do my job and be as happy as I can."

"What makes you happy?" I asked him.

"Music, for one thing," Rock said. "I react very strongly to harmony and rhythm. I have been happy listening to Beethoven or Brahms or Stravinsky, and I have been sad, too. It depends upon the mood."

He went on, "Happiness is so illusive. It's hard to pinpoint. It can be emotional or spiritual. Even physical. I have been happy while looking at a beautiful painting, or just sitting in a great cathedral. And I have been happy while careening down a ski slope in the Italian Alps. Or maybe that was excitement and exhilaration rather than true happiness."

Rock said, "One of the weirdest moments of happiness I ever experienced was deep in the ocean. Off Maui last summer I had gone down with a tank of oxygen and a pair of swim fins. Suddenly I was aware of an impression of almost complete peace. I felt transported. I had an intense desire to go on down deeper and never return to the surface again. Later I learned that this is not an uncommon sensation among skin divers. It is known as depth rapture. And it is really an out-of-this-world experience."

"There is nothing like sweaty exercise to make you feel relaxed and contented. In the army they used to give us calisthenics by the hour. All the guys hated it, but the result was physical fitness."

It was now very late; past one in the morning. I suggested that it was time to go, but Rock put the coffee pot back on



the stove. "You ought to have just one more cup," he said. "For the road."

What do you want now?" I asked. "Lots of things," Rock said. "Specifically, I want good parts in good pictures. I want to improve myself as an actor, and I would like to achieve some sort of independence in my work. I don't mean this selfishly. An actor needs discipline, but he also needs enough independence to be able to arrive at his own personality."

"A few years ago I scoffed at the idea of psychoanalysis," he went on. "I thought this was strictly for mental patients. Today I know better. Now I'm considering analysis for myself."

"What is my problem? you ask me. Am I mentally or emotionally disturbed?" He grinned, shaking his head. "Of course not. Although you must realize that to want to be an actor you have to be at least partially nuts."

"Almost all the members of the Actors Studio in New York have been psychoanalyzed," he said. "Their idea is that when you are creating a character you must make use of all the experiences of your own life. Thus the more a man knows about himself, the better actor he is likely to be. At least, that's the theory. And since it's improvement I'm aiming at . . .

well, I'm going to give it some thought."

"And what motivates all this?" I asked him. "More success? Money? Fame?"

Rock shook his head. "Those aren't the primary reasons," he said. "Although I certainly won't deny that I enjoy all three."

"What I'm really working for is fulfillment. To live life to its fullest. To work at top capacity. And to do the very finest job I can with the abilities that have been given me."

Rock walked with me to the door. His shoes still rested where he had stepped out of them hours earlier, and he padded across the carpet in his socks. Even so, he towered. As he opened the door he stooped instinctively to avoid knocking his head.

We said our goodbyes and then I added, "A while ago we spoke of moments of happiness. But do you think you will be able to find it on a permanent basis?"

"I certainly hope so," he said. "But it's quite a trick to know just where to look." Pausing, he leaned against the door jamb, his eyes searching the distance. His shrug was an eloquence of unspoken emotions. "I don't know," he said finally. "Believe me, I wish I did."

Above us the stars were bright. Down the path Rock's words echoed through the cool, clear night.

THE END

## NIGHT OF TERROR

Continued from page 71

. . . I'll show them who's polite if that call doesn't come through soon." But then his gaze shifted from the telephone to Pilar's photograph, and he relaxed and remembered the first time they met . . .

He had been in Lima, Peru, scouting locations for a picture his company, Batjac Productions, was planning to make on the Incas. He went to Tingo Maria, where a Peruvian company was making a film and was introduced to its star, Pilar Palette. She was very pretty. They talked of acting, pictures, Peru, and Hollywood. Then they shook hands, said goodbye, and that was that.

Several months later, he ran into her again at a Hollywood party. He saw her sitting in a corner and went over and introduced himself. Her first words bowled him over: "Yes, I know you're John Wayne, because we've met before." He tried his darndest to recall where or how they'd met. Pilar hadn't helped. As he stumbled and fumbled in suggesting places where they might have first seen each other, and people who might have introduced them, she just kept shaking her head "No." Finally, he gave up. "Look," he said, "I've put my big feet into it. I don't remember where we met. I don't even remember your name. And I feel like a fool. Help me out. Come to dinner with me and tell me all about us."

That was the first of a lot of dinners, almost every night. Over a year. Then he had to go to Hawaii on location, and the thought of not being with her was too much to bear. So he insisted she come along, with his secretary, Mary St. John, as chaperone. And Pilar agreed.

John shifted the pillow in back of his head, shoving it up higher so that he could get a better look at Pilar's picture. Then the memories of Hawaii flooded over him, swiftly . . .

The time that he brought the entire orchestra of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel up to the hall outside Pilar and Mary's room and serenaded them exactly at 12:01 a.m., the first moment of Pilar's birthday. How he talked the girls into getting dressed to

"get some coffee," and how the coffee turned out to be a full-blown party with 300 guests gathered to celebrate Pilar's birthday . . .

The sun-drenched days and moon-lit nights in which their love flowered. The magic moment when he asked her to marry him, and she said "Yes." . . .

The twilight wedding on the lawn of Hawaiian Senator William Hill's house, with all the inhabitants of Kailua, who had closed their shops and dressed up in their best clothes, in attendance. How Pilar said "I Do" just as the sun sank into the Pacific. The way the natives and the members of the picture crew all lined up to kiss the bride. Then the dancing, singing procession that led them by torchlight to the airport and wished them Aloha. And the last sight of Hawaii as they soared into the sky and headed for California and home. . . .

The word home seemed to serve as a cue to the telephone, and its loud brring brought John up and across the room in one leap. "Hello," he said. "Hello," Ward replied. "What in the heck happened?" John asked.

"What happened? What happened?" Ward repeated. "A stampede. That's what happened. Seems that about a hundred firemen came into this place all at once. Fellows from seven fire companies who'd been fighting the fire. Well, they'd done their job. Saved the whole downstairs, although everything upstairs burned up. So Web Overlander—she turned in the alarm and we've all been at her place since—invited them in for coffee, and they all came at once. They, and the photographers and reporters, and your brother Bob and his wife, and Toni and her husband, and Mary St. John, and Frances Henaghan, and me and my Missus, and Pilar and the baby and the maids and the dogs all crowded into a couple of rooms. Well, someone knocked over the telephone. By the time I picked it up we'd been cut off."

"Aissa? Pilar?" John asked.

"Both asleep. Upstairs. They'll check into a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. And they're both fine."

"Honest?" John asked. "You're leveling with me."

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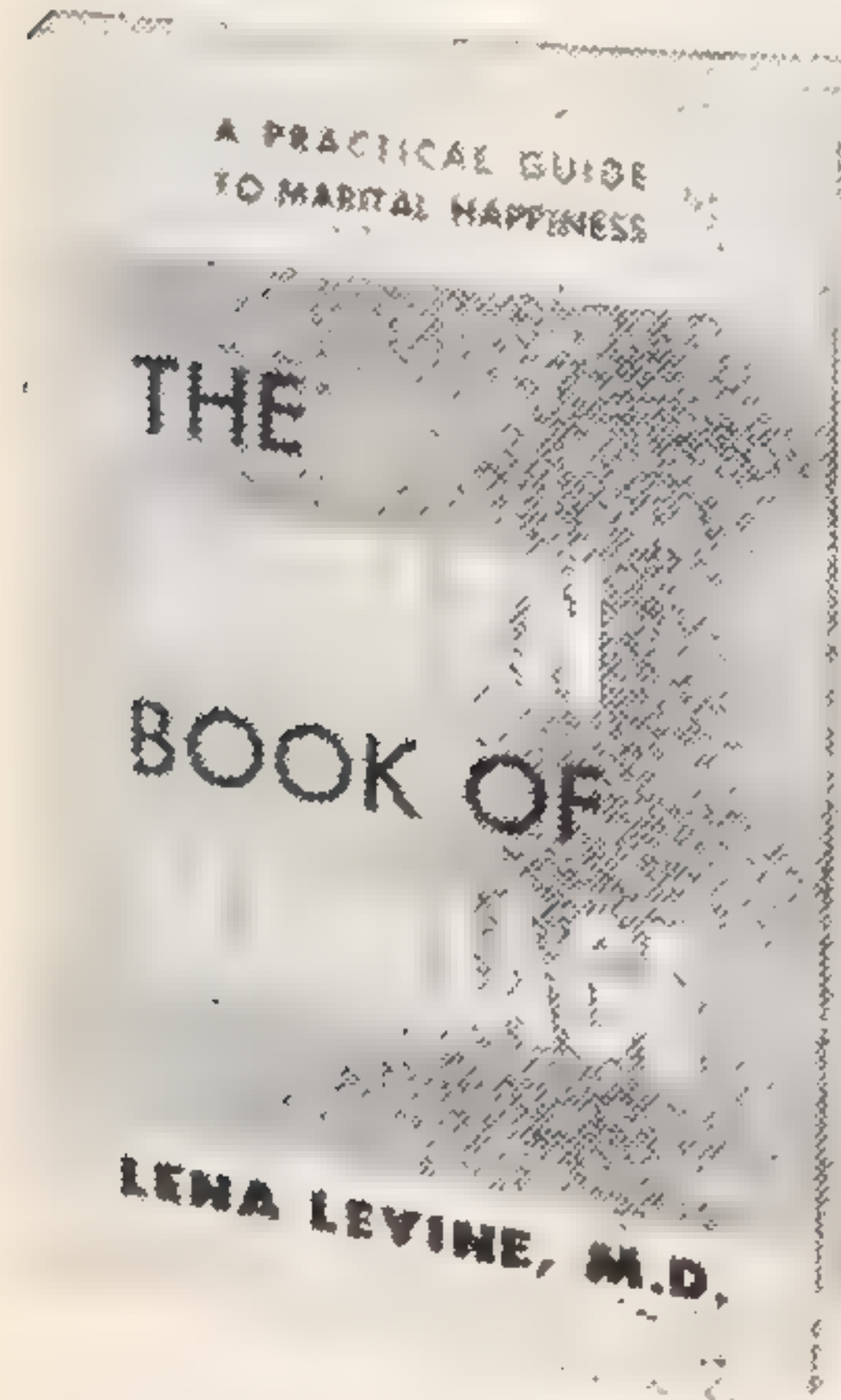


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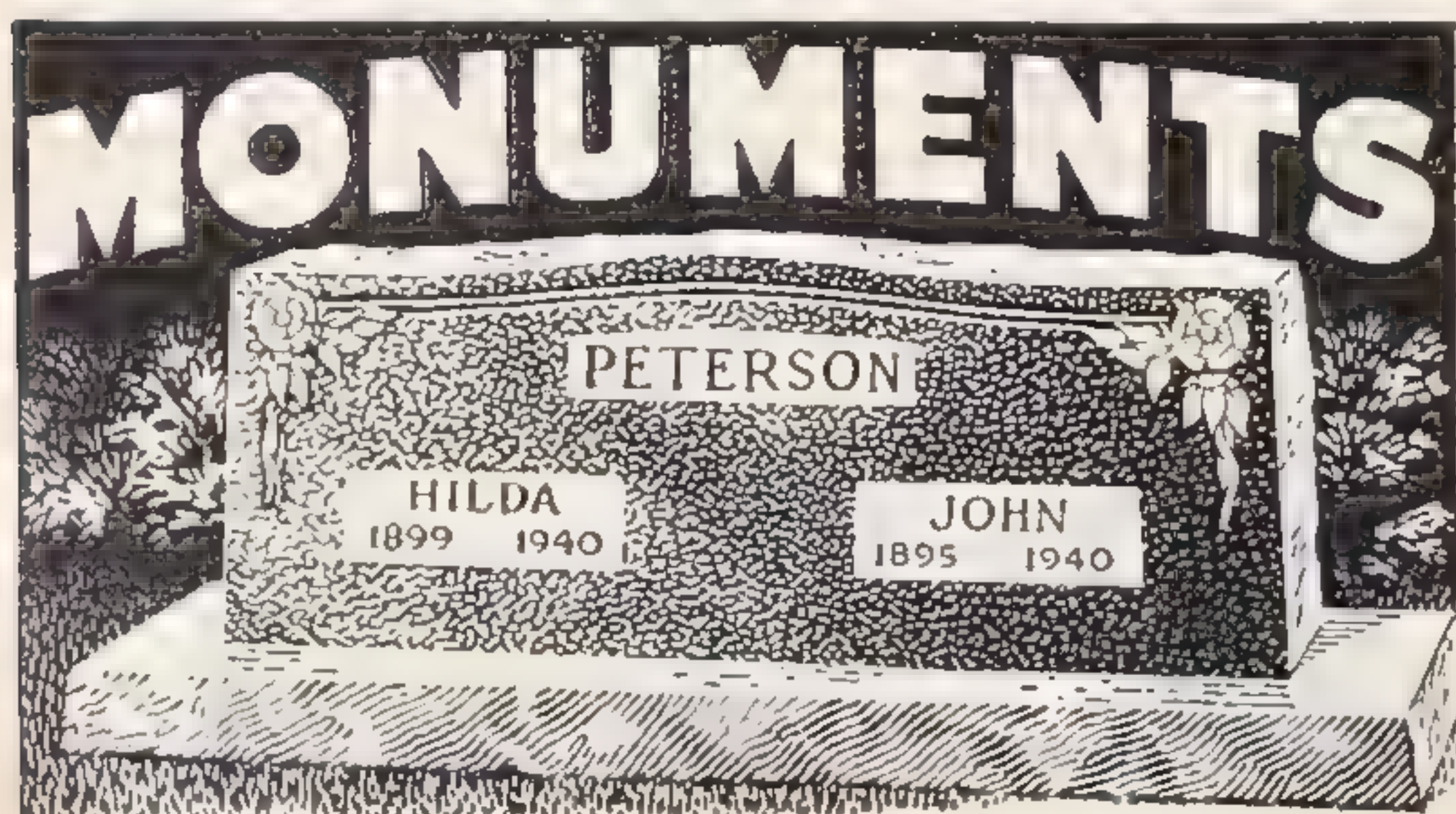
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"Honest," Ward said. "She's in better shape than you are, that's for sure. Even though Doc Mitchelson gave her something to put her to sleep, she talked to the boys from the press. She told them: 'Blackie always sleeps on my bed—and he always will.' My Missus says she's never seen anyone with a better sense of humor than your Missus. Pilar's clothes were all burned up and all she had were the nightgown and bathrobe she rushed out in. Well, Fran Henaghan brought over some slacks and a shirt, but she forgot underwear. My Missus, who, as you know, is bigger than Pilar, donated panties and a bra. Your wife said she'd have a hard time getting shoes to match this new outfit. Seems she'd just bought a slue of new shoes to match all her dresses and clothes, and of course everything went up in smoke. And just like a woman, the first thing she asked for after she got out of the fire was some eye makeup and lipstick. That shows you how 'all right' she is."

"Okay," John laughed. "You've convinced me. Ward, tell Pilar . . . tell Pilar . . ."

"Don't worry," Ward said. "I'll tell her. And she'll call you tonight. Get some sleep. Good morning."

"Good morning, Ward, and thanks."

John went over to the desk, scribbled "For the Girl Who Has Nothing" on a piece of paper, clipped a blank check to it, and enclosed note and check in an envelope addressed to his wife. He put Air Mail-Special Delivery stamps on it. And he called for a maid and told her to send the letter off "pronto." Then he went to bed.

He tossed and turned, pounded his pillow into different shapes to get comfortable. "Can't stand these little beds," he thought. And then he remembered the bed at home, the super-king-size bed ("Duke-size," Pilar had called it) that had just gone up in flames, and he remembered the priest's amazement when he saw it . . .

The bed had been his special surprise for Pilar. He had told Avery Rennick, who decorated the whole house for the newlyweds, exactly what he wanted and the decorator had outdone himself. It was an Early American Settle bed, built on the foundation of a tremendous Old English bench on which Yorkshire farmers had smoked more than 200 hams at a time. It had been really modernized: arm rests on the sides, which could be raised and lowered; a cigarette compartment for him (Pilar didn't smoke—so how did the fire start?); a pull-down book rack; a control panel for television, radio, several telephone lines—by just flicking a switch you could turn on the lights downstairs or even open the front gate; and a slide-out backgammon tray fitted into the headboard. The works! Gone.

He didn't mind so much about the other things that had been destroyed: the special gymnasium where he worked out; all his clothes; Pilar's dresses, blouses, skirts, shoes, coats, and what-nots; the baby's nursery and crib and toys including the gizmo he had rigged up whereby he and Pilar, sitting downstairs watching TV, could turn on Channel 6, and see a picture of their little daughter snug under her blankets; the antiques he had collected all over the world. But the bed . . . Hadn't that been what Pilar had said earlier on the phone? ". . . but the bed, the bed."

Even the priest who had blessed their house right after John had carried Pilar across the threshold had been impressed. Pilar, and the Catholic priest, and he had walked from room to room, and in each they'd stop a moment and the good Father would take sacred equipment out of a little black bag and bless each corner. In the bedroom he stopped short and said he had never seen such a large bedroom in his life, or such a huge bed. "Like a football

field," Pilar had said. And they had all laughed. Then the priest prayed that God would bring joy and fertility to all who lived in this house. And He had.

A soft knock on the door interrupted his reverie. A bellboy was there with two telegrams. The first, signed Pilar, asked: "How do you like one-story houses?" The second, signed Blackie, said: "I guess I'm a Peruvian national hero, but all I did was wake up Mommie and say, 'get me out of this house.'"

"Tell the desk I'm taking no more calls, and I don't want to be disturbed," John told the boy. And grinning, he went back to bed and straight to sleep.

That evening another call came through from Pilar. She told him their two hundred and fifty thousand dollar home had now become a one hundred and twenty five thousand dollar home, that the entire second floor had been gutted, although the firemen had managed to save her furs and jewels.

"How about the first floor?" he asked.

She assured him that except for some minor water damage, everything was okay. And nothing in the den, his favorite room, had been injured. It was exactly as he had left it: thick red rug on the floor and amber-colored draw curtains at the windows; trophies all over the place; gun collection in the cabinet; framed awards on the walls; family of Kachina dolls, made by the Pueblo Indians, on his desk. His special projection room, with CinemaScope screen in the ceiling, hadn't been touched. And his valuable collection of authentic prints of Indian life, his hi-fi set hidden in an antique phonograph, his movie mementoes and his billiard table were all safe.

"How did the darn thing start?"

She explained that there were two theories: one, that a faulty gas jet in the bedroom had set it off; the other, that heat from a fireplace in the living room, where logs had been burning that night, had come up through the chimney to the fireplace upstairs, igniting the nylon rug right next to it. From there the flames had traveled to a stack of phonograph records, to the drapes, and to the bed itself which had a nylon fluff comforter on it.

"You sound so healthy and cheerful," said John, "that I forgot to ask the most important. How are you and Aissa?"

"Fine, Duke, fine," she said. "Wait, someone wants to say hello to you." And a tiny voice said, "Hi, Daddoo."

For the next few minutes John made grunts and groans and gurgles which only a young lady of twenty months can understand. And she answered with words and sounds just meant for his ears. Suddenly, her coos and goos and Daddoos were interrupted by a insistent yip-yapping.

"It's Blackie," Pilar's voice cut in. "He wants some attention, too. He wants you to see the gold medal he has on his neck. It says: 'To Blackie, for bravery above and beyond duty.' He knows we're talking about him; he's wagging his tail."

"Give him all the attention in the world, honey. He deserves it. And, Pilar, if I can possibly swing it, I'll never make a movie away from California again. Or if I do, you and Aissa and Blackie will all come with me."

There followed a minute or two of husband-wife talk, and then Pilar said: "Duke, Avery Rennick says he can get us a bed just like the one we lost. So I'll still be able to beat you at backgammon before breakfast."

"Great," said John, "you'll have your chance sooner than you think, 'cause I'm dying to see our one-story house. And, honey, buy some extra steak, the best. Not for me, for Blackie. Can't do all that rescuing on just dog biscuits." THE END



# IT CAN BE LONELY

Continued from page 56

had a Hollywood screen test, after all! I think this is a helpful thing to think when you feel as I did. Just say to yourself, when you feel frightened in some situation: "Look, you are just one person in a world full of people and others have had to go through this same thing. They've lived through it, so who are you to drop dead or anything?" It helps.

Well anyway, I wished that somebody would show up so we could get it over with. Waiting is so hard. It's like when you go to the dentist and somebody is inside making little moans and you hear the drill and you know your turn is next. But there wasn't anybody. Just those Martians overhead, laughing and talking to each other and not seeing that there was this scared kid on the stage, which was me.

How can they laugh, I said to myself, when I'm simply dying? I started to say my lines out loud, because my throat felt dry, like it needed oiling. My voice sounded so small and shaky. I knew I had to speak up when the time came, so I tried it louder. Then one of the men called down, "You're OK, Blondie."

"Hello," I said, as if he was an old friend. "I'm kind of practicing."

Another man said, "Just don't give a darn. Go get a drink of water," and his companion added, "Just go get a drink!"

We all laughed. It seemed to break the ice that was in my veins. Friendly people. How much that can mean at a time like that. At any time. I made up my mind then and there that I'd always try to say a friendly word to anybody who was scared about having a screen test—that is, if I ever got into a movie studio again. I wondered if my "career" might be over before it began.

I got the drink of water, and when I came back, the others had arrived. I made an "entrance" by tripping over a cable cord. That was because I caught a glimpse of Johnny Saxon. He was going to make the test with me. I think that test lasted longer than any in history. You know why? I had to kiss Johnny. Sound easy?

Every time it came to the place in the script where I was supposed to kiss him I flunked out. I evaded that kiss like it was the kiss of death. I just couldn't do it. I was so embarrassed. He was so patient with me and so was Ross Hunter, who was producing the picture.

Then after we'd gone through it about a couple of dozen times, I happened to look up, and one of my friends gave me a wink. If there is any such thing as a wink of encouragement, that was it.

"You're OK, Blondie" kept repeating in my mind. But I wasn't acting OK. I was failing because of my stupid shyness.

Ross Hunter said I was doing just fine, and to let's try the whole scene once more. Once more. He was giving me one more chance. I think it was at that moment that I really was sure I wanted to be an actress. Well, I kissed Johnny. I got the part.

After the test for "The Wonderful Years" they weren't ready to start the picture, so Universal, who has signed me to a contract, lent me to M-G-M for "Until They Sail," my first picture. Here I was playing an important role with such wonderful people as Jean Simmons and Joan Fontaine. They were so nice to me. I used to watch all their scenes, because I knew I needed to learn.

Sometimes I have spurts of confidence and sometimes I feel so shy I want to go

and hide. I had one of my confident feelings when I first went to see the picture. I said to myself, "I'm going to walk in like a big movie star. My picture is playing on Hollywood Boulevard." I wore dark glasses and no makeup, and I went slithering in by myself. Nobody paid any attention to me. So I said to myself, "Well, maybe it wouldn't hurt if they recognized me a little bit," so the second time I went I took my hair down a little and wore a little lipstick, but I still wore the dark glasses. I hung around the lobby after it was over and somebody said, "Who was the little blonde girl in the picture?" and somebody else said "I don't know," and I looked at them and grinned. Then I went down to the ladies' room and heard the women talking about how they liked the picture, and I stood there smiling, and nobody noticed me.

The third time I went, I got all dressed up and had my hair done at the studio and I talked real loud in the lobby, about Jean Simmons and Joan Fontaine, but nobody noticed.

When I sat down, there were two boys next to me, and they were trying to guess my age in the picture, and I sat up, looking at them and sort of smiling, and after about ten minutes of this, one of them turned and said: "Here, kid, do you want some popcorn?" The only person who ever recognized me was the usher, but then he'd seen me come in and out about three times.

But after the picture had been playing around a while some people did recognize me. Some didn't. Like when I went to a preview one time some people asked me for my autograph. One girl asked for it and then asked who I was. I had a nice little bunch of girls and boys around me when the manager came up and said I must go inside now because the picture was starting. But I wanted to stand outside talking to these kids.

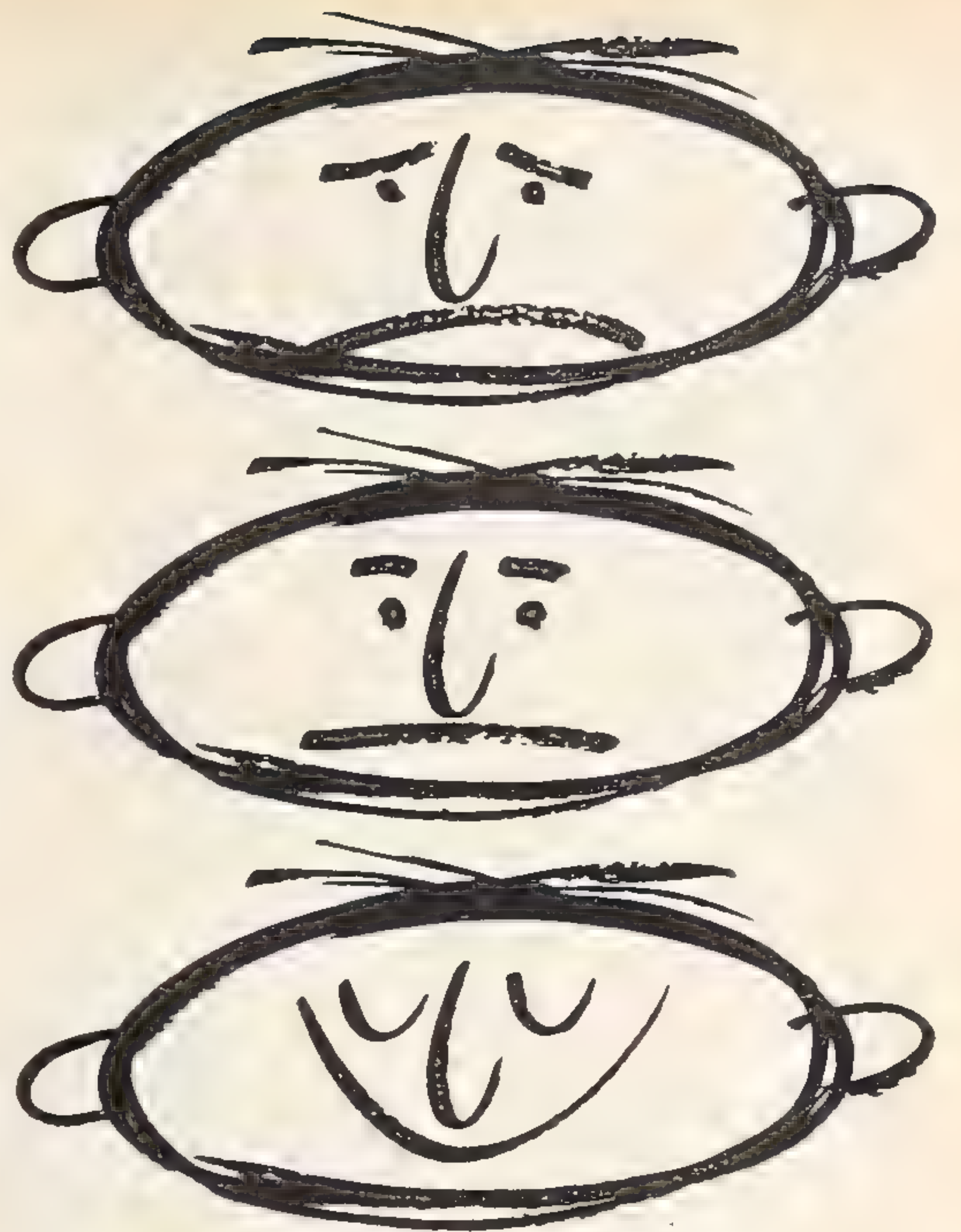
Even when they are nice enough to want your autograph though, you keep wondering what they're really thinking. Maybe they're thinking, "What a crummy looking thing. Why did they ever take her in Hollywood?" Or—"She's dressed too old for her age—or too young." You never know. So I feel kind of funny.

It's the same way in a restaurant. The other day I went with Mama to Sardi's, that famous place in New York where the stars go. When I was a little girl in my "actress wishing" days, I used to pretend I was Elizabeth Taylor or Janet Leigh. I'd go around every day being somebody else. I'd put on Mama's house coat and high heels. And now, here I was sitting in the midst of real actors and actresses, and then I suddenly thought "Why I'm an actress too!" Only now I don't want to copy anybody. I want to be an individual.

People looked at me. They looked at everybody there because everybody is likely to be "somebody." This, in spite of the fact that I wanted to be recognized that time at the theater, usually gets me down.

I guess I'm self-conscious all the time. I hate myself for it. And I haven't overcome it yet. I think I was trying to when I acted like that at the theater. Mama says I'm a perfectionist. Anyway I never feel I do well. I actually have gone home from the studio and cried. I can't believe I can be good. I'm never satisfied.

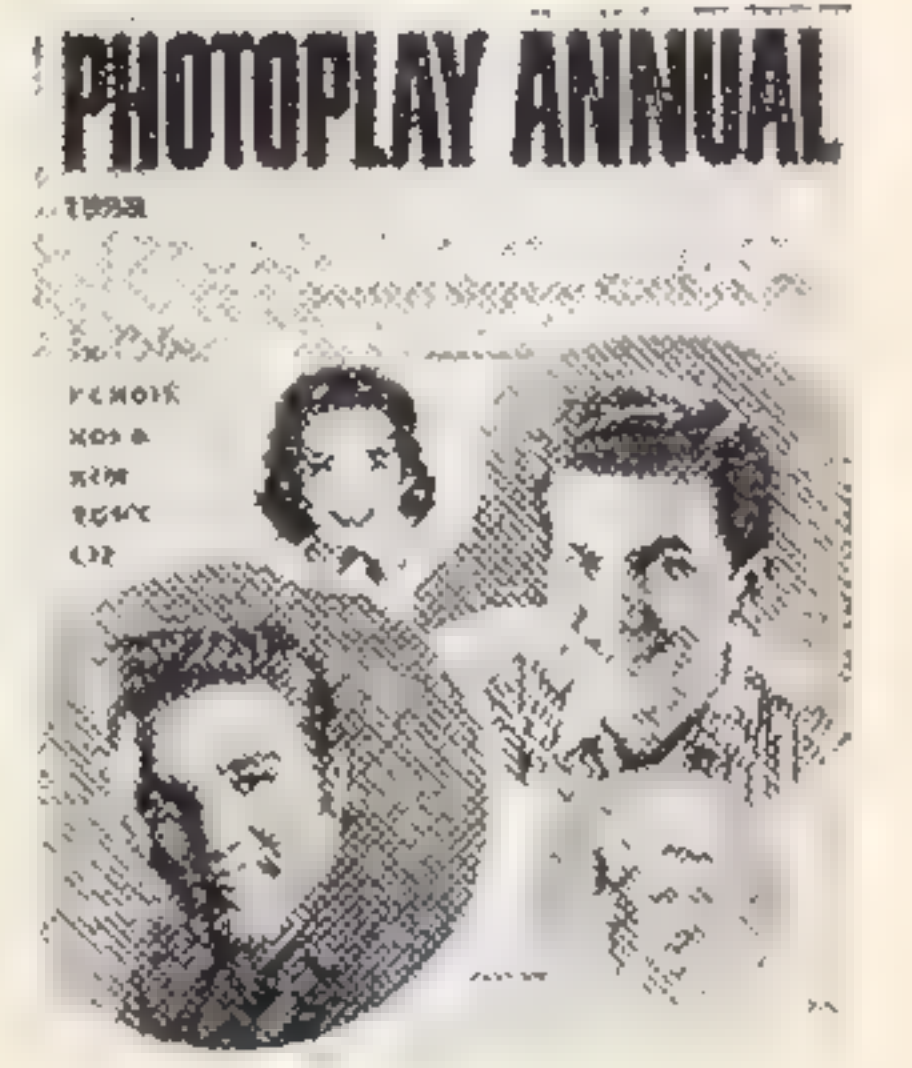
Well, anyway, at Sardi's, a man came up I knew from my modeling days, and he said, "How does it feel to be a star?" Now *really*—when you've only made three pictures, two of them still to be released then, you don't go around thinking you're a star. A starlet maybe.



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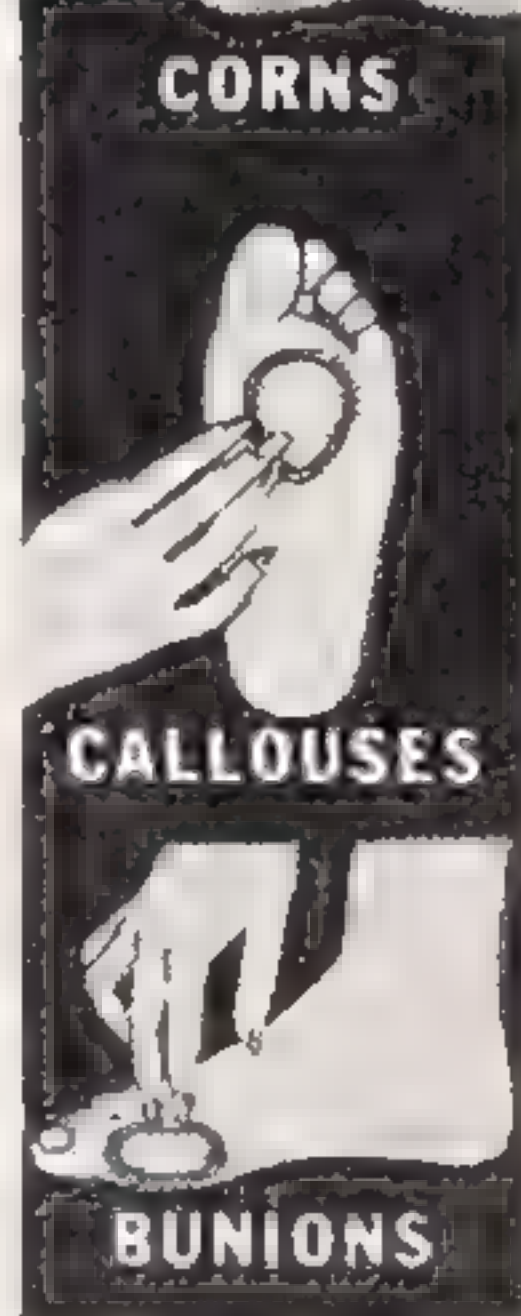


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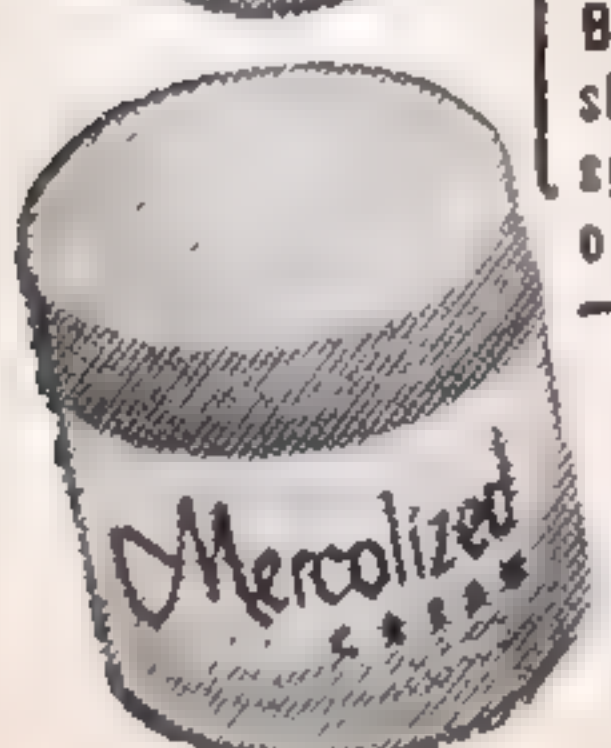
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You don't that is, unless you want to throw all your hats away and get some a size larger with that big head.

"Don't you go and get spoiled," he advised.

Spoiled? I couldn't be any more spoiled than I've been most of my life. Mama and Daddy spoiled me. Did I happen to want the moon? Well it might be difficult to arrange but they'd try. The only thing I have extra now is my career, and that I'm working at, and that never spoils you, when you're working at something you want to do. You'll always want to do better and never be satisfied. I guess that's good. Like the horse who keeps trotting because the carrot is dangling in front of his nose. But I do want to do the best I can. Everybody does.

I have some pretty bad traits which I don't like. I'm sloppy. I never pick up things. I hate to get up in the morning, and I hate to go to bed at night.

Also, I hurry too much. I bought my coat in five minutes. I'd dreamed of it—I saw it, and I said, "Come home with me, coat." The only thing I don't hurry about is eating. I don't like to eat very much. I usually do something like watching TV or reading while I'm eating.

And I hate dishonesty. If I don't trust somebody I feel uncomfortable to be around them. Sometimes you can be wrong about a person, so I try to believe everybody is honest until I find some reason not to.

What I do like is a good handshake. You can tell a lot about somebody by a very firm grip.

People ask you what kind of a man do you want to marry. What's your ideal man? they say. Well, somebody tall—he doesn't have to be handsome, but he must be intelligent and kind. I don't want to be the boss. I want somebody to tell me what to do. I want to be a little afraid of him, I think. I guess I mean I just want to respect him as I suppose every girl does.

But right now I don't date, or know many people my own age. It would be nice to be a part of a crowd. I like to cook, for instance. It would be fun to ask my gang in for a meal, if I had a gang. Now that I'm an actress, I sometimes dream of just being a girl, with girl friends to talk to. I know a few girls in Hollywood—Molly Bee and Gia Scala—but there's nobody my age. Barbara Gale's the youngest. She's eighteen.

I'd like to know some boys, too, that's for sure. I did have a couple of dates in Hollywood—with Tommy Sands and Johnny Winters, but both times something

happened and I never did get to go. Besides, I never know what to talk about

I know what I'd like to do if I did date when I get back to Hollywood. If it were Saturday, I'd like to go to dinner and a theater. On weekdays, I'd go for a ride to the beach and to the movies. I've seen so many movies the poor boy would probably have to see them over again. Mama says I'm keeping the industry alive. She can't keep up with me so I go mostly alone, as often, sometimes, as once a day.

But one thing's for sure, now and forever—I love Paris. I used to think that was just a place where people didn't speak English. Then I saw travel pictures and I began to imagine what it was like. Now that I'm there, I'm getting to see everything a tourist would see—the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, and I love to go walking along the banks of the Seine River.

Funny thing about how I knew I got the part in "The Reluctant Debutante." I tested for Vincente Minnelli. There is a wonderful director. He thanked me afterwards, and said I would hear from him. But since I never think I've done well in a test, this was no different. I was walking around as if I'd lost my last friend.

It was about eight-thirty in the morning, and we were all on the set of "And Ride a Tiger." We were sitting at a table for a dining room scene and I noticed Mama was called to the telephone. Right in the middle of the scene she came back and I sort of looked at her and she nodded her head "yes." I let out a howl: "Oh no!" The whole scene was ruined. Everybody was so nice about it—Mary Astor, Jeff Chandler, Conrad Nagel—They just seemed happy for me. People—I love 'em!

A lors, mes amis—That's what the French book says that I'm studying so I won't be just too stupid with the Parisians... and that's about as far as I can go in French.

I hope I haven't yakked about myself too much. I'm new at this business, and I'm still awed, with a feeling of wonder. I've let off some steam here, and have tried to say how I feel about life, people and my job. I think most teenagers probably have the same feelings. We don't know exactly where we're going, but we're on our way. It can be awfully lonely sometimes, but isn't it great to be a girl, even if, like me, you don't have dates or know boys or go to dances and feel horribly lacking in self-confidence sometimes and think you're a drip?

As I said before, I guess it's part of growing up. But we'll all get there some day.

THE END

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## TV RADIO MIRROR

SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE



YOUR FAVORITE STARS and SHOWS by NATIONWIDE VOTE



# EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME

Continued from page 53

a child, but they had me. Does that make any sense? What I'm trying to say is that I'm lucky in many ways and I realize it.

I think another thing about my reaction to living in Hollywood is that it never seemed like any place out of the ordinary to me. To a lot of people, I guess Hollywood sounds like one big glamorous movie set because they read so much about it. But I've just grown up here, played with the same kids, climbed trees, and gone to a public school a few blocks from home and none of this seemed very glamorous.

I did have one "exotic" experience though, while I was still in the crib stage—you might even say it was my first performance in makeup. One day my grandmother set my crib in the backyard and then went into the house. A few minutes later, my brother Dave and some friends came into the yard. They were playing cowboys and Indians. One look at me just sitting there in the crib gave them an idea. They thought I'd make a perfect papoose. Only one trouble: I was a little pale for a paleface. Dave found a can of paint and a brush in the garage—the house was being decorated at the time—and he and his friends painted me from head to toe. I'm told I did a fast chorus of something that sounded much more like screams than "BeBop Baby!" My grandmother rescued me and my debut in war paint didn't last very long. Now if this sounds like kids in Hollywood grow up surrounded by glamorous living, then I'll take the simple life!

When I was little, a lot of interesting people used to come to the house. I remember one nice man, mainly because he had bright red hair and he used to bring me toys. His name was Red Skelton and at the time, Mom and Pop were on his radio show. But at the age of three I was impressed by the toys and his hair. I didn't know he was famous. I guess a lot of well-known people were at our house during the years I was growing up, but honestly I don't remember much about it; I suppose I was more interested in my roller skates than in sitting in the living room listening to people talk. I can't even remember when I first discovered that Mom and Pop were "celebrities." I've always considered them "special" because they've always been special to me. To a kid growing up, popularity polls or program ratings aren't the things by which you judge your folks.

I was four years old when Mom and Pop left Red Skelton's show. Mr. Skelton went into the Army and at that time Pop thought up the idea of doing a family radio show, called "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." For the first five years, two professional child actors played Dave and me. In 1949, when they'd outgrown the parts, Pop decided to audition some other kids to replace them. Dave and I seemed like the type to play ourselves, so we got the job! Even when I started working on radio my childhood routine didn't in any way differ from the kids' on my block. We did the show one evening a week, no rehearsal time at all. I continued going to public school just like I'd been doing. The only difference was that one night a week I'd go to a studio, sit down at a table—I was too short to stand up and reach the microphone—and I'd just talk into it.

I never thought too much about what I

was doing. I never considered myself an actor; neither did Dave. We were just being ourselves. It wasn't really hard work; it was more like fun. Sometimes Dave and I would fool around with the scripts and occasionally we'd lose our place. I couldn't read so well to begin with, but I complicated things by making paper airplanes out of some of the pages of the script and seeing how far I could sail them through the studio. Every once in a while I'd be on page eleven and then I'd turn over and there would be page thirteen! Page twelve would probably be lying under some chair on the other side of the studio. There'd be a few extra long pauses during which time Dave and I would just talk. They call it ad-libbing, only at that time I didn't know I was doing it.

When the show went on TV it was the same thing; all we were doing was a radio show with cameras in front of us. The progress from being eight years old and unemployed to starting to work at eight and a half on radio to going on TV at twelve came about as naturally as the progression of chords on a piano or a guitar. Really, when people ask me how I feel about these milestones I'm not being difficult when I say I just don't remember them being anything special. Now that I'm older and can look back, I suppose it's because of the way Dave and I were raised that all of what's happened to us hasn't fazed us. My folks never did nor never will tolerate show-offs, hams or people who feel that being in the acting field means running around wild in dark glasses and mink coats.

In the last year I've been interviewed for a lot of stories. Sometimes people must think I have a pretty bad memory, but honestly I have just never paid too much attention to the details of my growing-up. Like my being born, growing up just happened. For instance, the other day a writer asked me to talk about my very first date. I really tried hard to think about it but I couldn't remember. I guess I could have made up some fancy story about how I swept a pigtailed darling off her feet when I was a child Romeo, but I'd rather stick to the facts. And the facts are, I don't remember my first date because I've been going out with girls for a real long time—since I've been ten years old. Well, maybe not really going out on dates, but going to school parties and things.

In those days, my technique wasn't exactly smooth; how romantic can you be at ten? Usually the folks would drive me to where the party was being held. We'd trade off houses—one week some girl would give a party, then I would, then other guys in the group would. We all took turns and we sure had a lot of fun. We didn't go in for post office or spin-the-bottle—not much, anyway. Mostly, we'd listen to music and dance, sort of.

I really started dating at twelve, when I was in the seventh grade. I've been going out with girls ever since. I used to go steady all the time. Sometimes it would last for a week, or maybe, if it was "the real thing," we'd go steady for two weeks. Once I even went steady close to six months.

I got my first car when I was sixteen. Boy, you'll never know how I counted the days until I could get my driver's license. In fact, I didn't take any chances. On May 8th, the day I was sixteen, I spent the morning at the motor vehicle department getting a license. My first car was a beauty. It was a Porsche. I had to do a lot of talking to convince Pop to get me one. They aren't exactly cheap. But that's where older brothers come in



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handy. Dave's first car had been a souped-up job that needed a new motor, fenders, and repairs practically every other day. I reasoned with Pop that if he added up all the money they'd spent fixing Dave's modest little junk heap they could have bought a sports car. Pop relented and I got the Porsche.

Unfortunately, that thing of beauty, which was a metallic green, only remained with me eight months. I had a slight accident in December of '56, and the car was demolished. I wasn't speeding or anything; it was just one of those things, but I was lucky not to be seriously hurt. When they swept up the remains of my beautiful car, I had a feeling Pop wasn't going to go for my getting another sports car. I was right. At the time, Mom had just ordered a blue Plymouth and when it came in, the folks gave it to me. I had that car until just a few months ago. But I celebrated the new year by getting a new '58 Plymouth Fury, which I painted a metallic bronze. I must admit it's very sharp, even when it's parked alongside Dave's Porsche.

One of the questions asked me most often is if I consider myself a typical teenager. That's a hard one to answer. First of all, is there really such a thing as a typical teenager? I don't know. I only know that as far as my life today is concerned, I would say that while my daily routine differs from most guys my age, in my attitudes, my likes and dislikes, I'm not any different from anyone else at eighteen. Up to the end of my sophomore year in high school, I went to public schools. After the end of my second year at Hollywood High, when the time I had to spend working on TV increased, it was decided that it would be easier all the way around for me to finish high school right on the studio lot. It's better because it's less complicated than running back and forth between school and the studio. Besides, most of the kids of school age who work in pictures or TV go to studio schools.

After the day is over I become what I guess you'd call the typical teenager. I go home and have dinner with the folks, then I go out. Week nights, if I have a date, I usually don't stay out too late; never past twelve. On weekends, the folks haven't put any specific curfew on when I should get in. They trust me to come and go pretty much as I please; they've always been that way with Dave and me. As long as we don't take advantage of their good nature and their confidence in us, there's no problem. Like most kids my age, my favorite type date is a show and then a drive-in for something to eat afterward. I don't go to nightclubs, or fancy parties. I enjoy going out with a girl alone, or occasionally double-dating. Mostly we go to neighborhood shows or drive-in movies, then stop for a hamburger and a malt or a Coke. I like sports and although I don't have as much time as I used to, I still enjoy a game of tennis, ice skating and during the summer I live at the beach every free moment I can. I like girls, going to football games, buying records, dancing rock 'n' roll and I don't have any extravagant tastes that I can think of. So I'd say if there is such a thing as a typical teenage attitude, I have it.

When it comes to finances, although I've been earning a salary since the age of eight and a half, all the money I've earned is being kept in a trust fund for me until I'm twenty-one. If it's typical to ask your father for money when you have a date, then I'm typical, because I very rarely have any money on me. When Dave and I were younger we had a regular allow-

ance. Like when he was fourteen and was ten, Dave got \$1.50 a week and I got \$1.00. Along with these vast sums came regular chores like keeping our room clean, polishing our shoes, washing Pop's car every Saturday, helping Mom whenever she asked. Today I don't get a regular allowance and of course, big brother turned twenty-one last October so he doesn't have to put the bite on Pop anymore.

As a matter of fact, Dave has become a very convenient source of loot. Of course when he pretends to hesitate about loaning me some money, I just tell him I'm good for it, even if he might have to wait three years to get paid back!

Dave and I have never been what I'd consider spoiled and yet there's never been anything I can think of that we didn't get if there was a good reason for it. Most kids work after school to earn extra money to buy things they want; well I've been working for almost ten years only difference is I can't lay my hands on the cash. Whenever I've wanted something badly enough I've talked to the folks. If they thought my demands were reasonable, then I got what it was I wanted; if they didn't, I just didn't get it.

The house we live in, in many ways resembles the home you see every week on our TV show. There are some differences, but basically our TV home and our real home have the same type of comfortable atmosphere and similar type furniture. I guess it could be called a reasonable facsimile. Mostly that's because Mom, whose pet hobby is interior decorating, did the job both at home and for our TV home.

Our own place is a two-story white frame house. I've heard Mom describe it as a Cape Cod Colonial—I don't know much about things like that. The street we live on is a few blocks off Hollywood Boulevard. We live at the end of the block, where the street becomes a dead end because there's a mountain at the edge of our backyard. It's very conveniently located—about ten minutes away from the TV studio—and really right in the center of things, yet it's sort of woodsy like we lived in the country. There's a pool in the backyard, a place to play volleyball and a hoop to practice basketball shots.

Our home has also been open house not only for Mom and Pop's friends but for Dave's and mine. We've always felt free to ask people to come over and our friends always feel free just to drop in; they know they don't have to wait for any formal invitation. It's great to have parents who encourage you to ask your friends over. No matter how busy he was, Pop always found time to go swimming with us, play ball, exhibit a few fancy basketball shots and play tackle in our touch football games. Since Pop played football when he went to Rutgers, he's real competition.

All our lives Dave and I have known what it is to be part of a close family, to share holidays, to travel together, to feel included and wanted. I've never known the folks to leave us to go away by themselves. We've always been a one-for-all type clan. Summers we spend every weekend at our beach home in Laguna and there, too, our friends are welcome. Mom's real great when it comes to whipping up a couple dozen hamburgers and stuff for me and my hungry friends.

Although Mom took a lot of time and care decorating the house it doesn't have the "don't-sit-down-and-muss-the-cushions" atmosphere. All the furniture and the rooms are built for comfort and Mom doesn't keep running after us every time



we sit down. Thank goodness for that.

The only room I really mess up is my own room. I'm not the neatest person, and even though I can't stand messy rooms, somehow I never have as much time as I should to keep things straightened. My room is usually a mess of guitars, records, books, shirts, jeans, socks, all lying around. I just walk around the debris for a few days; then when I can't stand it, I put things away neatly. Two days later I'm walking around the debris again. But honestly I can't keep it neat all the time. I have a couch in my room that makes up into a double bed. Then there's a bathroom and adjoining that, Dave's room.

But recently Dave rented a house. You should see it. It's terrific. Way up in the hills. Mom says it's a Japanese Modern. Dave's sharing it with our good friend Joe Byrne, who works on the show as my stand-in. Dave and Joe are building all their own furniture. It's really great. Since Dave's gone, I now call my bedroom a "suite"—which means that if there's too much junk piled on my bed, I sleep in Dave's room. I keep moving around.

When I think back, even my first public appearance as a vocalist just happened. I was asked by some friends of mine, the Four Preps, to appear with them at a school show. The Preps, who are going great on records, and I went over to a local school, Hamilton High. I'd cut "I'm Walkin'" already but it hadn't been released, so the kids in the audience had never heard me sing before. I was a little nervous but as soon as I started to sing, the audience was so nice to me that I wasn't scared. The reaction was really something I'd never imagined. I'd read about the way Elvis and Pat Boone and some of the other singers had girls screaming when they performed, but I never thought it would happen to me. All those cute girls watching me wasn't hard to take, and the guys seemed to like it, too. From that moment on I knew that making records and singing before a live audience was the beginning of a new world for me. I'd been in show business nine years but I'd never felt like this before.

That first recording session was really something. After the folks had thought over my idea of making records and given me their permission, they jumped on the bandwagon and got behind me 100 percent. I never could have done any of the things I've done without my folks' and Dave's help. Anyway, that first session we'd decided I would record "I'm Walkin'." I'd heard Fats Domino's record and I liked the tune. I think that night was the first time in my life that I really knew what it was to be very nervous. Oh, I have lots of nervous energy, at least I say I do—Mom and Pop claim I use this as an excuse not to get enough sleep—but there's a difference between nervous energy and being nervous. That first record meant a great deal to me, more than anything I'd ever done before. That may sound strange after my saying that I never thought much about going on radio or TV, but those things just came about naturally, while making records was something entirely different. It was also the first thing I'd really done on my own.

But now, I don't go out of my way to listen to my records on the air. The only time it comes in handy is when I'm out with a new girl friend. When we're driving to a show and one of my records comes on, I admit I feel good inside—you know how girls are, they go for that sort of thing!

Speaking of girls, one of my favorite subjects, right now I'm not exactly going

steady. The girl I date most often is Lorie Collins. You might have seen her on our show a few times. She's a very popular singer in the country and western field. She's sixteen, comes from Oklahoma, and is a regular star on a show called "Town Hall Party." She and her brother have a singing act called Lorrie and Larry. They're going to play Las Vegas soon. She's very cute, has dark hair and blue eyes. We have a lot of fun just sitting around playing our guitars and singing.

As far as the future is concerned, naturally Dave and I will be on "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" just as long as Mom and Pop and the sponsors want us. Our contract is for forty weeks a year of TV filming, with twelve weeks off during the summer. The summertime is when Dave and I do other things besides the show. This summer's plans aren't all worked out yet, but Dave will either do another picture or else take off for Europe and just go sightseeing. I'm planning to go on a personal appearance tour, playing state fairs, for about two months. In the meantime, I'm working on another album, a whole album of spirituals.

As far as pictures are concerned, I'd certainly like to do one. I've made two movies, one "Here Come the Nelsons," with the whole family, and the other, at age twelve, "The Story of Three Loves" over at M-G-M. But frankly, unless a picture comes along that Pop and I feel is really the right thing, I'm in no rush to be in movies. Besides, Dave's holding down the fort in full-length films. He's darn good, too, and I'm not prejudiced. I've seen "Peyton Place" twice and I'm going again.

I usually don't talk very much, so I don't know how I got wound up spouting off on so many things. Oh, yes, it was all because of the letter about me being so lucky to have grown up in Hollywood. Well, all I can say is that I may not have had any choice about who my folks would be, or where I would be born and raised, but if I had a choice there's nothing I'd have wanted to change. Today, maybe I do have somewhat of a choice, but if I could pick any place in the world to live it would be Hollywood and if I could choose any profession to be in, it would be show business. As far as the folks go, I've got the greatest.

And what really staggers me is the way all these wonderful things just seem to happen to me. Wow! How lucky can you get?

THE END

#### PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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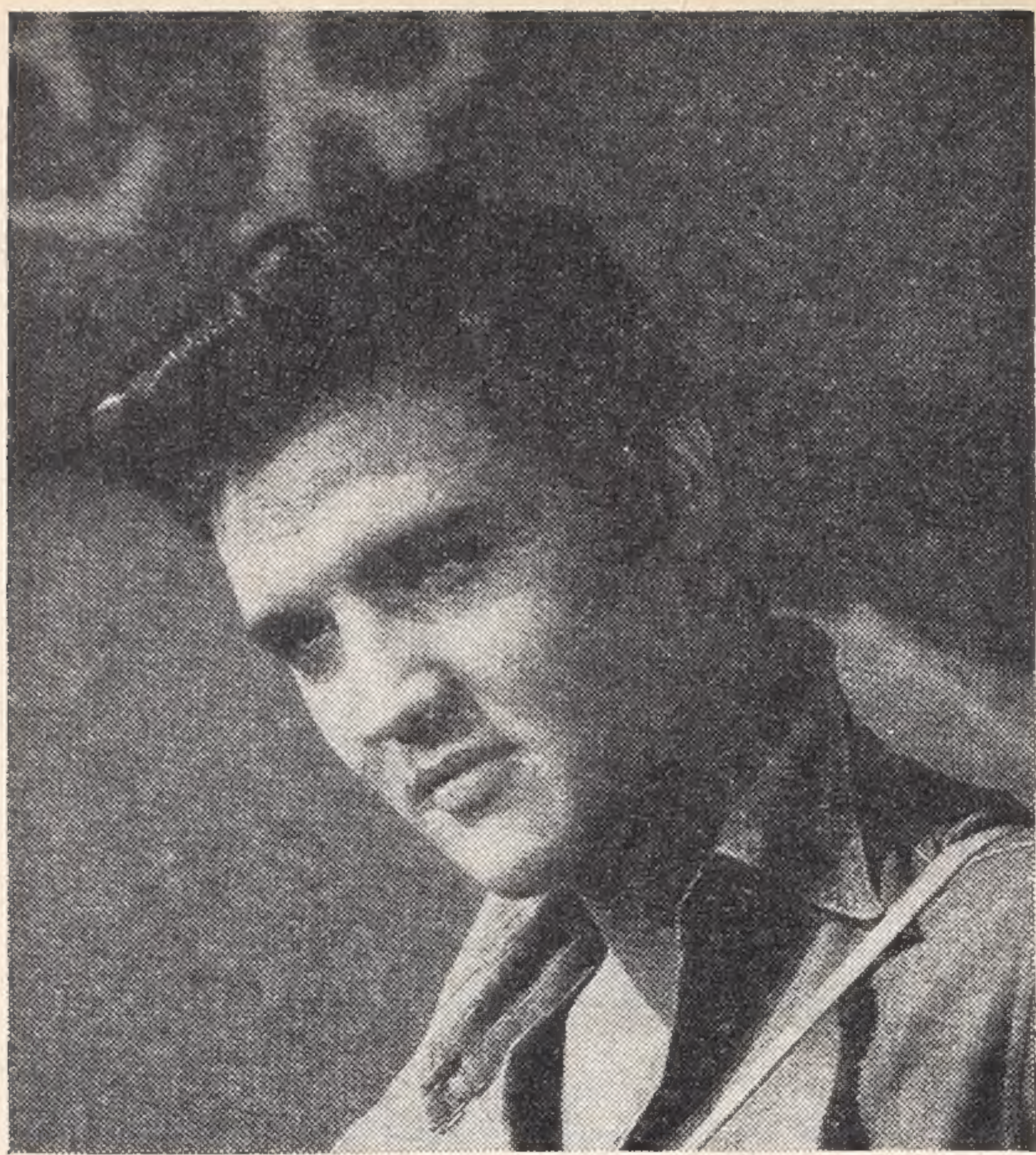
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# ELVIS' FAREWELL TO YOU

The atmosphere in the star dressing room at Paramount was close and heavy with the cigarette smoke of a group of well-wishers who had come to say goodbye to its occupant—Elvis Presley, who slumped wearily in a chair, exhausted by the last-minute rush to finish “King Creole” before the deadline date of his induction into the Army. Even the room itself had the feeling of his imminent departure. With no pictures on the wall, no clothing in the closets, it was as bare as the barracks he would soon enter. “How’s it feel to be going into the Army, El?” asked Photoplay’s representative, as he gave Elvis our best wishes. Elvis smiled. “Fine. Just fine!” “Would you like to say something to our

readers?” our man asked. “Yes,” said Elvis slowly. This is what he said . . .

**FROM: ELVIS PRESLEY**

**TO: PHOTOPLAY READERS**

“Right off, I’d like to get one thing straight: I *didn’t* cut my hair because I was going into the Army. It was cut because it was more in keeping with the character of the boy I play in “King Creole,” *Danny Fisher*. And I’m glad, because I don’t want to go on playing Elvis Presley in every picture. That’s why I like this picture so much—I don’t play myself.

A lot of people want to know what I’m going to do after I get my discharge, two years from now. Honestly, I don’t know. Naturally, I hope my fans will welcome me back, and I’ll be able to go along as I have been. If I find myself out of style or old-fashioned, I’ll have to make the best of it. Anyway, by that time I’ll be older and more mature, and I’ll have to change my style. Maybe I’ll have a new career as a ballad or spiritual singer.

Now I’m going to let you in on a secret: What I’d really like to do when I return from service is to become a dramatic actor! I don’t know how good an actor I am. All I know is that I love to act, and even prefer it to singing. I just hope I’m half as good as my boss, Mr. Wallis, tells me (think he’s just trying to build up my confidence). But I’ll worry about that when I come back.

I guess I’ve always been interested in acting. It’s more of a challenge. I might even try Actors Studio or some other acting school after my discharge. I want to be more than a singer. I’d have a longer future as an actor, I’m sure.

Naturally, I won’t ever stop singing. Not as long as people want me to sing. After all, I am a singer, but there’s no reason I can’t do both, the way Crosby and Sinatra have done. I think both improved as singers after they learned how to act.

I want to play parts that are emotional, with meaning. And here’s something else I’ve never told anybody—I want to do a picture with no songs at all! I just hope my bosses think I’m a good enough actor.

I don’t know whether people are going to remember me when I get out of the Army, but I can tell you one thing—I’m not going to sit around for two years worrying about it. Even if that happened, I’d still consider myself the luckiest guy who ever lived. After all, I’ve had more than my share of fame and success. I’d have to be a real fool to think it could last forever.

Besides, I have more important things to worry about. I’m happy and proud to serve my country, and hope I can be a good soldier.”

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